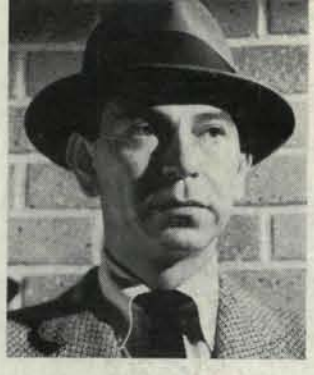
The Saturday Evening
POST
September 5, 1959 – 15¢

OCT 14 '59



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As a matter of fact, last fall there were 1,843,000 more children in our public elementary and secondary schools than they were built to accommodate. To end part-time classes and crowding, and to replace substandard rooms, we needed 140,000 more classrooms. That's in addition to 68,000 completed in the 1958-59 school year and a record 72,000 built the year before.

Our need is growing because our population is growing and school construction hasn't kept pace. Each year finds over a million more pupils in our schools. By 1975, just 16 years from now, our school population will increase over 38%.

Clearly this is a job we can ill afford to put off. For each day's delay deprives our children of the kind of education to which they are entitled. But more than that . . . each day's delay may deprive our nation of the education its citizens will need in the future.

Men and Caterpillar machines are working to erase our classroom shortage. It's the responsibility of all of us to see that the work continues until it is completed. Preparing for our nation's future is a job for all of us. After all, if *we* don't do it . . . who will?

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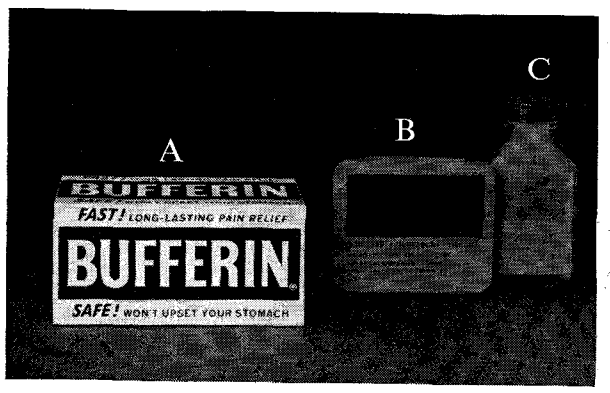

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Away they go, whooshing toward someplace where there's lots of green land and a far-arching abundance of sky. All hands are sparkle-eyed with vigor and vim, even mother, although she had to start doing chores at six A.M. to get this show on the road by eight. (Ignore Spot-eye, the dog, who is just taking a cat nap.) In due time the food is eradicated, the gang's vigor is renewed, the dog takes a dog nap, and mother applies her vim—to doing chores. And by and by in artist John Falter's purple night everybody passes out except you know who, there at the wheel—and for heaven's sake, look who has come to in the back seat! Mother doesn't reflect that a woman's work is never done; what she does think is, *They're my babies, including old batter-out here beside me, and I love taking care of them all.*

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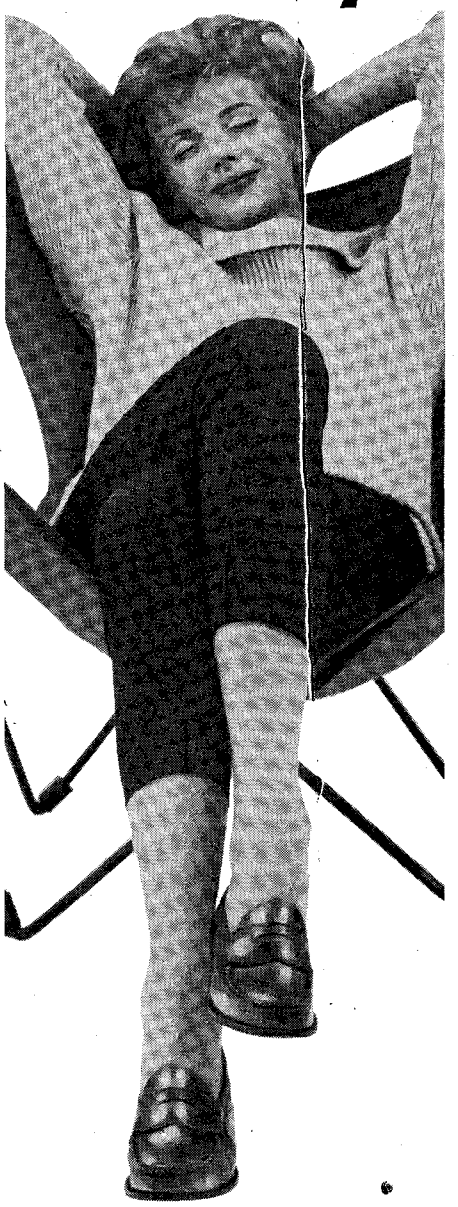

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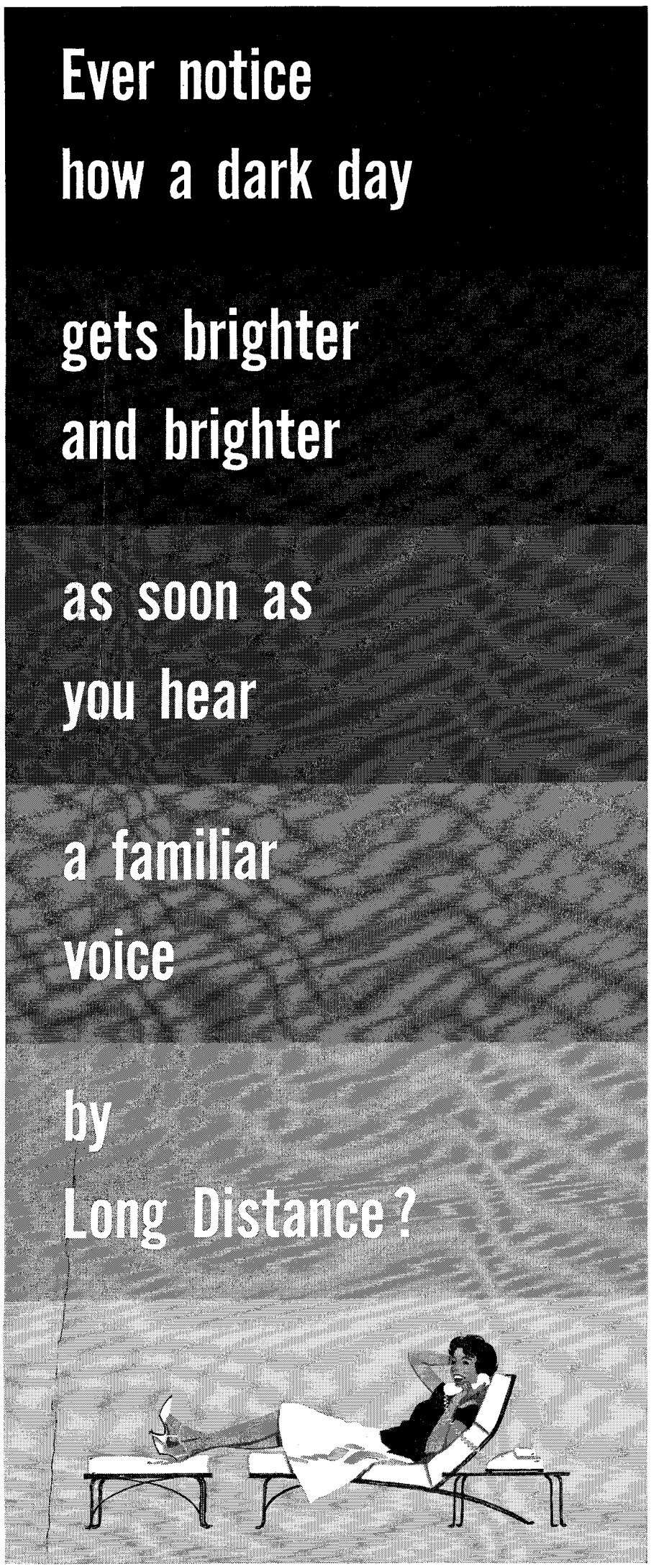

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Letters

Castro and Communism

Dear Sirs:

CAN CASTRO SAVE CUBA? [Aug. 1] seems an odd title for an odd article for a U. S. publication to print in midsummer of 1959, especially during the week in which Fidel Castro was dutifully "*Sieg Heiled*" back into power by his tame mob. It must surely be clear by now, if it was not when Harold H. Martin's article went to press, that the pertinent question is "Can Cuba Be Saved from Castro?"

MILTON H. ANDERSON JR.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

An excellent job of reporting which affords a critical but sensitive view of Cuba.

My wife and I recently returned from a two-week tour of Cuba. It was exactly as Mr. Martin found it.

I hope your article will go a long way in easing anti-Castro sentiments in this country.

FRANCESCO P. CANTARELLA
Upper Montclair, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

You were shown and told just what the Dictator Castro proponents desired you to know.

You quoted at length a Catholic priest's views on the Cuban situation. I too am a Cuban Catholic priest, voluntarily out of my country because of the threat of Communism. During my experience in the past five months, Castro never hid himself from being friendly to the Commies.

To compare him to Christ [as, author Martin reports, some Cubans do] is like comparing your Benedict Arnold to George Washington.

REV. ANTONY PROHIAS WILLIAMS
Jemez Springs, N.M.

Dear Sirs:

History may yet record that Dr. Fidel Castro will be the George Washington of his country. The July 26th Revolution not only overthrew taxation without representation, but may give Cuba its first honest and popular government. . . .

As a visitor to Cuba in February and interested bystander questioning more recent visitors, I agree that Cuba is not Communistic, but is being reborn as a nation we should welcome into the community of democracies.

LOUIS FRITZE
Tampa, Fla.

The Greenberg Case

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your publication of THE CASE FOR ABSTRACT ART [Aug. 1] and to Clement Greenberg for his forthright stand. . . . But . . . many of us do not believe that abstract art is the "end" for which we are striving.

The mere presence of "total experience" or "all-at-once-ness" in a canvas is often given as a measure of greatness of the work. So is being struck by lightning or swept by a tidal wave a "total" experience—but is it desirable? . . . .

Although I myself paint in an abstract vein, I resent the inference that this is the "only" American art, or that it alone reflects the spirit of our times.

BRUCE MACPHAIL
Metuchen, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Abstract art is for the birds—like the cuckoo! It is also for monkeys, since one of them won a prize simply by rubbing some colors over a canvas.

CHARLES L. PIZZANO
Dedham, Mass.

● *Betsy, the Baltimore Zoo's finger-painting chimpanzee (below), has won*

no prizes, but her smearings have earned her $4000 in the past two years and some were exhibited in London's Institute of Contemporary Arts, alongside the work of a British male chimp named Congo. —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Sincere abstract art is the attempt of the artist to infuse emotion into a painting or sculpture through the use of line, color and form. Sort of like injecting the fourth dimension into a three-dimensional world. It takes genius to do this.

What Clement Greenberg does not mention is the high percentage of fakers in abstract art. . . . I know whereof I speak. I have painted ridiculous farces for theatrical props which I placed in art shows for the heck of it. They won prizes.

EUGENE K. PARKER
Scotia, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Abstract, yep! Art, nope!

SETH H. MOORE
Fort Smith, Ark.

Hoffa's Power

Dear Sirs:

Having been a member of the McClellan committee since its inception, I have followed with great interest the excellent writing of John Bartlow Martin in his series on James Hoffa [THE STRUGGLE TO GET HOFFA, June 27–Aug. 8]. . . . Mr. Martin's account of the Teamsters Union and its president is very accurate, but . . . Mr. Martin has failed, as others have failed, to recognize the disease. He has only talked about the symptoms. The disease that has created James Hoffa, Reuther and others is power, and until the Congress and the people recognize this, no labor-reform legislation that we write can completely change the picture. . . .

We can probably survive entrenched hoodlums, but can we survive entrenched power, power that is above the law of the land?. . . . Until the American people realize that a segment of our society, the union movement, has more power than any government or any other segment of our society, we are not really getting at the heart of the matter.

BARRY GOLDWATER
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

(Continued on Page 6)

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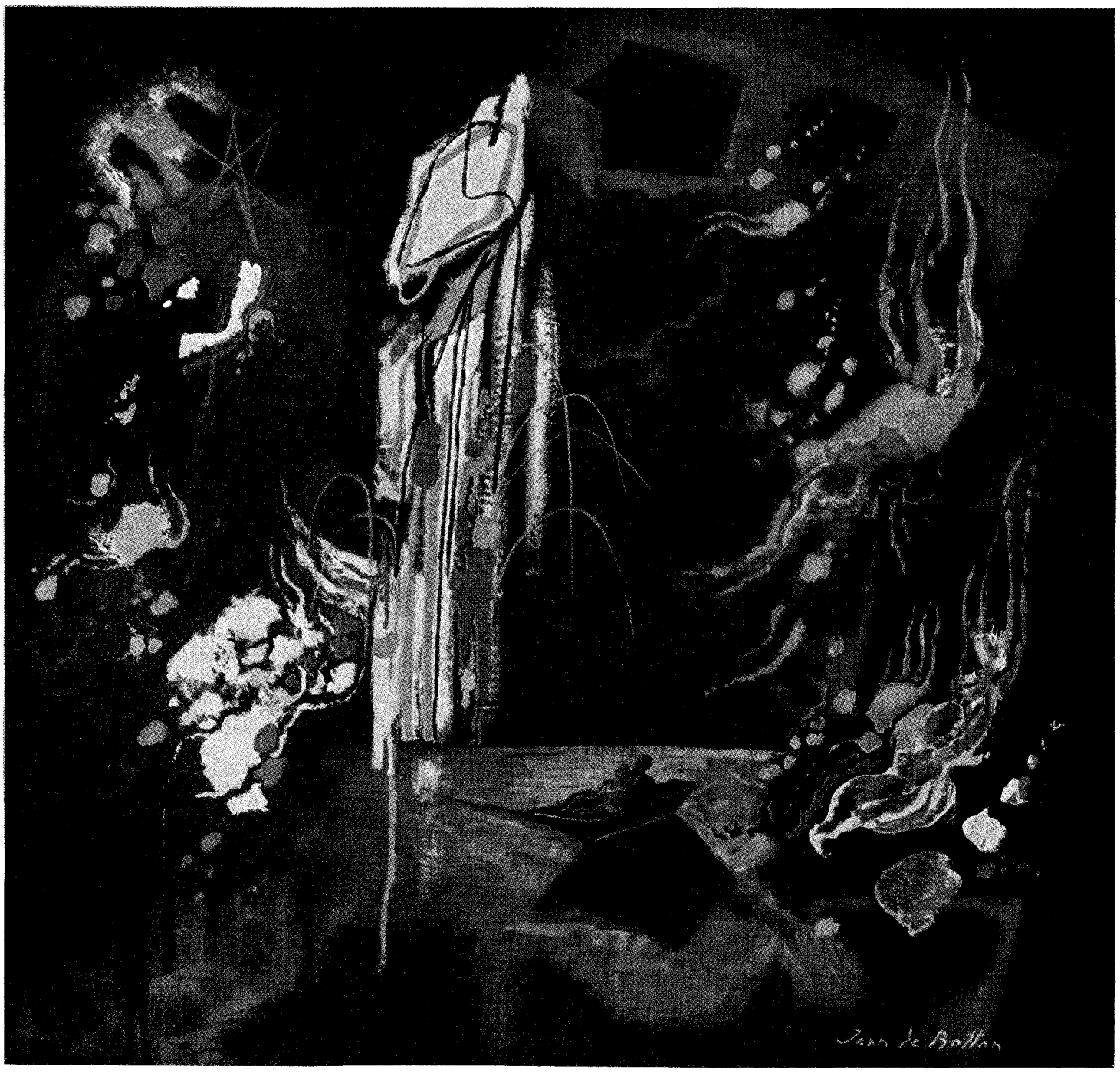

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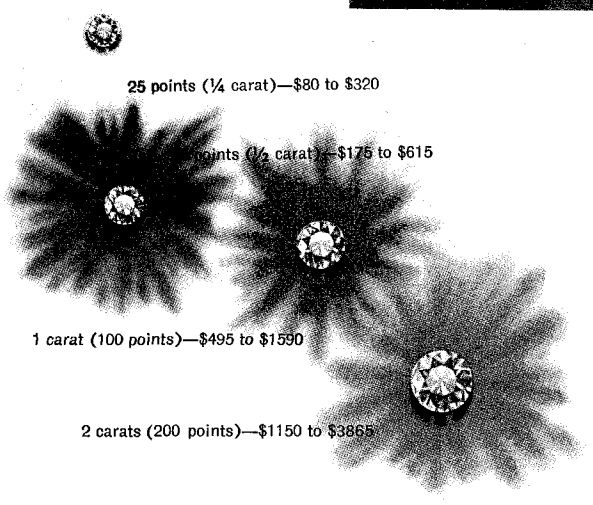

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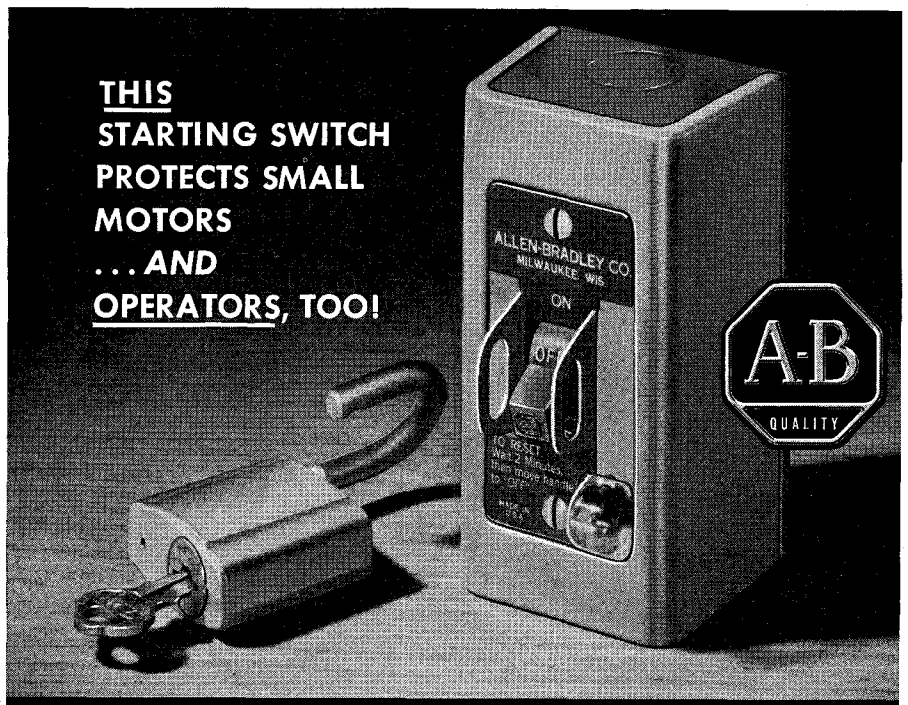

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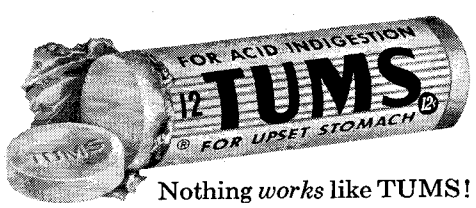

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

Your series . . . is a service to the American public. . . . I hope that publicity such as this will move the American people to adopt a national right-to-work law. . . .

As long as the protection of compulsory unionism is afforded men like Hoffa, there can be no hope of toppling them from their positions of power.

OTIS NOYES JR.
Plattsburgh, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Your STRUGGLE TO GET HOFFA might better be named "The Plot to Get Hoffa."

Four years of investigation have proved him not guilty.

GEORGE PALMER
Clintonville, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

I'd like to make as strong a protest as I can against the favorable light in which the author places Hoffa.

Mr. Martin has made Mr. McClellan and Mr. Kennedy the villains in this piece and Mr. Hoffa the persecuted hero who has, to date, withstood the challenges of the enemies of labor to "get him."

WILLIAM M. WERBER
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

The most interesting sentence to me . . . is, "He (Hoffa) is an oddly moral man." . . . He is "moral" in that he doesn't like people parading like cattle and that he walks out on stripteasers; he is immoral in that he seems not unwilling to use any means whatever to further his own purposes. Now I ask you: which of these . . . overwhelmingly outweighs the other?

ALLEN J. HUBIN
Minneapolis, Minn.

John Paul Jones: Man and Myth

Dear Sirs:

We wish to commend the very enlightening and forthright estimation of John Paul Jones as written by Rear Adm. Samuel Eliot Morison [THE REAL JOHN PAUL JONES, Aug. 1].

No other naval hero has . . . monopolized the pages of naval history as John Paul Jones. [Unfortunately] your article and the recent movie continue this traditional hagiography to the detriment of many others such as Wickes, Conyngham, Barney and, of course, John Barry. . . .

My own study of the life of John Paul Jones leaves me with the impression that he did not value his American citizenship too highly. He was title-happy. His willingness to accept a commission in the tyrannical Russian monarchy, plus the fact that just prior to his death he was expecting a commission in the navy of Napoleon, prove that the founding of an infant navy in the new republic was the problem of those who remained at home.

MARK J. GLYNN JR., *Chairman*
Commodore Barry Committee
New York State Ancient Order of Hibernians in America
Brooklyn, N.Y.

● *"I have no desire to run down 'Gallant John Barry,'" says Admiral Morison. But he points out that "Jones died in 1792, years before Napoleon came to power." And as for that tour of duty with the Russians: "Three years later, President Washington appointed him U.S. consul to Algiers and commissioner to treat with the Dey of Algiers for the release of American prisoners. That would seem sufficient answer to the charge of Jones' lack of patriotism."* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Under Jones' picture a caption mentions that he was "not particularly good-looking," but later in the story Mr. Morison declares that a fair daughter of Virginia who married Patrick Henry "may have wished that her parents had allowed her to marry the handsome young sailor."

I know love is blind, but do you really think that that sets the record straight?

S. G. LANGDON, O. D.
Waupaca, Wis.

● *No. To help set the record straight, we offer a Jones bust by Jean Antoine Houdon.* —*ED.*

How handsome?

Dear Sirs:

I personally doubt that John Paul Jones was as short as 5′ 5″. The evidence is only deductive, but none of Jones' contemporaries nor any of his portraits indicate that he had a head too large for his body. The head size we know exactly, because we have the Houdon bust—and Houdon was noted as much for his accuracy as for his art. Allowing a little for the fact that bronze hair is somewhat less compressible than Jones' natural locks, his hat size must have been 7⅝. That would make a barefoot height of 5′ 7″ more reasonable. Forty years ago I learned that my 7¾ midshipman cap just fit the Jones bust in Memorial Hall at Annapolis. Jones frequently wore my cap while I played a nearby piano.

CMDR. RICHARD F. ARMKNECHT, USN (RET.)
Brookline, Mass.

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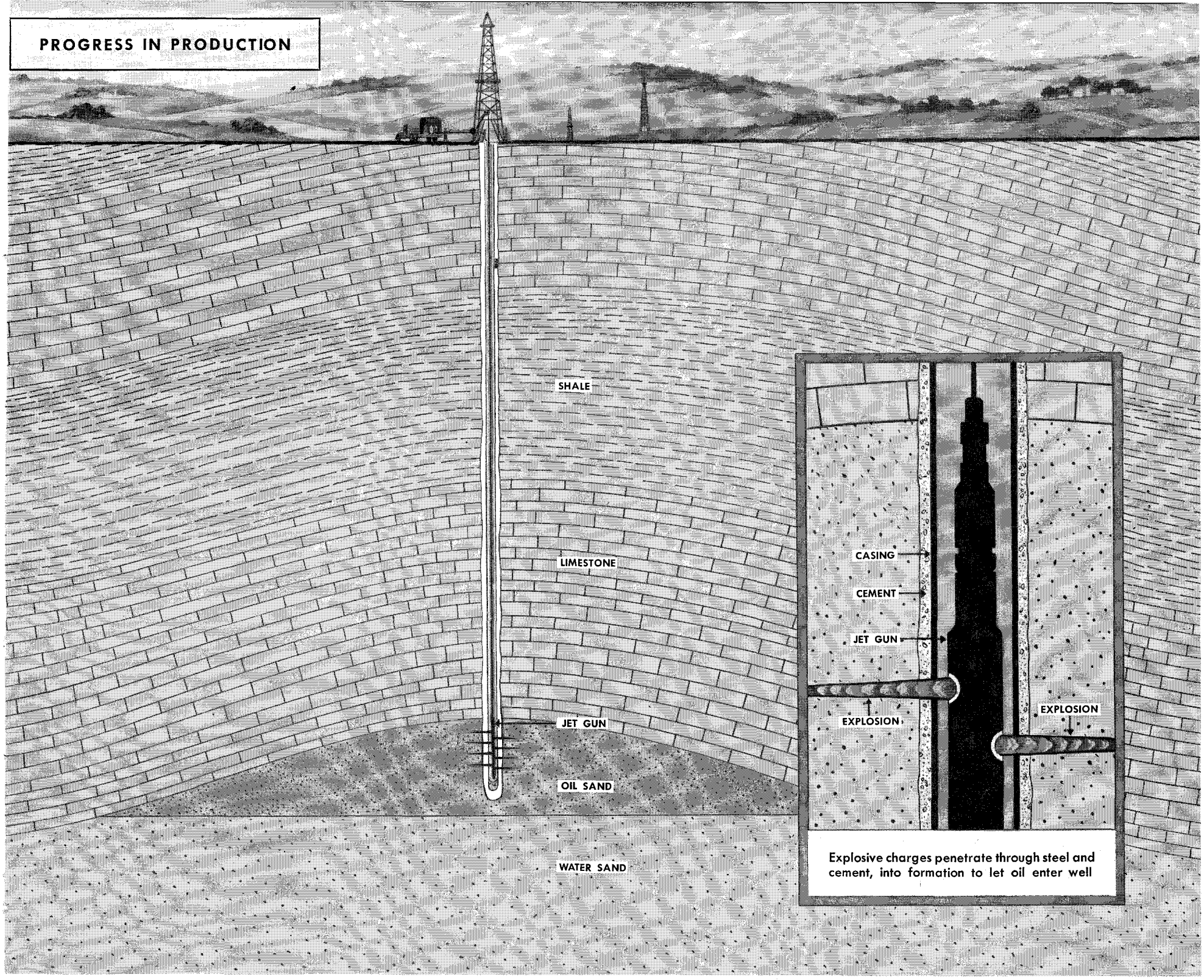

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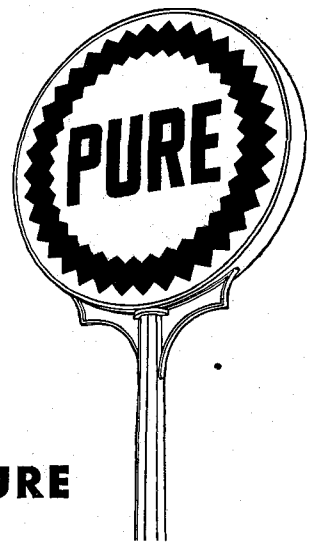

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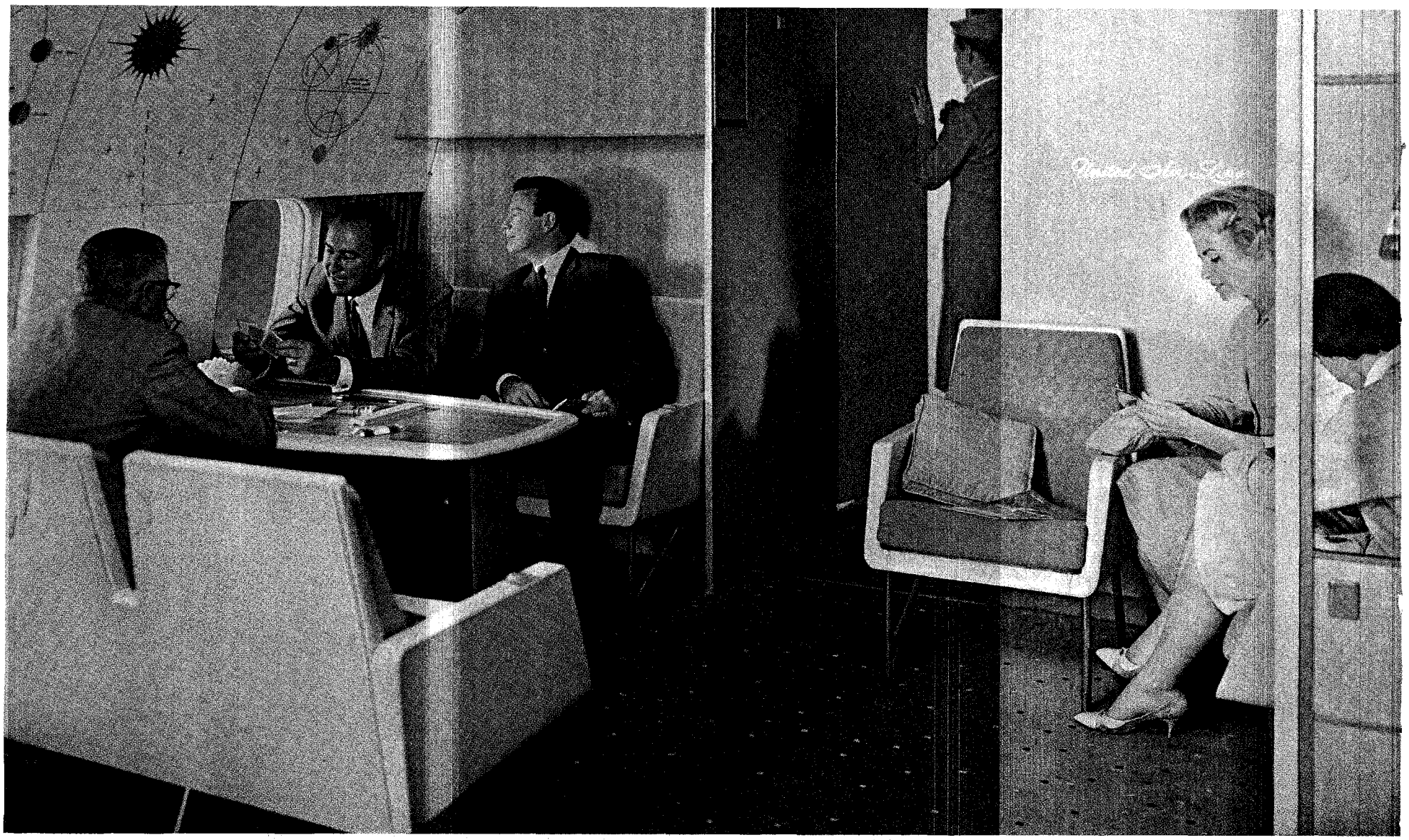

RED CARPET* ROOM. First Class luxury starts here. The room runs the full width of the plane, provides a new kind of spacious comfort for eight passengers. Located well forward of wings for unobstructed view.

UNITED AIR LINES DC-8 JET MAINLINER, NATION'S

BEST FOR PRIVACY. Because jets are so quiet, privacy is important. This prompted wider, higher backed seats to block stray conversation. Also the four lavatories are more thoughtfully located away from seats and lounges.

TWO CLASSES OF SERVICE. Each DC-8 Jet Mainliner flight offers you a choice of de luxe First Class service or economical Custom Coach. Pictured is the coach lounge—exclusive on United coast to coast.

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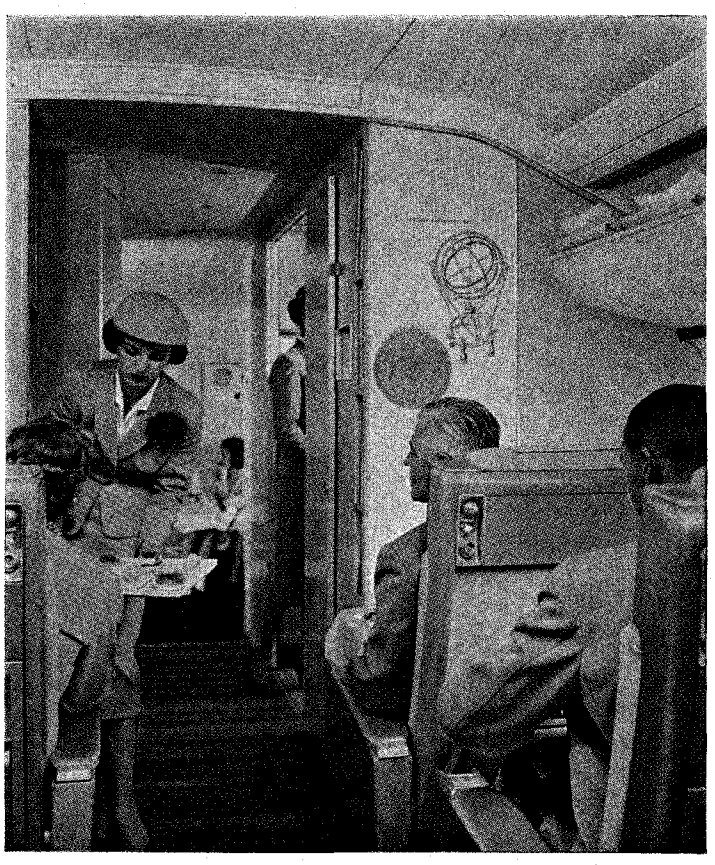
BEST FOR COMFORT. As much care went into seat design as into many of the DC-8's engineering advancements. All conveniences are built in—no reaching overhead. Windows are the biggest in jet travel.

BEST FOR QUIETNESS. All jets are relatively quiet inside. But the Douglas DC-8 is the quietest by far. United specified extra soundproofing and has used special, thick, sound-absorbing fabrics in styling the interior.



BEST FOR LUXURY. The design concept of United's DC-8 Jet Mainliner is to make all areas seem like well-appointed rooms rather than an airplane cabin. Soft lighting, Raymond Loewy décor, luxurious seats, thick carpets, rich fabrics, all add to a feeling of quietness and comfort.

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Now the full promise of the Jet Age becomes accomplished fact. For the DC-8 Jet Mainliner® of United Air Lines is all that extra care can make it. United was the first domestic airline to order jets. It chose the Douglas DC-8 (the nation's first jet designed specifically for airline use) because United engineers could apply to its design the knowledge of 30 years' passenger operations. Also because the dependability record of Douglas aircraft was unsurpassed. So, while United might have been the first airline to offer jet service to the nation, it chose to wait for the superiority of the Douglas DC-8—the best of the jets.

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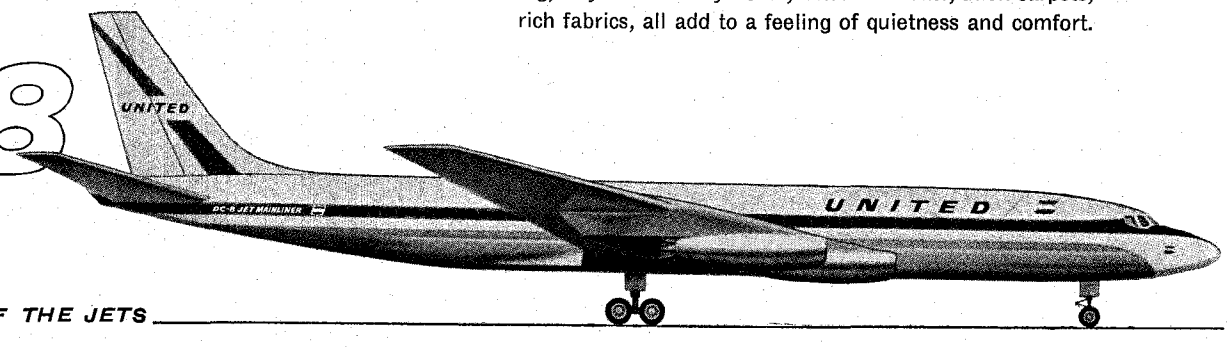
UNITED AIR LINES®

DC-8

JET MAINLINER, BY DOUGLAS



EXTRA CARE HAS MADE IT THE BEST OF THE JETS

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Editorials

Will Khrushchev's Visit Accomplish Anything?

Vice President Nixon's tour of Russia and Poland, and the extraordinary interest of the Russian people in the American exhibition in Moscow, demonstrate the place which this country occupies among the peoples under Communist rule. In Moscow, despite sneering press notices and official efforts to discourage attendance at the exhibition, the people have swarmed in to satisfy their curiosity. Their cordial reception to Mr. Nixon, at a time when he was under heavy verbal attack by Soviet leaders headed by Khrushchev, indicates an interest in this country far beyond mere curiosity.

In Warsaw, despite the efforts of the Communist regime to conceal his time of arrival and the route he would take from the airport, the Vice President was greeted by a crowd estimated at 100,000 to 250,000. People threw flowers into his automobile, and men and women wept as he and his party rode past. As *The New York Times* put it, "The Polish people still see in us the beacon of their hopes for a better tomorrow"—this despite our failure to insist that the U.S.S.R. stand by its pledge for a democratic Poland; despite the fact, to quote *The Times* again, that "we contributed nothing but verbal encouragement to the Polish people as they defied Khrushchev's threats and set a new course, of which Gomulka was then the symbol."

It is in the light of this demonstrated position of the United States as the "last best hope on earth" for freedom that the coming exchange of visits between Khrushchev and President Eisenhower must be evaluated. If these courtesy calls convince the people in the satellite countries, and millions of people in the Soviet Union itself, that we have decided to do business with the Communist bosses, then the visits will come close to being what Senator Dodd of Connecticut called them, "a national disgrace." If they result in the relaxation of western anxieties, while leaving the Communist dictators as determined as ever to conquer the world for Communism, this decision could turn out to be a national disaster.

The arguments in favor of these visits appear somewhat naïve. It is difficult to believe that Khrushchev's agents have left him in ignorance of this country's strength or that the sight of our contented, happy faces would cause him to abandon his decision to "bury us." More probably he wants to come here, first, to convince his constituents that he stands in with the leaders of the powerful west and, second, to relax American tensions so that we can be more easily persuaded to bury ourselves.

However, inasmuch as Mr. Nixon, who has had the feel of things in the Soviet empire, was among the first to suggest this exchange of calls, it must be assumed that he has taken into account the debit side of the matter as well as the credit side. On the assumption that the President intends to stand by his repeated pledges regarding West Germany and the expansion of Communism generally, it is possible that these visits could pay unexpected dividends. Could not mass enthusiasm for President Eisenhower in the Soviet empire offset any gains the Communist dictators might make from Khrushchev's tour of the United States?

In any event, the decision has been made, and prayers seem in order.

The Lone-Wolf Inventor Still Holds His Own

Those who believe in the unfashionable proposition that the individual person still counts for something, even in these days of mass organizations and imposed conformities, should be cheered by a new study done by researchers at the University of Chicago. It is the documented thesis of Professor John Jewkes and his assistants, David Sawers and Richard Stillerman, that the individual inventor, tinkering alone in his workshop, is still the indispensable man when it comes to turning out the new discoveries.

This is a switch from the assumptions of the past generation, that invention is no longer a one-man proposition but a systematic process involving dozens and hundreds of trained technicians. When a new paint or dye is produced by a huge chemical concern, for instance, it is almost always the result of this sort of teamwork. Thus it is implied that the Thomas Edison saga at Menlo Park is strictly from a bygone era.

But the Jewkes-Sawers-Stillerman book—*The Sources of Invention*, (Macmillan)—says it ain't so. After a careful look at the origins of sixty major inventions since 1900, when industrial-research departments were just getting started, Jewkes and his colleagues conclude that thirty-three of the inventions came from individual inventors and only twenty-one from industrial-research departments. The remaining six were impossible to classify.

Among the inventions which Professor Jewkes attributes to independent inventors are: penicillin; the radio; the ball-point pen; Cinerama; automatic transmission; chromium plating; the self-winding wrist watch; the slide fastener; the electron microscope; the catalytic process for cracking petroleum; the mechanical cotton picker; the synthetic light polarizer; streptomycin; the domestic gas refrigerator; the gyrocompass; the helicopter; Insulin for diabetics; quick-freezing; and the cyclotron.

Some of the inventions which have come out of the big, mass-production laboratories are: tetraethyl lead; cellophane; DDT; Duco lacquers; fluorescent lighting; nylon; polyethylene; silicones; synthetic detergents; television; the transistor; the diesel-electric locomotive; modern artificial lighting; and crease-resistant fabrics.

Both these lists are impressive. But the first list is even more impressive than the second. In other words, the individual experimenter is contributing at least as much to human progress as the research assembly lines of the great industries.

No one, of course, would think of belittling the organized research laboratories of modern industry. There is no other way of processing and utilizing so many different facts and facets of the physical world in order to improve the lot of mankind. But at the same time, it should never be forgotten that ideas germinate in the human brain, and often under conditions that could hardly be termed scientific.

Bailing Out Brazil Is Getting to Be Par for the Course

Discussion of this country's economic aid to foreign nations is never going to get anywhere if we keep talking in generalities. Each country must be dealt with individually, keeping our world-wide commitments in mind. Just now Brazil is knocking at our door again for the fourth time since 1953. In plain words, the Brazilians have lived beyond their means to the tune of more than $300,000,000, and they want us to bail them out again—as we did three times before.

Brazil is cursed with runaway inflation, ambitious and wasteful development projects and notorious overvaluation of its currency, the cruzeiro. Pres. Juscelino Kubitschek, noting that Brazil's living costs increased "only" 1.6 per cent in March, said, "You cannot imagine how relieved I am." The cost of living had risen 4.6 per cent in January and 9.8 per cent in February. But even at the March rate, economic deterioration would be serious—and there is really no guarantee that the cost of living will not rise by further leaps and bounds in months to come.

If we give the Brazilians a new $300,000,000 credit, it will do no more than pay the interest on past loans. Small wonder the International Monetary Fund is taking a bleak view of Brazil's way of running its economic affairs. While in Argentina the watchword has become "austerity," Brazil seems to feel that Uncle Sam is sure to open his pockets at the last minute, for fear that extreme nationalism or Communism may take over.

But the Brazilians themselves ought to be the ones to worry about the danger of economic and political chaos. Apparently Finance Minister Lucas Lopes has been ready to push for reduced government spending, restricted bank credit and devaluation of the cruzeiro. But President Kubitschek is afraid all these things might be unpopular. Popularity can be bought at too high a price.

West Germany's Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard made his reputation with devaluation of the German currency to a realistic level while encouraging private enterprise wherever possible. About the same thing was done in Greece when Spyros Markezinis was economic-planning minister.

Brazil is a big and potentially enormously rich country. It can become sufficiently mature to walk on its own. Giving it a new pair of economic crutches every other year or so isn't going to help.

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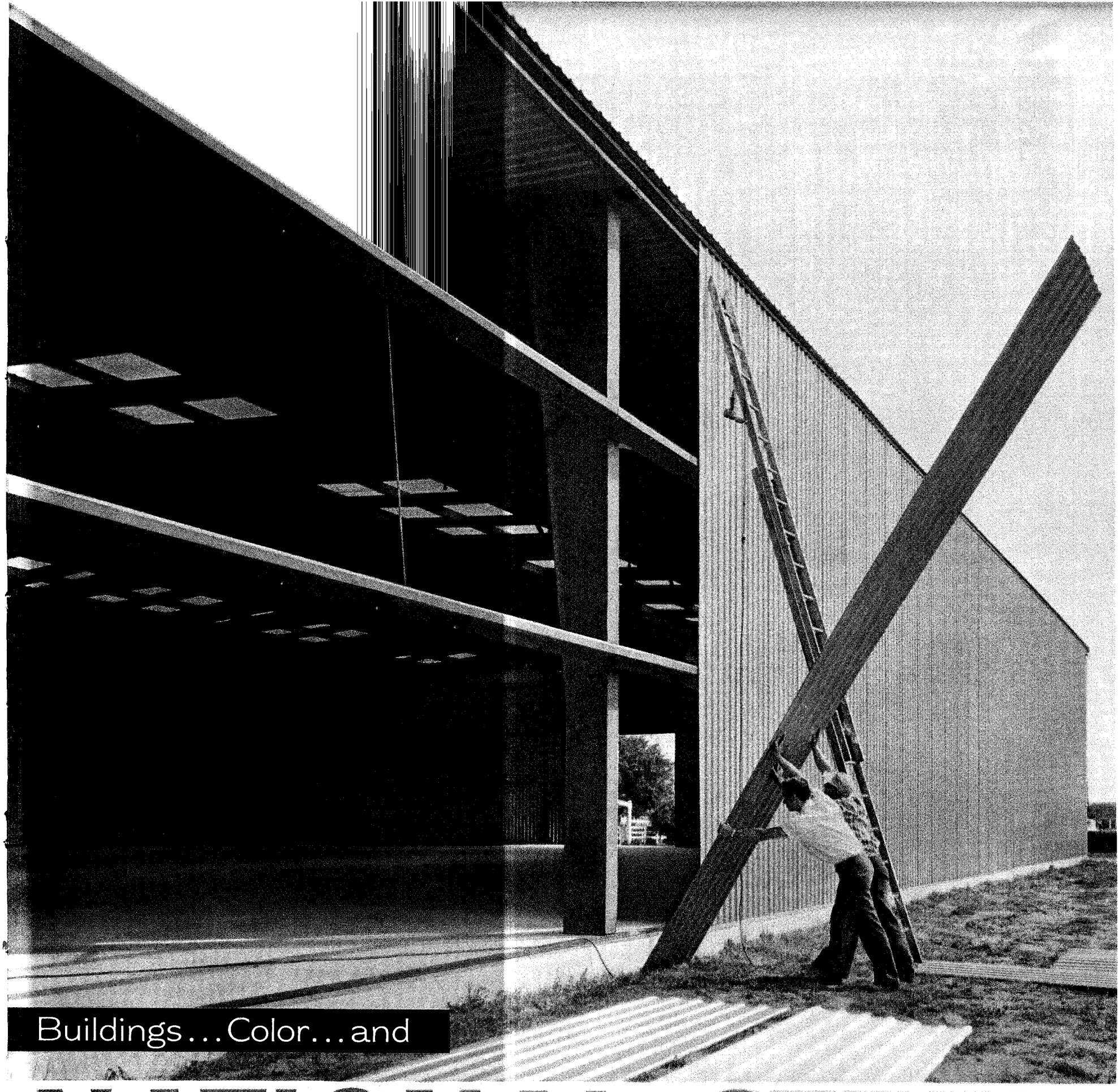

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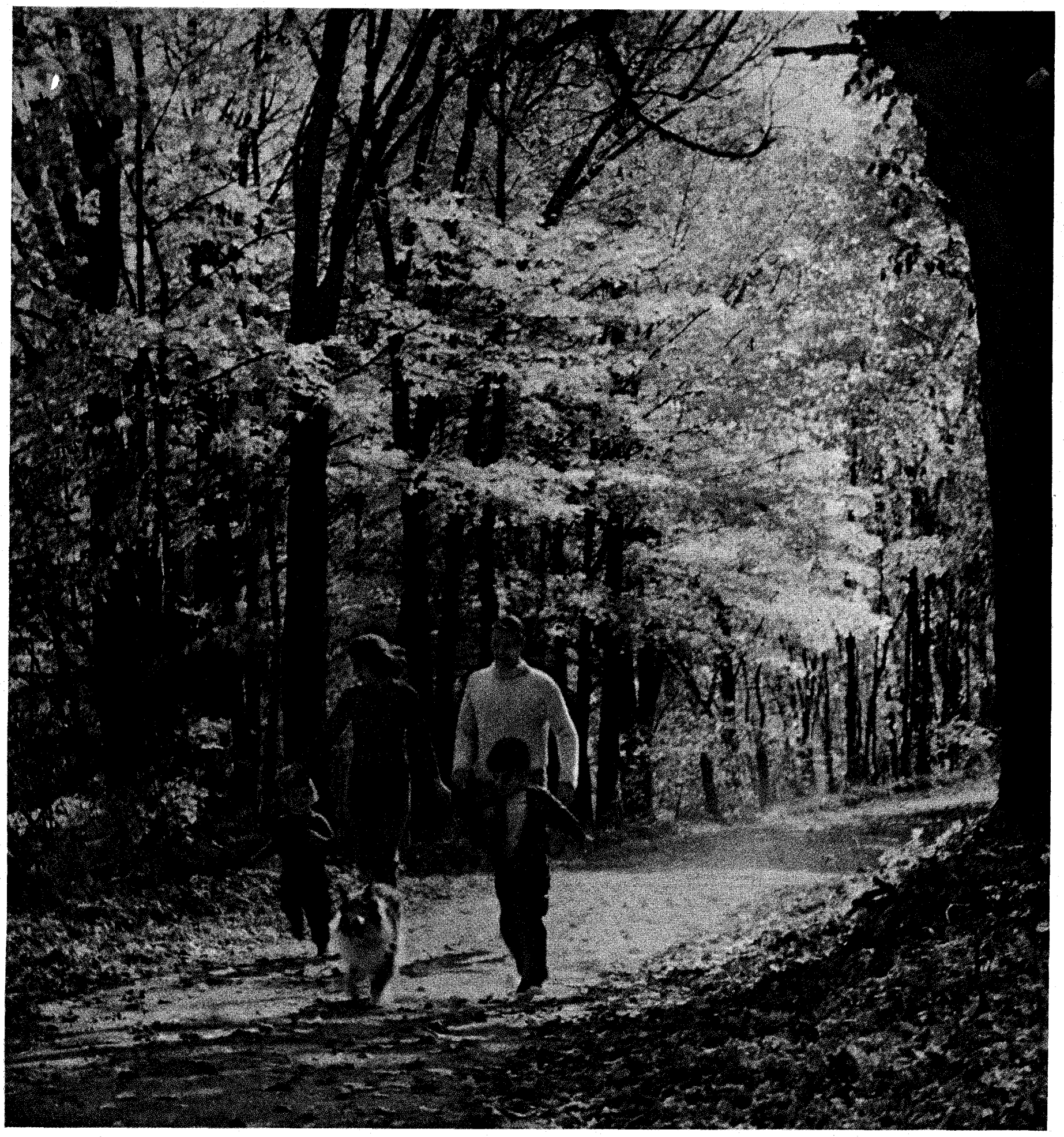

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Simply set the plainly labeled "tabs" for the instrumental sounds you want, including Lowrey's thrillingly realistic *clarinet, guitar, flute, string* and *trumpet.* Or combine these and many others for rich orchestral effects.

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EASIEST TO PLAY OF ALL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!

THE FASCINATING THING about almost any home organ is that it is actually many instruments in one. The remarkable fact about The Lowrey is that it makes these instrumental effects so realistic and so easy to play. Even the simplest tune you pick out with one finger will delight you for hours. Try it with The Lowrey's wide variety of sounds, as instrumental solos or blended for rich orchestral effects.

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Thousands of men and women have already discovered the wonderful relaxation and satisfaction of playing The Lowrey. We invite you to be next. Just visit your nearby Lowrey Organ Studio (see the Yellow Pages). Try The Lowrey and prove to yourself that this is truly the easiest to play of all musical instruments. Or, if you prefer, phone your Lowrey dealer. Ask to have The Lowrey delivered to your home for a few days' free trial, complete with easy-to-follow instruction material. Ask also about free lessons.

You will be pleased to find that, though wonderfully easy to play, The Lowrey is a complete musical instrument. No matter how expert you become, you will continue to enjoy it. And the price will come as a pleasant surprise, too, for The Lowrey is the lowest priced full spinet organ on the market today. Models include "percussion" and two 44-note manuals. Convenient time payments are easily arranged. The Lowrey Organ Co., 7373 N. Cicero Avenue, Lincolnwood, Chicago 46, Illinois.

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Easiest to play of all musical instruments

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Italian Cartwheel

Only with Minute Rice and Chef Boy-Ar-Dee® Italian Sauce can you cook this easy meal-in-a-dish in 15 minutes!

Just pour Minute Rice—right from the package—into Chef Boy-Ar-Dee's new Marinara Sauce. Top with frankfurters and pop the whole happy dish into the oven.

In 15 short minutes . . . the long grains of Minute Rice drink up all the savory flavors of new Marinara Sauce. Every grain is fluffy-light, bursting with nourishment.

You'll love the combination of Minute Rice and Chef Boy-Ar-Dee's new Marinara Sauce—savory with herbs, perfectly seasoned by a real Italian chef. Try Italian Cartwheel *soon*.

ITALIAN CARTWHEEL

1 can Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Marinara Sauce—15½ oz.
or Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Mushrooms or Meat
1⅓ cups water • 1⅓ cups Minute Rice
8 frankfurters • ¾ cup pickle relish
2 to 3 tablespoons prepared mustard (optional)

Combine Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Marinara Sauce, water and Minute Rice (right from the package) in a shallow 1-quart casserole; blend. Split frankfurters (three-quarters of the way through); fill with relish-mustard mixture. Arrange on rice mixture in casserole to form spokes of wheel.

Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Then brown frankfurters under broiler. Makes 4 servings.

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE
America's favorite
Italian-style sauces

MINUTE RICE
so fast, so easy—
perfect every time

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Webb and his third wife, Jackie, share what he describes as "the kind of marriage men dream about." She won the Miss United States contest in 1952.

THE FACTS ABOUT ME

Television's most celebrated cop sets the record straight about his misrepresented private life and tells how *Dragnet* and his other shows are made.

The First of Three Parts

By JACK WEBB as told to Dean Jennings

"I put my life into *Dragnet*," says Webb, here with Ben Alexander (left), who plays Sgt. Frank Smith.

I would have sworn there was nothing that could ruin that particular day. It was spring in Hollywood, and the air was soft and warm. The *Dragnet* show was still going well all over the world, and I had money in the bank. I was healthy and happy and in love with a beautiful girl.

I walked into my office, and on my desk was an open copy of a trade publication put out in Hollywood once a year. My secretary, Jean Miles, had put a black ring around one paragraph, and this is what it said:

"Jack Webb is not the most popular guy in Hollywood. His road to success is paved with the bodies of old pals."

I was stunned. What should I do? What would *you* do? Punch the author in the nose, get a retraction, sue for libel? I didn't do anything. I've never done anything about these cracks, and there have been many. I have been called Hollywood's mystery man or a lone wolf. One writer said I could be "as savage as a wildcat." Another called me a "tough s.o.b." One movie reporter says I don't know how to

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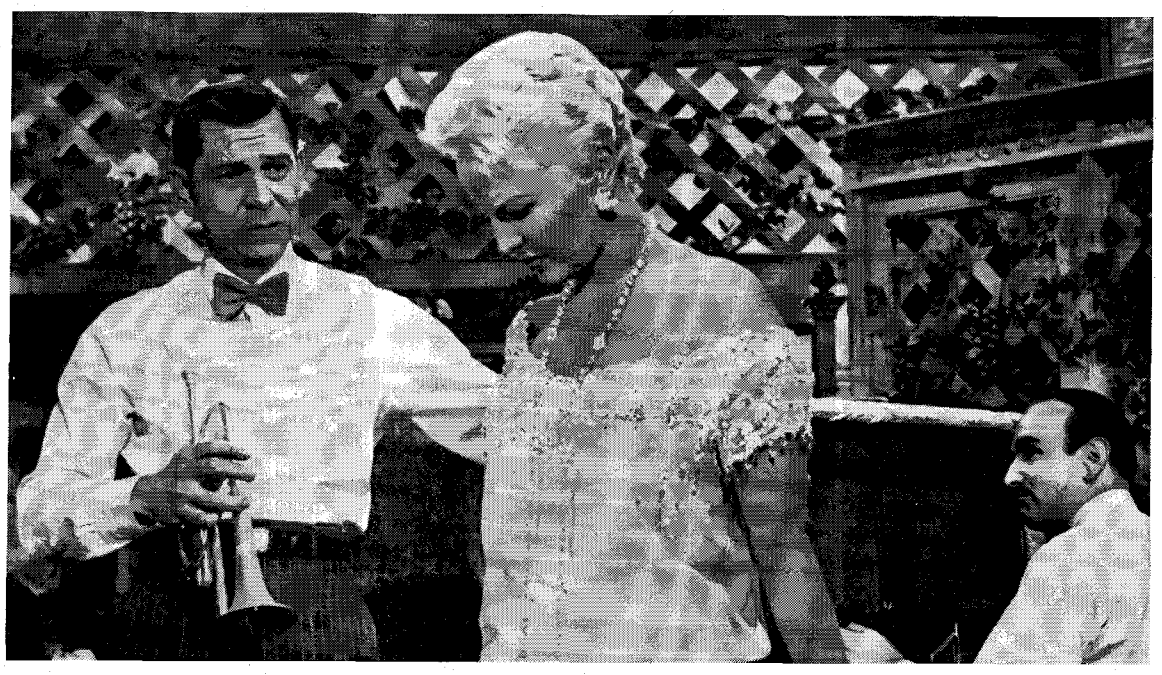
Webb (at left, above) with Nancy Olson and William Holden in the 1950 film *Sunset Boulevard*. Jack had a bit part, one of the many he played before he launched *Dragnet*.



Jack consoles singer Peggy Lee in a scene from the movie *Pete Kelly's Blues*, which he produced and directed. He later used the story as the basis for a TV series, which flopped.

Another of Webb's money-making films was *The D.I.*, released in 1957. Here Jack as a tough marine drill instructor dresses down a bewildered recruit.

smile. A second calls me a slave driver. None of these things is true.

For the past ten years I have been going into millions of living rooms once a week, on radio or television, as Sgt. Joe Friday—and more recently as Lieutenant Friday. My face and voice are reasonably well known. Millions of words have been written about Joe Friday, his habits, the way he talks and what he thinks. As Jack Webb or Joe Friday, whichever you prefer, I have been interviewed hundreds of times. Newspapermen, photographers and magazine writers have cut me open and examined me under microscopes. Every time *Dragnet* won an Emmy or other national award there was a new flood of words and pictures.

I was certainly not able to live what most men call a normal life or do normal things. Just to give an example, in New York a couple of months ago I started across the street against a red light, and instantly there was a whistle and a policeman came from nowhere.

"Sergeant Friday," he said in a scolding tone, "I'm surprised at you. You're a cop and you oughta know better."

My instinct was to tell the officer that I was Sergeant Friday only on Thursday nights, and that actually I couldn't solve a real crime if they gave me all the clues. I can't even find a tiepin when I lose it at home. But I felt like a small boy getting spanked, and I was never caught jaywalking again.

Incidentally, if I keep talking about Sgt. Joe Friday, it's just because I can't get used to his new title.

After doing 278 *Dragnet* shows on television and making three major movies, and with ten enormous scrapbooks full of clippings about Jack Webb, I am surprised and shocked by one obvious fact: No one really knows me.

So this is my story, neither apology nor confession, but the personal narrative of a man who has many things he wants to explain.

My bride Jackie, who had some experience with these things as Miss United States some years ago, and who can be very explosive when the Irish comes out in her, stormed into the office one morning and badgered Frank LaTourette, who for many years was one of my close associates.

"Look," she said, "why don't the columnists print some of these warm, human things about Jack the way they do with other people? His press agent can't be doing much of a job!"

"Honey," Frank said quietly, "Jack never had a press agent and he hasn't got one now."

Jackie came home somewhat frustrated, I'm afraid, but at least we gave her the facts, ma'am. Perhaps I should have had a press agent to explain the myths and the half-truths, but the trouble is—and I mean this without any false modesty—I never felt I was in the press-agent league. I have never willingly been a column item. I have not been nominated for an Academy Award, my name doesn't appear in the Celebrity Service bulletins, and I rarely go out in Hollywood because it's more fun to stay home. I'm not even listed in the directory that has the names of all the available actors in Hollywood. Jackie and I live in a small apartment next to my office, and once in a while I like to do my own cooking. I can turn out barbecued spareribs like an old pro, but this is hardly the kind of an item Louella Parsons would consider news. (Continued on Page 51)

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Above: producer-director Webb at work on the set of his latest picture, a newspaper story called *-30-*, which will be released next month.

Webb married singer Julie London in 1947, before either of them made good. Six years and two children later they were divorced. He now pays her $1500 a month alimony, plus $350 a month child support.

Left: Jack and his second wife, Dorothy Towne, on their wedding day in 1955. The marriage touched off a bitter feud between Webb and a columnist.

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In an ecstasy of blind fury, Arlene flung the chair.

The Case of THE WAYLAID WOLF

Was Perry Mason's pretty young client a murderess or merely the innocent victim of a trap?

A New Mystery by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

It had started to rain that morning when Arlene Ferris parked her car in the fenced-off parking lot reserved for employees in the executive offices of the Lamont Rolling, Casting and Engineering Company.

It was still raining at noon, but there was no necessity for Arlene to leave the building since executive-office employees could use the tunnel to the cafeteria in the main building.

At quitting time Arlene was in the midst of work she knew should go out in the night's mail. It would take her about thirty minutes to finish up, but since Arlene was never one to watch the clock on a secretarial job, she pounded away at the typewriter, heedless of the exodus of other employees.

When she handed in the work to George Albert, the office manager, he glanced at the clock and was gratefully surprised. "Thank you very much, Miss Ferris," he said.

"Not at all. I knew these had to be in the mail tonight," she said and wished him good night.

The rain had turned into a cold drizzle. Reflected lights shimmered on the wet paving of the parking lot. Arlene hurried to her car, opened the door, got in, turned the key and stepped on the starter. Sometimes the car took a little longer to start on cold, rainy nights, so she wasn't too concerned at first when there was no explosive response from the motor.

After the first minute and a half she became distinctly worried and looked around at the now all but deserted parking place. Only a

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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few cars were spotted here and there, and Arlene suddenly realized that her battery was not turning the motor as fast as it had been. Her car seemed definitely stalled.

Suddenly a cheerfully competent voice said, "What's the matter? Having trouble?"

Arlene rolled down the left window to inspect the smiling, confident eyes of the tall, broad-shouldered man whose raincoat was belted about his trim waist.

"I seem to be having trouble with my motor," she said.

"Better let the battery rest for a minute," the man said. "Let me take a look."

He stepped to the side of the motor, raised the hood with professional competence, plunged his head and shoulders inside, then emerged after a moment and said, "No spark." He lowered the hood of the car, walked around, shaking his head.

"What does that mean?"

"Something's definitely wrong with your electrical system. There's no use running down your battery by using the starter. You're just not getting any current to the spark plugs. I'm afraid there's not much I can do in the rain. With the hood up, water keeps dripping down on the distributing system—that's probably what's the matter with it anyhow. I think you'd better leave it right here tonight."

"But," Arlene said, "I ——"

The man's smile was engaging. "Exactly," he said. "I have my car right here. I'll be glad to take you home."

As Arlene hesitated, he added, "That is, if it isn't too far. If it is, I'll see that you get a bus or a cab."

Arlene took another long look at the face. The mouth was smiling. He had regular, even teeth. There was just the hint of something about the lips which indicated he was rather spoiled, but the eyes were expressive and there was a lean competence about him. Moreover, he wouldn't have been in the parking lot unless he was connected with the company, and if he was connected with the executive branch of the company he undoubtedly was all right.

"You're sure I won't be inconveniencing you?"

"Not at all," the man said, opening the door. "Roll up your window tight because it may rain some more tonight. Here's my car, right over here, waiting with the motor running."

"Do you still want to go ahead with it?" Mason asked Arlene.

When she saw his big car she knew who he was. This was Loring Lamont, the son of old Jarvis P. Lamont, the owner of the company. He had been away on a tour of South America "surveying the business field" and had but recently returned. Arlene had, however, seen his big car once when the elder Lamont had been chauffeured to the plant in it.

The young man held the door open for her with deferential courtesy. As she leaned back against the soft cushions, appreciating the rich leather upholstery, Loring Lamont jumped in the other side and the motor purred in multicylindered response. A current of warm air flowed reassuringly about her chilled ankles. Loring Lamont drove out past the watchman at the entrance to the parking lot.

"Right or left?" he asked.

"Left," she said.

"That's fine. That's the way I was going. What's the address?" She told him.

He frowned, said, "Say, look, I —— What's your name?"

"Arlene Ferris."

"Mine's Lamont," he said. "Loring Lamont. Look, Miss Ferris, I suddenly remembered I've got some papers to deliver for the old man—gosh, I'm sorry. I heard your motor grinding away and realized you were running your battery down, and—well, you're pretty easy on the eyes and I guess I forgot my responsibilities for a minute."

"That's all right," she told him. "You can take me to where I can get a bus or a cab."

"Now look," he said, "I can do better than that. If you aren't in a hurry, just settle back and relax. I'll have to deliver those papers, but the car is warm and comfortable. Settle back and relax, and after I've delivered the papers I'll take you home. Or, if you'd like, we can stop in for eats. I'm absolutely free after I deliver those confounded papers."

She hesitated for a moment, relaxing in the warm, dry comfort of the car. "All right," she said, "I'm in no hurry. If it won't inconvenience you ——"

"No, no," he protested quickly. "I've got to come back to town anyway after I deliver the papers."

"Back to town?" she asked. "Is it far?"

"Not with this car," he said. "We'll get out of traffic and hit the freeway. Relax. Turn on the radio and—and I hope your acceptance includes dinner."

"We'll discuss that a little later," she said. And then, with a quick laugh, added, "After I get to know you better."

"Fair enough," he said.

The plant was within a mile of the freeway. Lamont turned on the freeway, drove for some fifteen minutes, then turned off, purred along a paved road for four or five miles, then turned off on a dirt road that wound its way among hills. They were now entirely out of traffic.

"How much farther is it?" Arlene asked, her voice sharpened with suspicion.

"Only a little way," he said. "We have a little country estate up here, and my dad's associate is waiting for the papers there. Dad told him I'd be out."

"Oh," she said, and settled back, relaxed. She knew of the existence of the country estate.

The dirt road was winding and twisting, a barbed-wire fence on each side. There were No Trespassing signs, then the car eased to a stop in front of a locked gate. Loring Lamont opened the gate, then drove along a graveled driveway to stop finally at a house which had a wide porch running around it, a swimming pool and luxurious outdoor furniture invitingly placed on the huge covered porch.

"Well, what do you know!" Loring Lamont said. "The guy doesn't seem to be here."

(Continued on Page 54)

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Milwaukee has one of the tougher parks for sluggers. Although such Braves as Aaron and Mathews manage to hit a fair number of homers here, they do better on the road.

With its short left field, Boston's Fenway Park is kind to right-hand pull hitters, but hard on a lefty like Ted Williams. Ted's record might have been even more brilliant elsewhere.

What a Difference a Ball Park Makes!

How do the differing dimensions and individual peculiarities of major-league parks affect team performances? Where do hitters and pitchers get the best breaks?

By HARRY T. PAXTON

A novel and unexpected development has taken place in baseball this year. For much of the season the supposedly feeble Washington Senators have been the home-run kings of the majors. They have some woeful weaknesses, but they muscle a lot of pitches out of their park.

The Senators have accumulated quite an array of long-ball hitters—newcomers Harmon Killebrew and Bob Allison, along with veterans Jim Lemon and Roy Sievers. Yet other right-handed sluggers of great ability, such as Al Simmons, Zeke Bonura and Bob Johnson, have been frustrated at Griffith Stadium in the past. The biggest change has been not so much in the Washington ballplayers as in the Washington ball field.

Throughout the long proprietorship of the late Clark (Old Fox) Griffith, an ex-pitcher, Washington was the toughest park in the big leagues for right-handed pull hitters, with a distance of 405 feet down the left-field line. From the foul line, curiously, the wall angled in, so that the home-run distance was actually shorter in left-center. But this wasn't enough to compensate the hitters for the initial handicap. As a result, the total number of homers by all eight American League teams in Griffith Stadium seldom ran as high as fifty a year.

One of the first things Griff's nephew, Calvin Griffith, did upon inheriting control was to put in a new left-field fence in 1956 at a point only 350 feet down the foul line. He realized that opponents probably would benefit more at first than the Senators—and they did. He also expected his team ultimately to come up with a preponderance of batters who could capitalize on the change, and that is what has been happening this season.

Home-run hitting is just one example of how the game is influenced by the differences in ball parks. In sports like football the size of the playing area is the same everywhere. In big-league baseball the dimensions vary from city to city. This has its effects on everything from hitting and pitching to fielding and base running. A player who makes out well in one town may fare poorly in another. To a lesser extent this can be true of entire ball clubs.

Bill Rigney, the articulate manager of the Giants, believes that his team's upsurge from the second division last year was aided by its move from the venerable Polo Grounds in New York to Seals Stadium in San Francisco. On the surface this was simply a transfer from one

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Since 1954 spacious Forbes Field in Pittsburgh has been at bottom of National League home-run list. It was near the top during Greenberg Gardens era (1947–53), when left field was shortened thirty feet

home-run heaven to another. The annual homer crop for the Giants and their visitors ranged from 150 to 204 at the Polo Grounds during the previous decade. At Seals Stadium in 1958 it was 173.

But that's about all the two parks had in common. The Polo Grounds favored the hitter who pulled the ball down the foul lines, which extended only 279 feet in left field and 257 feet, eight inches in right. However, when a man didn't pull, he was in for grief. The outfield dropped back so sharply that between left-center and right-center, balls hit as much as 425 and 450 feet often were just long outs.

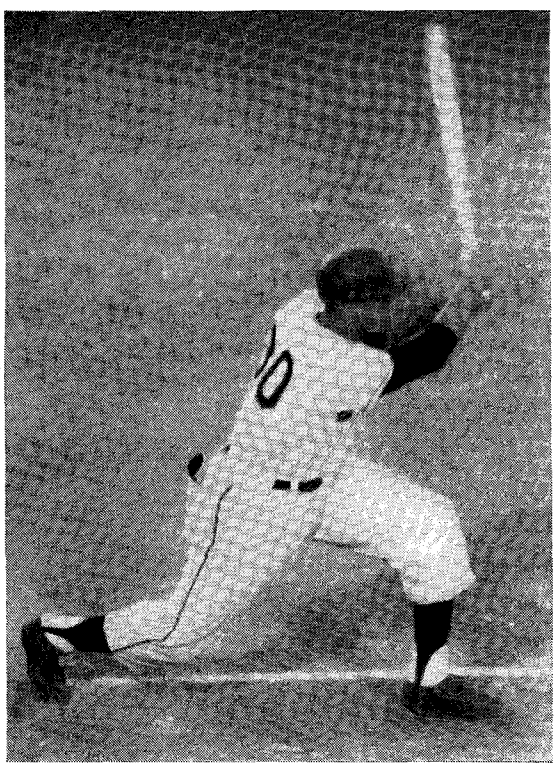
At Seals Stadium—which was scheduled to be vacated by the Giants this month for their brand-new park on Candlestick Point—the situation is reversed. Here the foul-line lengths are substantial—365 and 355 feet—but the middle sector of the outfield is not very deep. Then there is a special factor of benefit to right-hand hitters—a strong prevailing wind that sweeps from the right-field corner toward the left-field fence. National Leaguers call this "the jet stream." When a fly ball gets up into that air current, it sometimes seems almost to sprout wings and fly over the wall in left.

Giant pitchers, such as their ace southpaw, Johnny Antonelli, have screamed about this on occasion. From an over-all standpoint, however, Bill Rigney says, "The Giants used to have the type of hitters for the Polo Grounds. They could pull the ball. Last year, though, we came up with a lot of new young players, and most of them weren't that type. If they'd been in the Polo Grounds, they might have felt they had to try to pull everything. Smart pitchers would have worked them outside, and got them off balance at the plate. Take Cepeda. He's more a straightaway hitter than a pull hitter. He might have had more trouble breaking in at the Polo Grounds, where center field is so deep.

"I think Willie Mays is a better hitter when he doesn't have to concentrate on pulling the ball. Of course, he'd do well anywhere. But in Seals Stadium he can hit home runs to all fields. The outfielders can't bunch toward center on him, the way they did in the Polo Grounds."

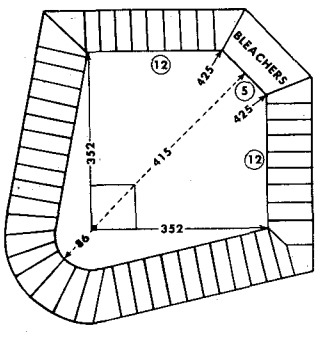
Rigney's theory about Mays wasn't fully proved in 1958. Willie's batting average went up fourteen points to .347, but his home runs dropped from thirty-five to twenty-nine. He hit sixteen of them at home in San Francisco, compared with seventeen in New York the year before. This year he was off in both departments through the first 100 games.

However, when asked whether he prefers the Polo Grounds (Continued on Page 42)



Orlando Cepeda. His rapid rise was aided, says Bill Rigney, by the Giants' move from the Polo Grounds to San Francisco Seals Stadium.

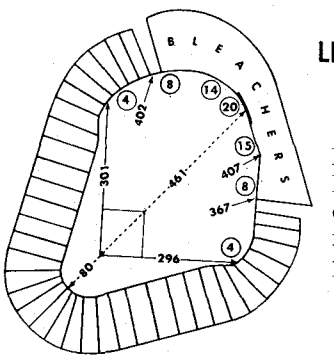
Washington's home-run kids, Bob Allison (left) and Harmon Killebrew, would have been frustrated by Griffith Stadium's former layout.



PITCHERS' IDEAL PARK

Comiskey Stadium

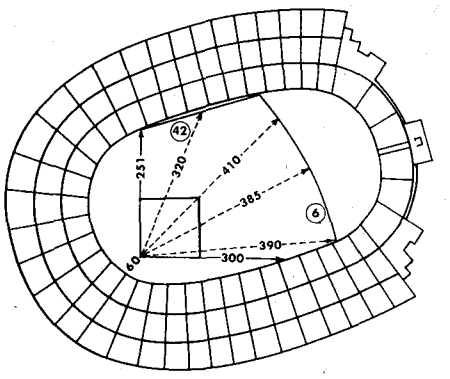
The ample dimensions of their park help explain why the White Sox are usually a good-pitch, no-hit club.



LEFT-HANDED HITTERS' DREAM PARK

Yankee Stadium

Designed with Babe Ruth in mind, the stadium is made to order for the hitter who can pull the ball to right.



RIGHT-HANDED HITTERS' DREAM PARK

Los Angeles Coliseum

The left-field screen is ridiculously close in Los Angeles. Only compensation: its height sometimes makes singles out of line-drive triples.

Numbers inside circles indicate height of fences in feet

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BLACK MONTE'S LAST RAID

After all these years, the scourge of the Old West finally decided to let the rest of the world in on his secret.

By JACOB HAY

A gloom cutter with a sharp knife and a strong right arm might have made himself a fortune that morning in the elegantly furnished suite of offices occupied by the advertising agency of Waggshall, Thisby & Finch. He might then have moved along to the hushed executive corridors of the Continental Broadcasting Network and a second fortune.

Frontier Gun was in trouble. It wasn't the ratings. Ratingwise, *Frontier Gun* was safely out in front of *Tombstone Marshal*, *Loves of Lucinda* and the *Amalgamated Alloy Theater*. It wasn't star temperament—Scott Freigh was cut in on a percentage of the profits and happy as a sandboy in the undemanding role of Sheriff Sam Bayard, who brought law and order to Nevada with a keen eye and a Colt revolver.

No, the trouble was a letter. A letter on the crisp, austere stationery engraved with the names of Anstruther, Anstruther & Nephew, solicitors, of Number 21, Pomander Street, London, W.1. Solicitors and ghost raisers.

"We beg leave to direct your attention to the fact," wrote Anstruther, Anstruther & Nephew with cold courtesy, "that the television series entitled *Frontier Gun* constitutes an outrageous and intolerable invasion of the privacy of our client, M. Fitzgerald, who is portrayed as the character known as Black Monte. Unless suitable remedial action is at once instituted, we shall initiate the necessary legal procedures to recover damages and enjoin further portrayals discreditable to our client. We have the honour to remain yr. obt. svts. . . ."

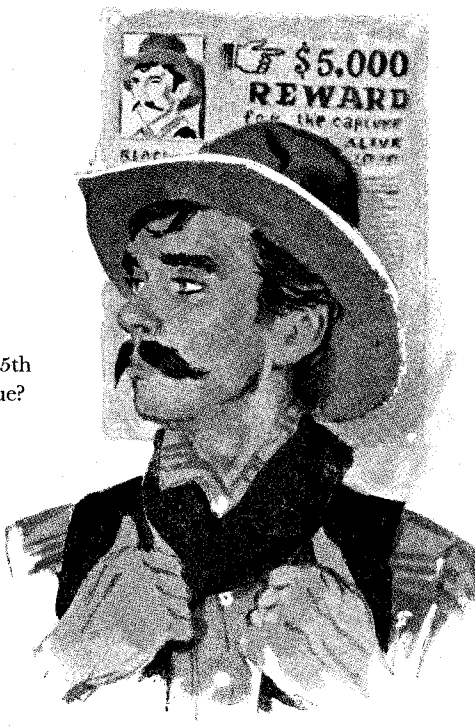
"The whole thing's fantastic," said J. Van Riper Waggshall, tugging morosely at the lapels of his splendidly tailored coat.

"Monstrous," echoed Ronald Thisby, stabbing his thick goldbroker's pencil fiercely into the memo pad before him on the vast and gleaming mahogany conference table.

"I see a couple of interesting publicity angles," murmured Dugald Finch, the junior partner, "but basically it's Davenant's baby."

"I couldn't agree more," added G. H. Bostwick, vice president in charge of sponsor relations for the Continental Broadcasting Network. "How do you read the situation, Mike?"

Mike Davenant looked up from the small gallows and lynching victim he had been creating on his memo pad, his long, bony face solemn. As the account executive charged with the responsibility for *Frontier Gun*, he was expected to have the answers, whether the problem was one of Scott Freigh's difficulty with a fast draw, a script writer's hangover or the sponsor's insistence that his talented niece be given a chance at the role of Mamie, the golden-hearted saloon hostess and the light of Sheriff Sam Bayard's life.



Who was the 15th Baron Montague?

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

"I think we're over a barrel," he said calmly. "A great big, economy-size barrel. Consider the situation. The whole series is built around the conflict between the goodies and the baddies. Sheriff Sam Bayard is the goody, and we know we're safe with him because we cleared it with what's left of his family out in Nevada.

"Black Monte's the baddy. Our research people say that Black Monte was finally shot by Sheriff Sam Bayard during a gun fight somewhere in the hills back of Split Skull, Nevada. The wound, according to legend, was mortal, and Black Monte staggered off into the brush to die. The body was never recovered, and the natives figured the vultures did the rest. But there's no proof."

"But if this M. Fitzgerald is really Black Monte, he must be over a hundred," J. Van Riper Waggshall complained. "Why didn't we stick to fiction, Davenant?"

"Because you wanted something to compete with Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson and Wild Bill Hickok," Mike replied amiably. "And Sam Bayard was one of the few real-life gunslingers left unsung by us minnesingers of the tiny screen. And don't forget, they started young in those days, so Black Monte could be only in his eighties. Of course, this guy Fitzgerald would have to prove he really was Black Monte."

"We've got more than a million and a half tied up in the series. The sponsor's happy. We simply can't scrap *Frontier Gun*, and it's too late to change the story line," J. Van Riper Waggshall mused wretchedly. "What do we do, Mike?"

"Why," Mike answered, "we pay off." He heaved his long, lean frame erect from the leather luxury of his armchair. "You'll be able to reach me at the Barchester Hotel, gents. And now, if you'll excuse me, I've got a London plane to catch."

High over the Atlantic, much refreshed by an excellent (Continued on Page 81)

"Why would he want to risk raking up a scandalous past?" Mike asked her.

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As the great beast began to retract its huge hind legs, Slade fired.

Leaping Death

With one slash of its dreadful claws the kangaroo could destroy a human being.

By EDWARD LINDALL

Martin Slade had just got back from lunch in the camp diner when he saw them coming, walking inside the frame of his hut window like long-distance figures in a film. Egil Voitkuns, his foreman, and daughter Baiba, striding across the two hundred yards of bright green plain that separated their two-tent home from his construction camp train. He frowned as he took the hunting rifle from its pegs above his desk and turned toward the door.

"Blast Egil," he told the door, with the sudden bitterness reserved for old friends guilty of stupidity. "Blast him. Why does he have to bring the girl?"

Outside the hut, as he stood for a moment on the deck of the railroad flatcar on which it perched, his dark eyes narrowed against the bite of winter air. Against his thoughts too. Saturday afternoon was his time for relaxation, and all through this winter, with the kangaroos plentiful around their mobile camp, Egil and he, with his dog Rusty, had gone hunting, taking turns with the gun. Two men and a dog. And kangaroo-tail soup for Sunday dinner. It didn't come any better. Or, he thought grimly now, it hadn't.

He clumped down the short ladder slanting to the ground, a solidly built tall man, tight-packed with energy. It showed in the firm precision of his movements, the alertness in his fine-boned face with its wide, strong mouth and curving nose. There was a touch of sternness, too, self-imposed and kept in place by a conviction that it was necessary. There was also a hint of uneasiness now, as he watched Egil Voitkuns and his daughter coming close.

At thirty-two Martin Slade was construction engineer for this new four hundred miles of railroad through the lonely Australian north, boss of a work force of more than a hundred migrant men from a dozen different European countries. (Continued on Page 69)

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FALLOUT: The Silent Killer

How Soon is Too Late?

How much radiation can we safely tolerate? Here are the experts' opinions of the price in disease, deformity and early death future generations may have to pay for our atomic arming.

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

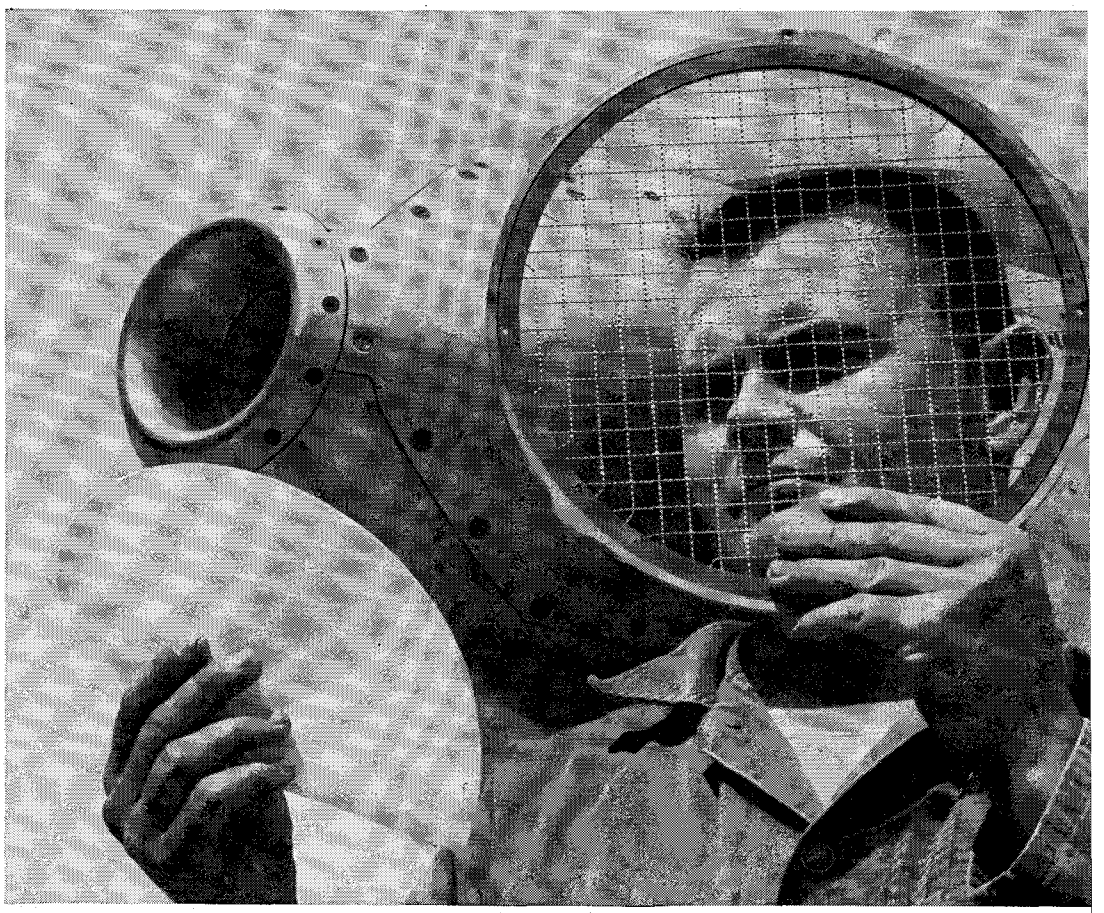
Conclusion

Even before the orbiting satellites disproved the rule that everything which goes up must come down, the scientists of the Atomic Energy Commission thought they had found a semi-exception to it. The cloud of atomic particles blown high into the stratosphere by the H-bombs would remain aloft, they believed, long enough to lose much of its harmful radioactivity. Thus what eventually came down as fallout would have considerably less punch than what had gone up.

To a degree the AEC experts were correct, but it now appears that the stratospheric "residence time" is by no means as long as they had supposed. New evidence, acquired by jet planes and balloons soaring into the stratosphere for samples, has emerged from two tremendous "cracks" in the sky. Through them, it now appears, most of the high-altitude bomb debris pours back to earth. Instead of drifting around up there for ten years, it falls out in four or five—sometimes in less than one year.

These and other facts about the circulation of fallout, all of them important to our understanding of its present and future hazards to the world's people, have emerged from some thirty different sampling networks. Although the results are co-ordinated by the Atomic Energy Commission's Division of Biology and Medicine, under the direction of Dr. Charles L. Dunham, many of the programs are actually conducted by other Government units or by private agencies on contract.

One of these is the High Altitude Sampling Program of the Defense Atomic Support Agency (formerly called the Armed Forces Special Weapons Project). Under the supervision of Dr. Frank Shelton as research director, this sky-probing task began in the fall of 1957 with six Lockheed U-2 single-engine jets. The planes, with one-man crews, have operated from bases in New York, Puerto Rico and Buenos Aires, and at the rate of about eight sorties a week have monitored a north-south slice of the sky from the Arctic Circle to the Antarctic. (Continued on Page 84)



Filters such as this one, shown with its mesh holder, helped scientists discover the true nature of the fallout menace. Taken aloft in jets, the filters snare radioactive particles from the atmosphere.

Dr. Lyle Alexander, a Government soil specialist. The samples of earth he extracts with this special auger reveal the amount of fallout the ground has absorbed.

March, 1954: Radioactive ash from an H-bomb blast at Bikini Atoll burned this Japanese fisherman, here being examined by doctors at Tokyo University. He and twenty-two others aboard the tuna boat *Lucky Dragon* were among the first peacetime victims of fallout.

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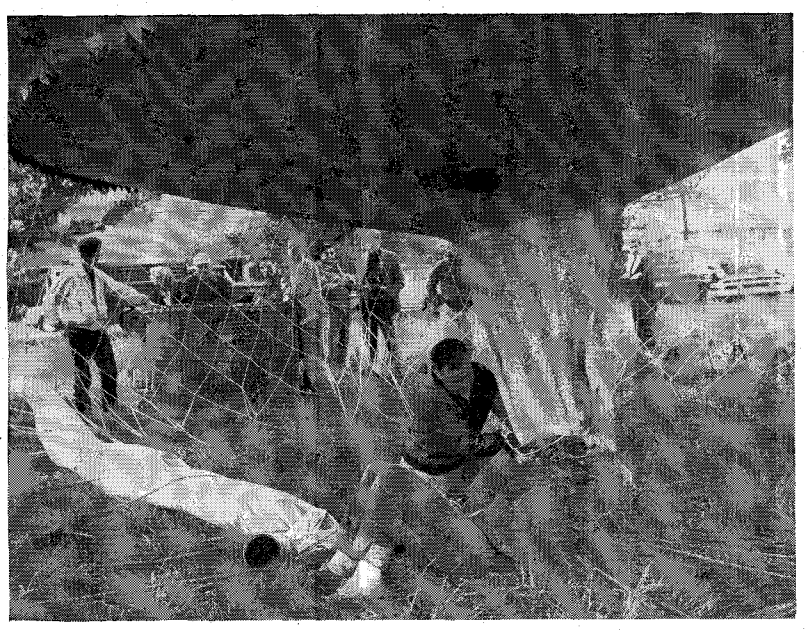
Ready for take-off: With the author (in basket, right) and three fellow passengers on board, the balloon is still too heavy to fly. Pilot Tony Fairbanks (baseball cap, center) lifts out sandbags until the balloon begins to rise.

Moments after take-off, the balloon ran into some nearby telephone lines. Expecting sparks, the two neophyte balloonists ducked out of sight while pilot Fairbanks calmly pushed the basket free.



Above: Balloon Club president Francis Shields, with another club member, looks up into the inflated bag to check the line controlling the gas valve.

The club fills its balloons with ordinary cooking gas because helium is too expensive. When due care is taken, there is little danger of an explosion.

We Went With the Wind

Until you've flown in a balloon, says the author, you don't know what real flight is. Here he tells about his adventures with the classic aeronauts.

By SHERWOOD HARRIS

Like most aviators, I have often wondered what became of the dream of flying I had as a small boy—a dream of coasting like an eagle high and free above the earth, untroubled by the drone of an aircraft engine or the need to find a safe, man-made landing field when the gas got low. Somehow, after several hundred hours in the air, most of them as a Navy dive-bomber pilot, I lost this dream in the complexities of present-day aviation. But recently I went up for a balloon ride and finally found out what flight in its purest form is like.

Now, getting a balloon ride in the twentieth century is not quite as easy as going for an airplane ride. You can't just go down to the nearest airport and buy a ticket. In our grandfathers' time it was a different matter. In those days ballooning was tremendously popular, and professional balloonists barnstormed the country, giving exhibitions and selling rides.

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A Balloon Club of America balloon in flight over eastern Pennsylvania. The dark seam near the top is the rip panel used to spill all the gas out after landing.

Then came the invention of the automobile and the airplane, and the glory of ballooning began to dim. Now only a few die-hard aeronauts in the United States still pursue the antique art of ballooning.

According to the most recent Federal Aviation Agency census only 115 out of 750,000 licensed aircraft pilots are currently qualified to fly a balloon. An even sadder statistic is the number of balloons that are still airworthy. There are only fourteen among the 100,000 aircraft that are currently registered with the FAA.

Six of these are owned by the Balloon Club of America of Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, currently the most active balloon-flying outfit in the country and my hosts for my recent ride. One other group, the National Lighter-Than-Air Club of Akron, Ohio, has only one balloon, with which it makes flights.

Like the whooping cranes, the Balloon Club of America has its problems in avoiding extinction amid the tempo and mechanization of the modern world. Once it was threatened with legal action for being a menace to public safety. Another time a balloon burst in flight and nearly killed the five crew members. But to the *aficionados* who keep the club going, the appeal of ballooning far outweighs its hazards.

"There's nothing in our modern-day life that compares with it," says club president Francis Shields, a stocky, energetic Pennsylvanian who makes his living as a millwright. "The quiet is one of the most remarkable things. In the United States today there's hardly any quiet. We're surrounded by noise—cars, trucks, trains, TV—but when you're up there you can get away from it all."

Club member Connie Wolf, who, at fifty-four, is the (Continued on Page 59)

Happy landing: Crew members Gil Ralston (left), Tony Fairbanks and Kate Ornsen relax while several of the spectators add their weight to keep the balloon from taking off again.

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The Face of AMERICA

Lady at the Plate

In her league hard-hitting Mary Hartman is capable of breaking up anybody's ball game. She plays right field for the women's amateur softball world champions, the Stratford, Connecticut, Brakettes. Mary is shown slamming out a double against the Linden, New Jersey, Arians during a tournament played this summer at Blake Field in New Haven. Mary is twenty-one, has a lifetime batting average of .348, and she is one of the prettiest Brakettes. This week Mary and her teammates will defend their championship against twenty regional champions in the women's world tournament at Stratford. Last year Mary won the final game of the big tournament with a homer against the Fresno Rockets in the seventh inning of a pitcher's duel. Final score: 1–0. Of course, Mary was helped by the girls who shared the mound for the Brakettes—Joan Joyce and Hurricane Bertha Ragan. Between the two they allowed a total of no hits. For Hurricane Bertha this is routine. She has more than 100 no-hit, no-run games in her record. Are the majors overlooking an unexploited reservoir of talent? Is this the stimulus big-league baseball needs? Someone has got to find new players somewhere.

● Photograph by Gus Pasquarella

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Despite his blindness, Maas travels alone on his speaking tours in this country and abroad. He never wears dark glasses and, instead of a cane, he uses the collapsible leg of a camera tripod.

The author with his wife Katherine (left) and their daughter Patricia on the day of his retirement in 1952. He had continued at his Pentagon job one year after he lost his sight. Patricia is now a captain in the Women Marines.

By MELVIN J. MAAS
As told to Paul F. Healy

Don't Pity Us Handicapped

A retired—and blinded—marine general offers his personal case as evidence that the disabled are people like everyone else.

The telephone rang in my room at the Bethesda Naval Hospital and when I answered I heard an old friend, Robert Copsey, a brigadier general in the Air Force Reserve, asking what I was doing there.

"Bob," I told him, "you remember how I always admired beautiful women. Well, now all women are beautiful."

Copsey got the point that I had gone blind—and that I was adjusting to my condition and no longer felt sorry for myself.

Since that day in September, 1951, quite a number of people have seemed startled by my ability to take my blindness lightly. They express astonishment, too, that I continue to travel alone all over the world—in the last seven years I have covered 600,000 miles, to Europe, Central America, all United States territories and every one of the states. This travel without any escort, human or canine, has been part of my job as chairman of the President's Committee on the Employment of the Physically Handicapped.

What the public doesn't seem to realize, I find, is how millions of severely handicapped persons have readjusted their lives and have the ability of playing a positive, productive part in society. In my own case, the fact that I could joke about my trouble was the first sign that my rehabilitation was getting under way. It was a most welcome sign, too, because when I first learned that I was doomed to darkness, I was terrified and afraid that I would never be able to make the transition to a strange new life.

My blindness occurred with little warning in the middle of a busy career. For sixteen years I had been a congressman from Minnesota, and for ten of those years had served on the House Naval Affairs Committee. I had been a flier in both world wars, and after the end of World War II had been active as a brigadier general in the Marine Corps Reserve. Then, in July of 1950, just after the Korean War broke out, I was recalled to active duty in

(Continued on Page 61)

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YESTERDAY'S HERO

By EARLYNE S. BROWNE

Once he was a gridiron great. Now he was only a has-been.

David Briley, running fresh hot water into the lab sink, surveyed the mountain of equipment yet to be cleaned, and tried to ignore the hungry gnawing in his mid-section that was reminding him he'd had no breakfast. Breakfast was forty cents—forty cents toward the two bucks he'd have to pay Yates to sub for him tonight at the commons.

The Saturday-morning emptiness of the big lab deepened his dejection, and, to shake the mood, he moved resolutely to a window and gazed out across the campus. The cloudless sky arching above Austin's rolling hill country was brilliant with November sunshine—promising perfect weather for that afternoon's game.

He smiled wryly. Well, he was glad something was perfect! The letter from his father saying he'd be down for the game had cost him a sleepless night, and, with a schedule like his, sleep was precious. Squaring his shoulders, he turned back to the sink. O.K., Briley, he told himself sternly, knock it off! You're not the only guy sweating out higher education—working nights, skipping meals.

But, as always, when he fought against the corrosiveness of self-pity, the bitter thought recurred, *If it hadn't been for my father, everything would be different.*

My father is "Hoss" Briley, Texas' great all-conference halfback. Remembering how he used to impart that information with boyish pride, he let a sharp nostalgia possess him for a moment. *Trouble is, all he's got to show for his four years in college is that old gold football he keeps wearing on his tie chain.*

The swinging doors made a swishing sound as Val burst into the lab carrying an armful of books and a newspaper. "Hi, Einstein!" she called gaily. "'Bout set for the big day?"

David grinned at her. "You psychology majors! Einstein, yet! Mine is the beaker-and-Bunsen-burner bit—remember?"

She laughed, her eyes crinkling at the corners. On tiptoe she swiftly brushed his cheek with a kiss before (Continued on Page 72)

The attendant blocked Hoss's path. "Sorry, dad," he laughed. "Come back for Roundup if you want to have old home week."

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International Country Town

By DON MURRAY

With a welcome mat out for young people from exotic lands, little Burns, Kansas, has won new friends for America all over the globe.

Like many others born and reared in the East, I have always had a tendency to respond to mention of the Midwest by mentally conjuring up the term "isolationism." This is the kind of cliché thinking that can lead a man into serious error; but certainly isolationism seemed to me an understandable attitude for a place like little Burns, Kansas—population 294—when I drove into that town recently.

I had flown across half a continent, then motored southwest out of Kansas City for almost four hours through country where the horizon seems to retreat farther and farther under an immense sky, before at last I spotted a lonely water tower bearing the one word, BURNS.

As I drove slowly along the sunny, dusty streets I noticed a grain elevator; a barbershop; a hardware store; two feed-and-grain houses; a harness shop; a consolidated school; a café which serves coffee but no spirituous beverages; three gas stations; one grocery store; two churches—one Methodist, one Catholic—a bank and a huddle of small, white, frame

Below: The Saturday stroll around Burns gives many of the foreign visitors their first real look at a small American town. In the yellow blouse is hostess Betty Grimwood.

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Hayride at the Lathrop farm. The entertainment is kept simple, with no elaborate program. "We just do what happens," says one of the hostesses.

Foreign costumes and accents have become commonplace in Burns, and the visitors mix almost unnoticed with townsfolk at a weekend picnic.

houses. People on the streets nodded a smiling hello to me, a stranger. It was the kind of town where doors are never locked and no one takes the keys out of his car. I decided I was about as far away as one can get from Moscow, Berlin, the Middle East, and the heaving problems of Asia and Africa.

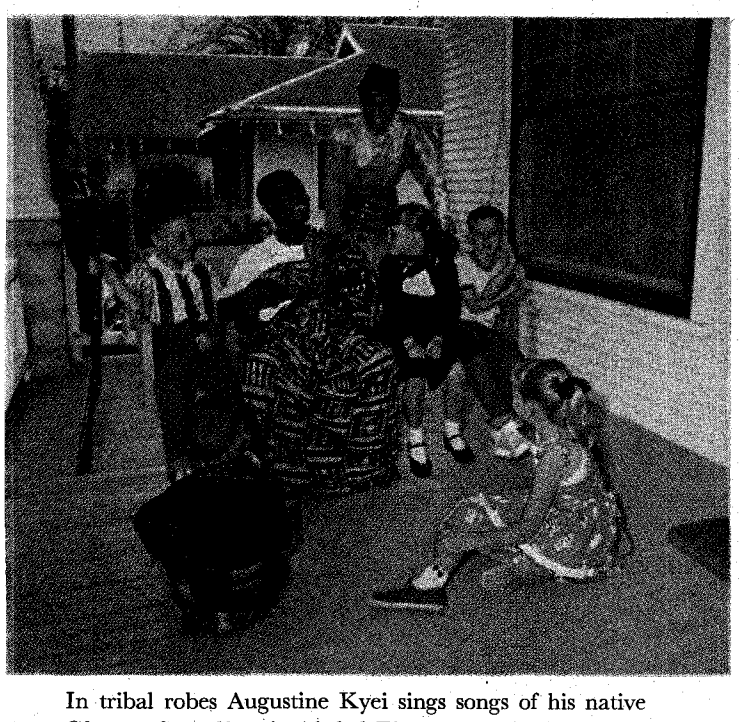
Yet, during the weekend I spent in Burns, I found the townsfolk in closer touch with the world than my neighbors in New Jersey, who live only fifteen miles from the United Nations buildings. The people in that small Kansas town have found a way to enrich their lives with friends all over the world. At lunch on Saturday a perky, blonde Finnish girl on my left talked with fear and familiarity of the Russians, whose guns stand but a few miles from her home. Later the academic arguments about African nationalism took on flesh-and-blood meaning as we listened to Rahim Ola Ojikutu, a handsome young man of immense dignity and purpose. His home is in Nigeria, which will win total independence next year.

In Burns, Kansas, world problems are brought to life in terms of individual people. The fierce pride and sense of mission of the United Arab (Continued on Page 64)

Mrs. Bonnie Lohrentz (center, above) with two of her weekend guests, Celina Ugarte (left) of Nicaragua and Aline Roux of France.

After breakfast Ritva Makinen (center), a Finn, and Schinichi Schigihara of Japan help out in Mrs. Elmer Nelson's kitchen.

Photographs by Gene Lester



In tribal robes Augustine Kyei sings songs of his native Ghana. Standing is Abdul Firman, an Indonesian

Celina Ugarte (in white) and the youngsters of Burns join Aline Roux in the chorus of a French folk song. In the past five years ninety-one students from forty-three countries have visited Burns.

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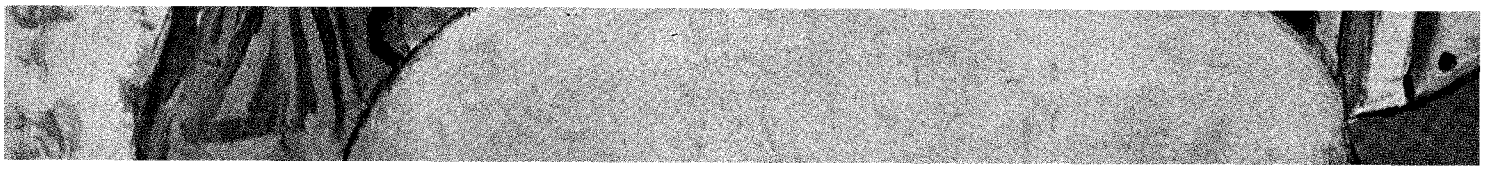

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THE CASANOVA CAR

By VIVIAN CONNELL

His auto was ridiculously tiny. But somehow women found it irresistible. . . .

Moylan came ashore in the sunlight of Cannes, waved good-by to the Italian liner standing off in the bay, picked up his suitcase, and headed along the Croisette. It had been sunlight and blue sea all the way over the Atlantic, and the Riviera looked bright and alive this August morning, all gay with parasols along the beach. The last time Moylan had come ashore in Cannes, he had been in the United States Navy.

Even with his suitcase in hand, Moylan was moving faster than the snarled traffic on the Croisette, and he overtook the blond girl in the baby car as she snailed along by the curb. Moylan smiled at the midget automobile, a single seat in front, one behind. The girl looked American and Moylan grinned.

"Hi! You look like a baby in a baby carriage!"

"Hi, to you. And dump that suitcase on top of mine, and go ahead and get me a long iced drink on the Napoleon terrace!"

Moylan piled his suitcase on her blue one, went ahead, and had two drinks ready before she got to the Napoleon. She was tall and slim.

"What a surprise! I thought you must be a midget to fit in that car. Iced lemon. O.K.?"

"Grand! I'm Bridget; Bridget Hathaway."

"Hello, Bridget. I'm Moylan Maguire." He waved at the liner now moving out into the Mediterranean. "I've just got in on that ship."

"First time in Europe, Moylan?"

"No. Not in a way. Was in the Sixth Fleet for a stretch and I've nibbled at the coastlines around the Med. Just in and out on shore leave. Never really got inside Europe. But this time I'm on my own, and out of the Navy."

"Going to stay on the Riviera?"

"No. But I haven't got any plan. I'm going to get a train somewhere into the country. I don't want to stay on the coast. Are you staying in Cannes?"

"No. Just came in an hour ago. Who wants to stay in Cannes in August? Grand Central by the sea! I've got to get a plane to Paris this afternoon. Must get back to the Embassy, where I work, in the morning. So here and now I say good-by to my vacation and my lovely Hummelied!"

"What's that?"

"My little car. Hummelied means the song of a bumblebee in German. And I've sung my way all over Europe in my little beesong car for the last month—from Paris to Copenhagen and all the way down to Rome."

"Look!" She pulled her map from her handbag. "Look; that's my route, all marked in green. Over the Alpine passes, down the vineyards, all alone in my little single seat, with my suitcase in behind as my passenger." She laughed. Then she kissed a spot on the map, folded it, and smiled softly at him. "Things happen to you in a Hummelied."

"Things? What things?"

"Oh—moonlight on the snow over the Alps, cool blue lakes in the morning, music in a village at night, and ——"

"And?"

She turned the blue stone of the ring on her third finger.

"And that! In Rome. All in one week."

"I see. I guess things do happen in a Hummelied."

"Why are you over in Europe, Moylan?"

The question startled him. But something in her calm, searching eyes made him answer.

"Well, I just decided, suddenly —— I mean I'm going to Harvard Business School this fall, and I—I guess I just had to get away."

"Go on, Moylan, tell me."

"Oh, I did some writing this summer. A long short story. A novelette. About some children I saw one day in Palermo. They were poor, and—I guess I had to write about it."

"And what happened to the story?"

"Well, I sold it."

"To where?"

He told her the name of the magazine, and suddenly she began to laugh at him. He flushed.

"You make me laugh, Moylan. You sell a story to them, and you still can't say to yourself to hell with business school. I guess you need something to happen to you. Real bad."

"How much for the Hummelied?"

She laughed again, in surprise.

"O.K.; if you must have it. I bought it for six hundred dollars, I got twenty-five per cent off as I'm a diplomat. Three hundred to you. . . . Now, let's get organized. Dump the cases here, get in behind me, and I'll show you how she goes. Then we change the car papers at the police bureau, and I get my plane to Paris from Nice. Let's go and make things happen in a Hummelied!"

Moylan felt he was riding rear in a horizontal bobsled as they ran out along the road to La Napoule. She tried to break out of the promenading line of cars to show him that the Hummelied could, believe it or not, do sixty miles an hour, and she could not get clear until she used the horn. Moylan roared as the cars ahead swung in before the racing horn.

When they pulled up on top of the hill after Théoule to look at the scenery, she laughed. "Nielson gave me that racing horn as my engagement present, and it certainly clears the road." She pointed to the coil of nylon rope on the shelf behind Moylan's head. "He also gave me that, in memory. He was out of gas, and I towed him to a station. That's how we met, on the road to Florence, in the middle of the night. He's a Norwegian, and you've never seen a Norseman really mad until he gets his big car towed by a Hummelied."

Over a farewell drink at Nice airport she gave him her map and some advice.

"Go north right away, at least to Copenhagen. Then ride south again in the cool of September. And drive at night now and again. There's always an inn open at three in the morning when you want to sleep. Don't make plans. Just ride the road. I think that's all. Just ride when you feel like riding. O.K.?"

Moylan put his suitcase in behind him, and hummed along the Croisette. Soon he was riding out in the country, and he realized the Hummelied did really sing like a bumblebee. By sunset he had got most of the way to Aix-en-Provence, and he stopped for a long cool beer, and guessed that if he dined later by Aix, he could make it after dinner to Avignon.

He stopped and dined at an inn on brook trout and chicken and a bottle of wine, and there was a young moon in the sky when he took the road again. (Continued on Page 47)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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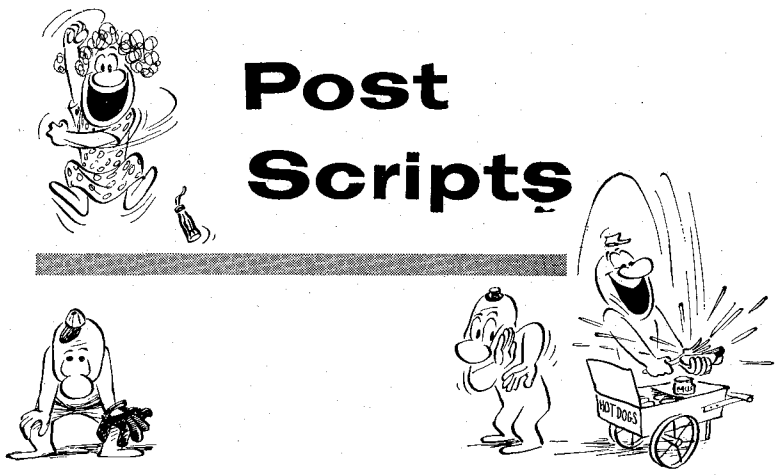


Post Scripts

Kin

Lots of people have relations
Whom they visit on vacations.
To wit: the Smiths have Cousin Mae,
Who has a darling Swiss chalet;
The Nickersons have Auntie Blanche,
Who has an Arizona ranch;
The Hams have brothers in New York,
Who fete them nightly at the Stork;
The Petermans have Sister Lou,
Whose husband has a yacht or two;
The Channings have a Boston aunt,
Who has a cottage at Nahant;
The Martingales have Grandpa Jake,
Who has a camp on Fat Squaw Lake;
The Muccis have an Uncle Gino,
Who has an inn in Portofino;
And we have Cousins Em and Gus—
Who come to spend six weeks with us.

ELEANOR S. J. RYDBERG

"I was the last one out of the restaurant."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Lady Tackles the Cookbook Dept.

"May I help you, ma'am?"

"My, I hope so. I'm looking for a cookbook."

"And here you are, ma'am—just in! *The Chef's Universal Encyclopaedia of Cooks, Kitchens, and Cuisine Through the Ages*. Hoist 'er, ma'am. Eight pounds, not counting the price tag!"

"Say, that certainly is a backbreaker, all right. But ——"

"Fifty-three thousand gourmet recipes plus seventy-two comprehensive chapters, including "Cooking Implements Among the Aztecs." and "Chemical Analyses of Foodstuffs We Eat Every Day"—each and every page suitable for framing, and when you unfold the jacket she papers a twenty-by-forty-foot kitchen!"

"No. I really don't think ——"

"Something simpler, h'm? Here you are, ma'am—*The Bride's Own Book of Kitchen Fun*, or, *Making the Honeymoon Last!* Coverage? Look, ma'am! Five chapters on How to Set a Table! Ten chapters on Turning Your Vegetable Bin Into a Centerpiece! Fifteen chapters on Turning Your Centerpiece Into a Conversation Piece! Twenty chapters on Dining *à Deux!*"

"Dining what?"

"Just you and him."

"My, we never do that any more. Junior has a fit if I try to feed him first, and the baby ——"

"Plus 25 Desserts to Make Him Say 'I Love You' All Over Again! Chocolate Caramel Cream Whip, Butter-Toffee Fudge Cake With Cashew-nut Sauce ——"

"Goodness, I couldn't get John to eat anything like that at the point of a gun. I mean, he has a real nice waistline, and he's sort of athletic, and ——"

"I've got it! Something exotic! Here! *Let's All Go Out in the Kitchen and Cook Hasenpfeffer!* Or this one! *101 New Tricks With Sukiyaki!*"

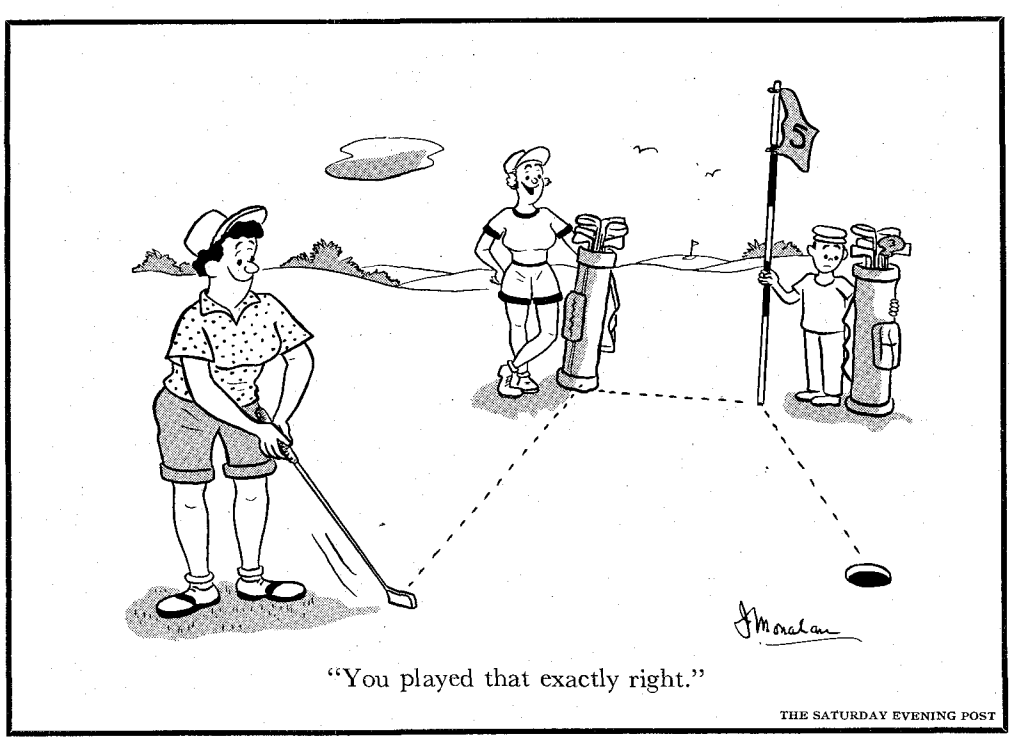
"Gracious, I don't even know an old trick with *sukiyaki*. All I wanted was ——"

"Or here! *Making Your Own Polish Sausage Can be Fun!* Or ——"

"No, here's the thing: I never did like to cook much, but I thought maybe I could get out of the rut I'm in if I could find some little recipe book that didn't call for all sorts of fancy stuff I never heard of ——"

"Or maybe you'd —— Fancy? Listen, I hear you talking! Sometimes I think if I run into one more recipe that says to marinate a sliced *aubergine* or something, I'll blow my —— Look. Our Parkridge P.T.A. swapped recipes and just put out this dandy little pamphlet called *50 Fast Easy New Dishes You'll Probably Like*, and the proceeds go to help with the new gym. Just half a buck. . . . Next?"

PEG BRACKEN



"You played that exactly right."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Hollywood News That Couldn't Interest Me Less

Claudine LaRue, the French import who currently is wowing the film capital with her wit and charm, recently made this comparison of American and French films: "Zee American mawshin-peekshare eet eez ——"

Lawrence Farnsworth, who has earned an outstanding reputation as a producer, director, actor and writer, now plans to try his hand at ——

Fenton Brubaker, who for years has played tough-guy roles on the screen, proved the other day that in real life he's one of the nicest guys you'd ever care to meet. "Fentie," as he is affectionately known ——

Reginald Hargraves, who just a year ago was a forty-dollar-a-week car washer, has just been signed by Colossal Pictures to play the romantic lead in the forthcoming ——

Ever wondered what ever happened to some of those wonderful child stars of yesteryear? Remember little Peggy Bellwood, for example? Well, Peggy now is a housewife here in our fair city and ——

Lucia Dansberry, the glamorous bombshell of silent films, reveals that she will attempt a comeback soon in the rather matronly role of ——

VERNON H. KURTZ

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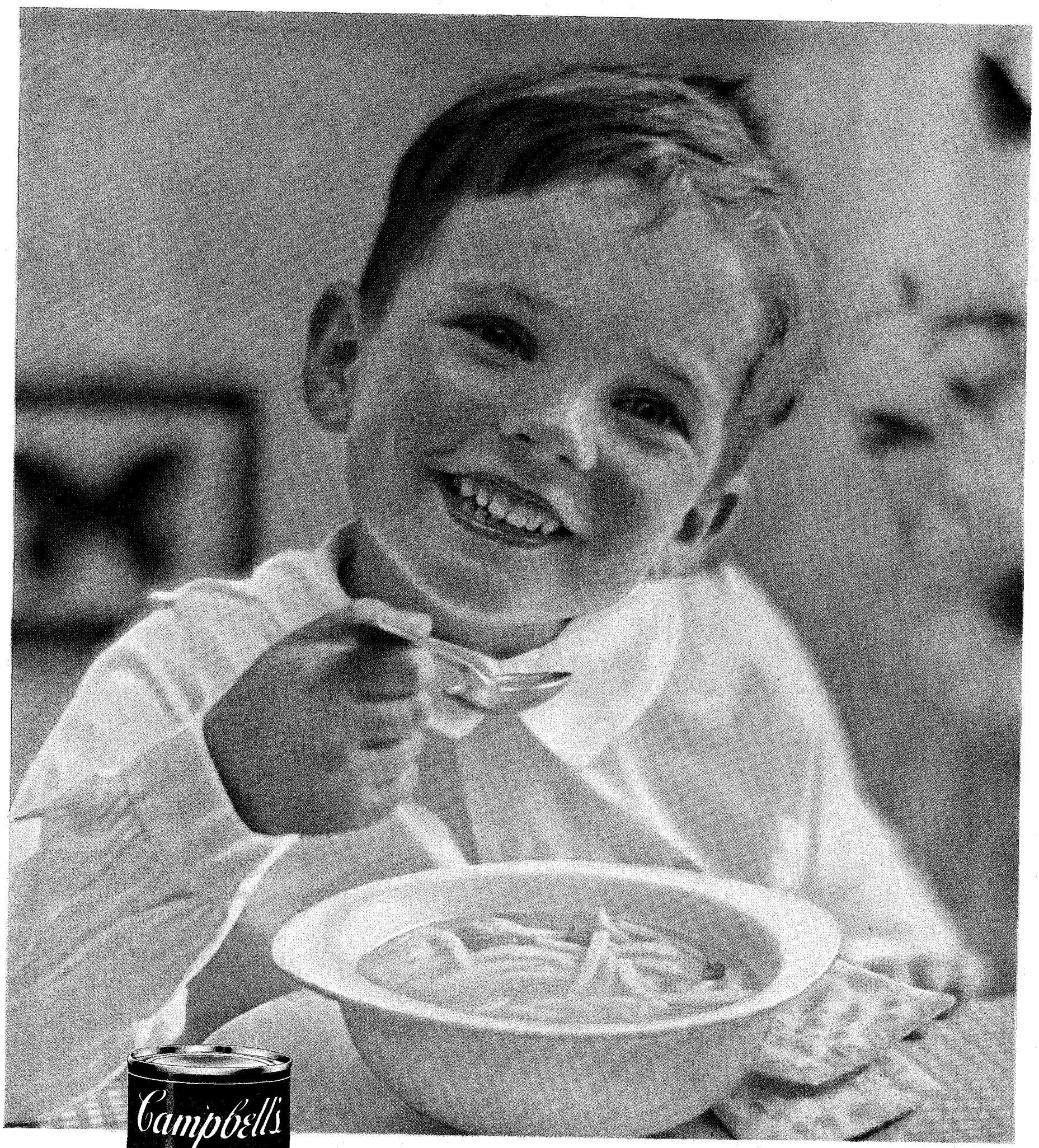

Once a day...
every day...
enjoy
Campbell's
Soup!

When a fellow has his good hot soup

GOOD THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN

Good spirits happen. Soup's fragrant good broth warms you up, perks you up . . . it just kind of makes you feel good all over.

Good nutrition happens, too. Have a big bowlful of Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. There's good nourishment aplenty in that sunny chicken broth and tender plump chicken and good enriched egg noodles. Satisfying goodness that everybody, old and young, enjoys every day of the year.

By the way . . . have *you* had your soup today?

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They said it couldn't be done...
They said nobody could do it...
but—

L&M is LOW in tar
with More taste to it

THE MIRACLE TIP
L&M
FILTERS
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Don't settle for one without the other!

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"L&M is kindest to your taste," says James Arness. "There are two good reasons why I know you'll like 'em. They're truly *low* in tar, with *more* exciting taste than you'll find in any other cigarette."

LOW IN TAR: L&M's patented filtering process adds extra filter fibers electrostatically, crosswise to the stream of smoke . . . makes L&M truly *low* in tar.

MORE TASTE: L&M's rich mixture of slow burning tobaccos brings you *more* exciting taste than any other cigarette.

LIVE MODERN...CHANGE TO MODERN L&M

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The U-19's Last Kill

By JACK FINNEY

The rusted hatch was opened. And then the little sub gave up its dreadful secret.

Frank Lauffnauer had just done the impossible. In 1918, as a young German sailor, he had abandoned a small submarine in 100 feet of water off Fire Island, New York. Now, forty years later, he found the sub and re-entered her through the escape hatch. With all the odds against him, he managed to blow her ballast tanks and bring the *U-19* to the surface.

The sub was part of Lauffnauer's incredible plan to seize a fortune of $1,500,000. His confederates—Vic, Linc, Rosa, Moreno and Hugh—were standing by, ready to tow the sub to a secret dock. Here, in Hugh's words, is what happened that eventful night.

III

Someone had to ride the sub, and I'd volunteered. There was nothing I or anyone else could do if she started to founder, except to sing out; but if the towline broke, Moreno's boat would shoot ahead for no telling how many dozens of yards before he could reverse her, and the sub might be lost in the dark. In that case we needed someone aboard with a flashlight, to locate the sub again. I'd volunteered, I didn't quite know why; her deck awash, there was no place to ride except the little conning tower, and it would be slimed and wet and scaly with rust.

I stood waiting in the rowboat; forward in the fishing boat I saw Vic and Linc sprawled on the deck. Just above me, Frank Lauffnauer stood quickly dressing, staring back at the ancient German sub he'd served in more than half a lifetime before.

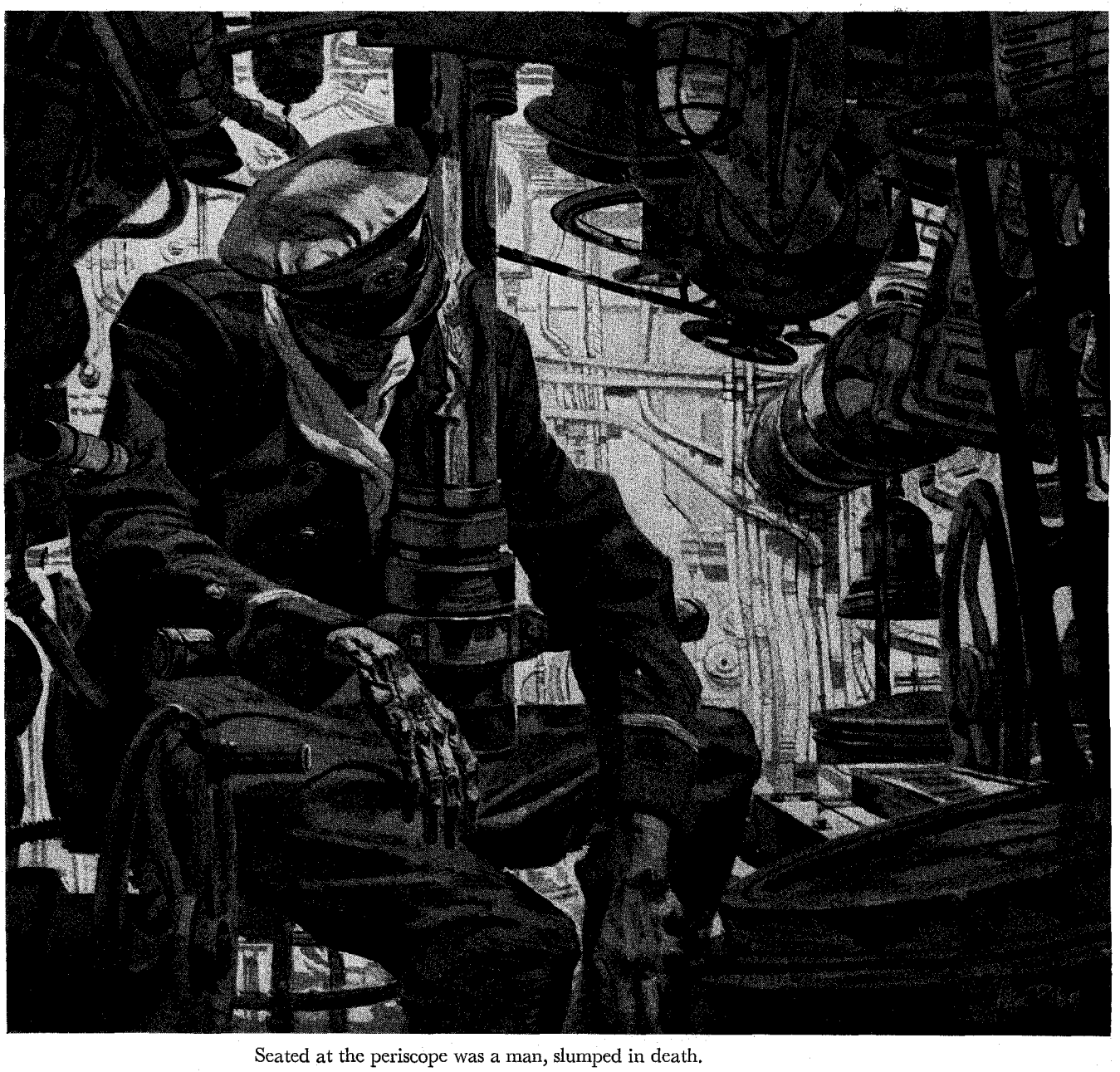
Rosa stood on deck, leaning against a wall of the little cabin, and I saw Moreno come out and say something to her. I couldn't hear what it was, and in the faint, reflected gleam of the running lights I saw her shrug. He murmured something again, and she replied—in Italian, I realized now—then Rosa stood up, walked to the door of the cabin and, ducking her head, stepped down inside. Moreno followed, said something else in Italian, and I heard Rosa reply angrily; a moment later she stepped out, her arms draped with a bulk I couldn't make out and walked toward me. She stopped at the rail, and I saw she was carrying oilskins, boots and a blanket. "I'm going with you," she said quietly, "if you don't mind."

"Sure," I said after a moment, surprised. "Glad to have you." Then Moreno stepped to the rail and dropped my gear, almost flinging it into the bottom of the boat, and walked away. Rosa laughed aloud at him, handed her gear down to me, then swung a leg over the rail, and I reached up to help her into the boat.

I rowed to the sub then, and, sitting in the boat, we struggled awkwardly into our boots and oilskins. Holding to the conning tower, I helped Rosa up into it, then passed her the blankets. I tied the boat to the conning-tower rail with a dozen feet of line, then climbed in beside Rosa and hailed Moreno's boat.

The diesel rumbling at low speed then, Moreno very carefully maneuvered his boat, keeping the towline slack till he lay directly ahead of the drifting sub. Then he moved forward, very cautiously and very slowly, and the arc of the heavy doubled towline slowly lifted from the water. Slowly the arc flattened, we heard the creak of the gradually tightening line, then it was taut and straight above the water. Carefully and evenly Moreno opened the throttle, and almost imperceptibly we were moving. We moved ahead then at a steady eight or nine knots, I judged.

There was no moon yet, and it would be less than a quarter moon when finally it appeared. This night had been chosen for that reason, among others—from any more than thirty or forty feet, only the boat's running lights would be visible. The (Continued on Page 76)



Seated at the periscope was a man, slumped in death.

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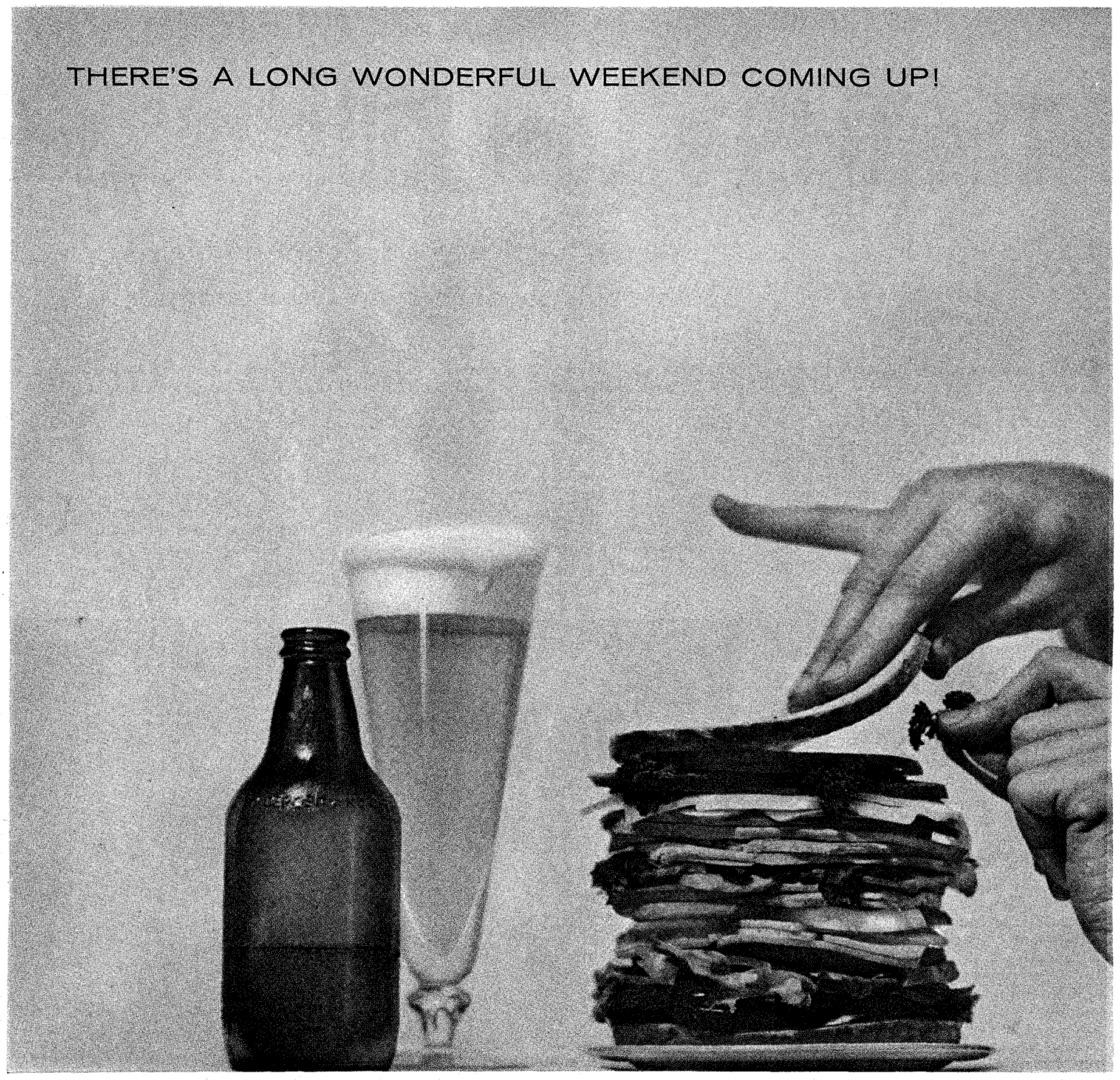
THERE'S A LONG WONDERFUL WEEKEND COMING UP!



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And how's this for catering to an expert (that's you). This is beer at its best—for convenience and taste combined. It's in no-deposit bottles. Professional taste-testers confirm that glass bottles protect beer's flavor best. Choose party-quarts or regular size.

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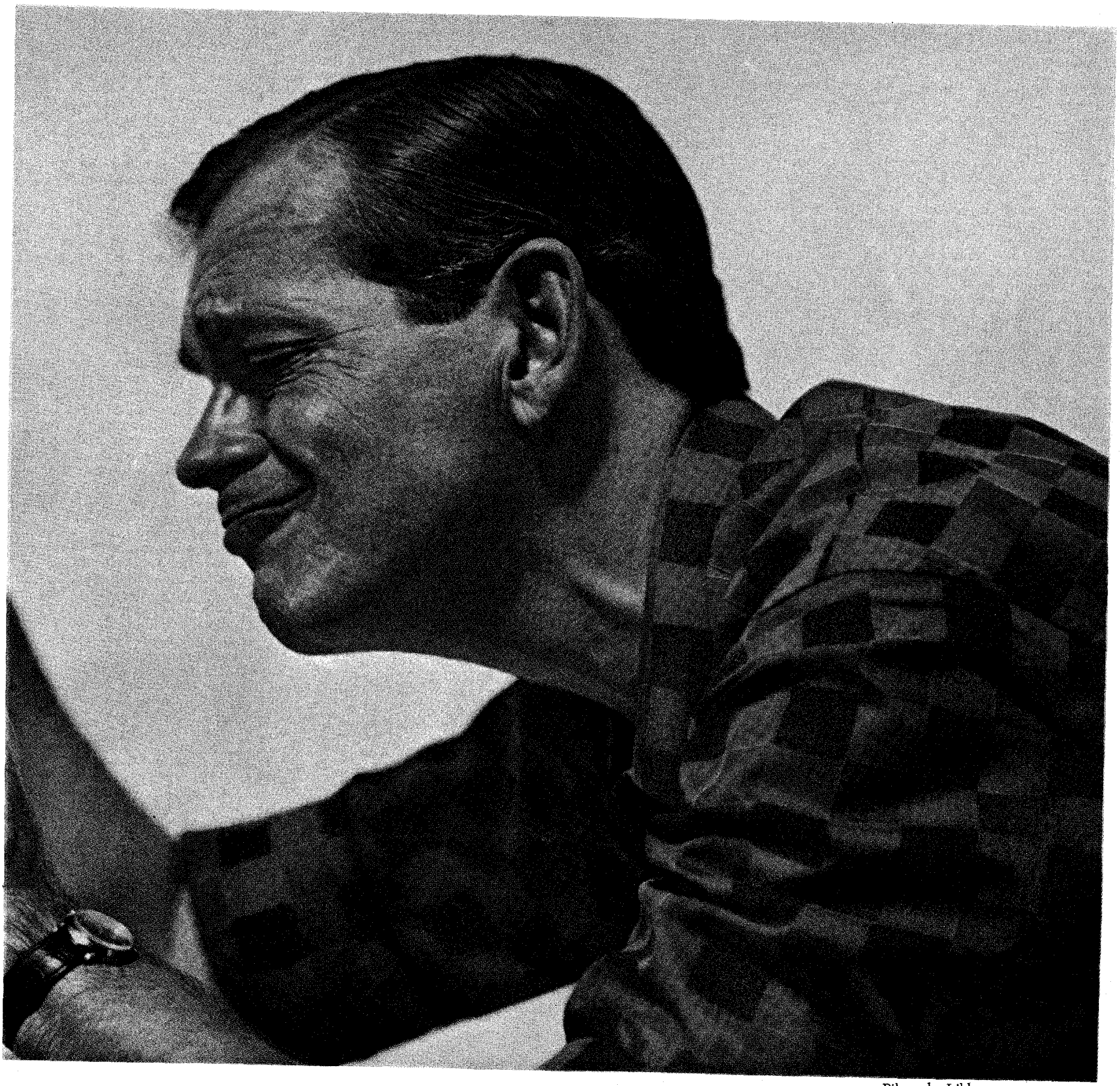

Pilsner by Libbey

she remembered beer!

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YOU DON'T TAKE BACK

NO-DEPOSIT, NO-RETURN BOTTLES
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GENERAL OFFICES · TOLEDO 1, OHIO

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What a Difference a Ball Park Makes!

(Continued from Page 21)

or Seals Stadium, Willie unhesitatingly says, "Seals Stadium. You have to hit the ball pretty good there, but when you do hit it good, it's always a home run. In the Polo Grounds that wasn't so."

It was purely a matter of chance that the Giants moved into San Francisco with a squad tailored to the requirements of the field. More often this sort of thing is the result of deliberate planning. For years the New York Yankees were the classic illustration. Yankee Stadium, which opened in 1923, has often been called "The House That Ruth Built," but it could also be described as the ball park built for Ruth. It was made to order for the left-handed clouts of the Babe, with a low right-field bleacher wall that started just 296 feet from home plate and was still only 367 feet away in right-center.

To be sure, the Bambino would have won home-run crowns even without this kind of help. Thirty-two of his record sixty homers in 1927 were hit away from New York. By then Ruth was followed in the batting order by Lou Gehrig, who was almost as deadly. Over the years, the Yankees brought up a succession of other left-hand power hitters, including Bill Dickey, Charley Keller and Tommy Henrich.

In the case of Keller, International League president Frank Shaughnessy has often said that Charlie might have become a .400 hitter if the Yankees hadn't insisted that he pull the ball to right. When he was a New York farm hand at Newark, Keller used to rifle line drives to all parts of the field. Swinging for those bleachers at Yankee Stadium, he wound up with 189 home runs, but a lifetime average of only .286.

Today the Yankees are no longer cut to this traditional pattern. In fact, during their past three pennant-winning years, they won more games—and hit more home runs—on the road than at home. At the two-thirds point of this difficult season they were playing approximately .500 ball both at home and away. Their only old-style left-hand pull hitter is Yogi Berra, who gets 60 per cent of his homers at the Stadium. Switch-hitting Mickey Mantle bats left about three fourths of the time, but a majority of his home runs come in other parks. Mantle isn't as pronounced a pull hitter as Berra, and in New York much of his power is dissipated in the far reaches of center field, which stretches out 461 feet.

Casey Stengel declares, "If you can get Mantle to hit to center field here, you're doing all right. But there are four or five other parks in this league where a good center-field hitter like Mantle will ruin you."

Not long ago Stengel was discussing the subject of ball parks. He said that it would be nice to have hitters who could take full advantage of the New York layout, but that other things come first. "You have to have infield defense, don't you? Maybe your best infielders won't be able to hit those seats in right. With good ballplayers so scarce today, how are you going to get a club that is tailor-made to your own park and also can win on the road, where you have to play half your games?"

Although the current Yankees are by no means a blank on offense, most of their hitters are either nonslugging left-handers, or right-handers who have trouble reaching the stands in left field, which are set back much deeper than those in right. Once you get away from the left-field foul line in Yankee Stadium, the home run becomes very difficult, even for such an outstanding right-hand swinger as Joe DiMaggio.

DiMaggio spent thirteen seasons with the Yankees, finishing up in 1951. Great as his record was—a .325 career average and 361 homers—it unquestionably would have been even greater if he had played his seventy-seven home games a year in some other park. Time and again drives of well over 400 feet were hauled down on him at the Stadium. All told, only 40 per cent of Joe's homers were hit in New York.

The left-handed Ted Williams also has collected more than half of his home runs on the road—251 out of 482 through 1958. Williams has had a fairly difficult target in Boston's Fenway Park, where the average right-field distance is 382 feet. When DiMaggio and Williams were both in their prime, people often speculated on how their careers might have turned out if Ted had been signed by the Yankees and Joe by the Red Sox, whose left-field wall is one of the easiest for right-handers to clear—315 feet at the line and proportionately short all the way across.

After the 1950 season, Earl Hilligan, American League publicist, decided to do some research on the subject. He found that Joe DiMaggio indeed had performed better in Boston than at home, with a somewhat higher batting average and home-run rate. For Ted Williams, on the other hand, Yankee Stadium had been no happy hunting ground. He was subpar there both for homers and for average. Maybe this was a tribute to the fact that the Yankees generally have superior pitching. Anyway, to this day Williams hasn't really cashed in on those inviting right-field bleachers. During his entire American League career, which goes back to 1939, Ted succeeded in belting only twenty-eight home runs in Yankee Stadium up to this season.

It isn't only long balls that are affected by the differences in playing fields. At the other end of the scale, the same thing applies to foul pop-ups. More of these are caught in certain parks, for the obvious reason that there is more fielding space between the foul lines and the grandstands.

From a catcher's standpoint, no two stadiums are alike when it comes to chasing foul pops. Distances behind home plate range from around fifty-five feet in Detroit and San Francisco to about seventy-five feet in Pittsburgh and eighty-five in Chicago's Comiskey Park. Some parks offer considerable running room on either side, while others are cramped. The Los Angeles Coliseum, most lopsided of baseball fields, has all sorts of space on the third-base side, but practically none along the first-base line.

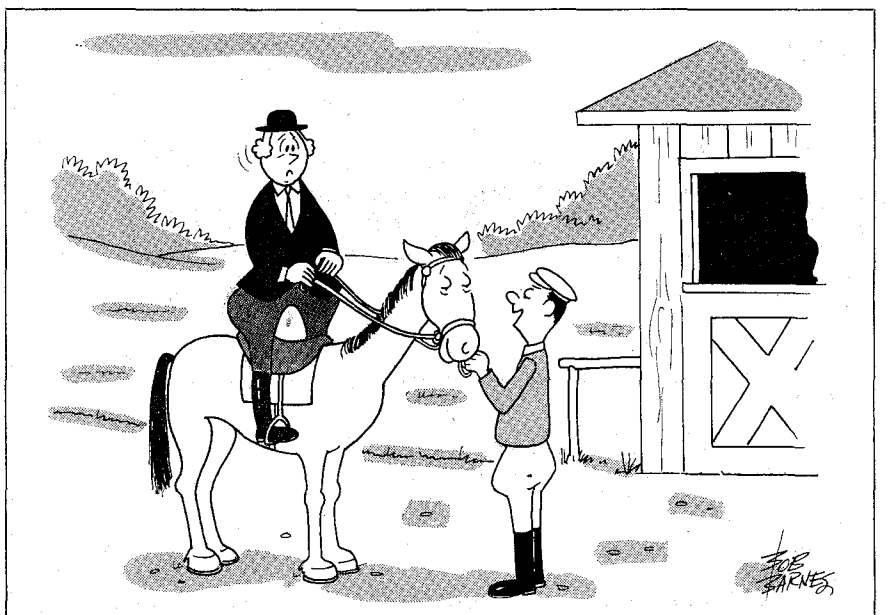
Jim Hegan, a catching veteran of both major leagues, who is now with the San Francisco Giants, says, "You operate the same everywhere. You instinctively start back the moment the ball comes off the bat. But a fellow who is used to a lot of room behind the plate, like Gus Triandos in Baltimore, is going to have a little trouble adjusting when he gets to a park where they don't give the catcher much space."

As Frank Crosetti, the Yankees' third-base coach, explained in a recent issue of *The Post* [I COACH THE HOT CORNER, August 8], even the tactics of the base runners are sometimes dictated by the dimensions of the field. For instance, when a runner is on second with one out and a fly ball is hit to the outfield, the normal procedure is for the runner to move halfway up the line to third base, just in case the ball isn't caught. If it's a fly ball to left in Boston, though, even if it sends the outfielder back to the wall, the runner stays close to second. With that shallow left field in Fenway Park, he might otherwise be doubled off the bag.

Pitchers have their own special outlook on ball parks. Naturally it is likely to be the exact opposite of the hitters' viewpoint—the long-ball hitters', that is. With spray hitters it usually doesn't matter much where they're playing. Anyway, the big fields that often reduce the sluggers to tears, such as Memorial Stadium in Baltimore and Forbes Field in Pittsburgh, get high marks from the pitching fraternity. Correspondingly, the brotherhood wishes that hitting paradises like those in Cincinnati and Kansas City could be outlawed.

To a degree, some pitchers can adjust their styles to fit the ball park they are working in. A majority can't do very much about this, though, and probably shouldn't even attempt it. The same holds true, incidentally, for most hitters.

Says Johnny Sain, pitching coach of the Kansas City Athletics, who was the ace hurler of the 1948 pennant-winning Boston Braves and later a useful pitcher for the New York Yankees, "Sometimes you might adjust to the park in individual situations. But you can't keep that up for nine innings. A pitcher shouldn't try to change his style too much. It disrupts his rhythm and gets him all fouled up."



"Well, how'd it go the second day, Mrs. Ebbet—still a little sore in the launching pad?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The pitchers—and the catchers who call the signals for them—do tend to have rules of thumb for certain cities. If the foul lines are extremely short, a common practice is to pitch outside, in order to keep the hitters from pulling the ball. Then there is the contrasting approach of pitching inside, on the fists. The idea here is that if the batter does get hold of the ball, he'll pull it foul.

Coach Tom Ferrick of the Phillies, who pitched for nine years in the American League and then became a pitching coach in the National League, maintains, "If you can pitch low effectively, it will compensate for any ball park. Most home runs are hit on balls above the belt. It takes exceptional stuff to get away with pitching high. But there are fellows with rising fast balls who have to do it. If they try to pitch low their stuff won't be as effective."

An individual pitcher's opinion of a given field may depend upon whether he throws right-handed or left-handed. In stadiums which favor right-handed hitters, the left-handed pitcher is considered to be at a disadvantage. For those who may have forgotten why, the reason is this: A southpaw's curve ball breaks away from left-handers and in on right-handers. It generally is easier for a batter to hit a pitch that is moving toward him than one that is moving away.

The Braves' great southpaw, Warren Spahn, was seldom able to beat the Dodgers on their old home grounds at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn. This was a comparatively easy home-run park in every direction, but especially so in left field. The Dodgers' power was predominantly right-handed, and they knocked Spahn out of the box so many times in Ebbets Field that the Braves finally stopped using him there altogether.

However, there are exceptions to the rule about left-handers vs. right-handers. In Boston's Fenway Park, which is supposed to be death on southpaw pitchers, lefty Mel Parnell had a number of big seasons between 1948 and 1953. Tom Ferrick testifies, "He had a good slider that went in on the right-hand hitters' fists, and a sinker that went away from them."

Los Angeles Coliseum, with its monstrous screen only 251 feet down the left-field line, may be the worst thing that ever happened to the left-handers' guild. Yet Dodger southpaw Johnny Podres, who had little success on the road last year, was a big winner at home.

"I pitched as if the fence wasn't there," Podres said recently. "I had real good control in the Coliseum last year. I was keeping the ball low and away from the hitters. I threw a lot of change-ups.

"But it's easier to say you're going to ignore the fence than it is to do it. When you look back and see your left fielder standing practically behind the shortstop, it can give you the feeling that you can't afford to let the batter hit the ball at all. It began to catch up to me this spring. I was going too much to the fast ball and the fast curve—trying to throw the ball past the hitters. You can't do that for an entire game." Podres' record in July—when arm trouble began to hamper him—was two-and-four at home, six-and-three away.

Ball parks sometimes have peculiarities that don't show up in the diagrams. Their lighting systems for night games may be substandard, a rap many of the ballplayers pin on Los Angeles. In some places the wind is a major factor—not only in San Francisco, as has been mentioned, but in such locales as Kansas City and Chicago's Wrigley Field.

Balls take trickier bounces off some fences than others. Even the infield surfaces vary. (*Continued on Page 46*)

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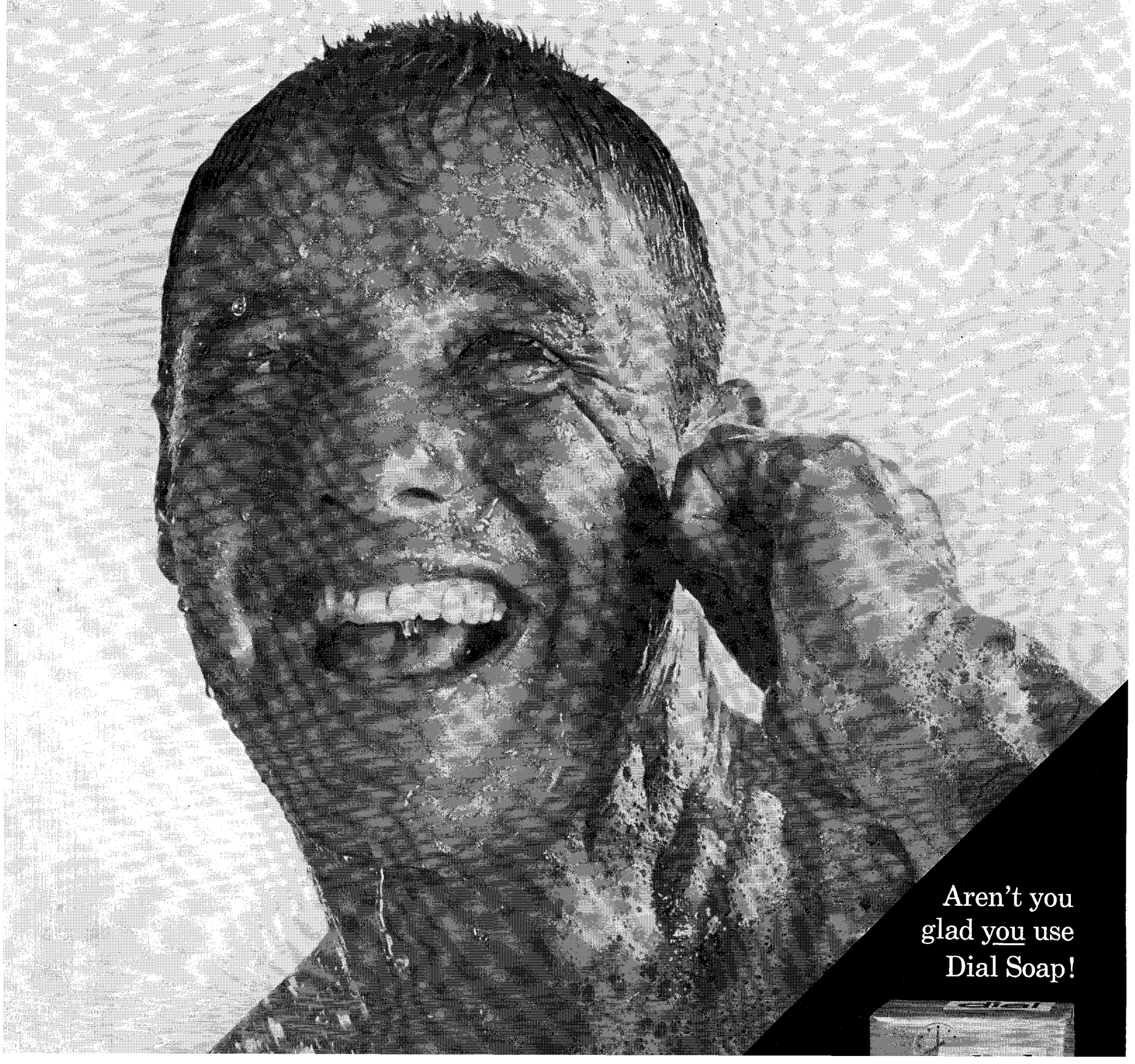
Just Dial, the soap for people who like people.



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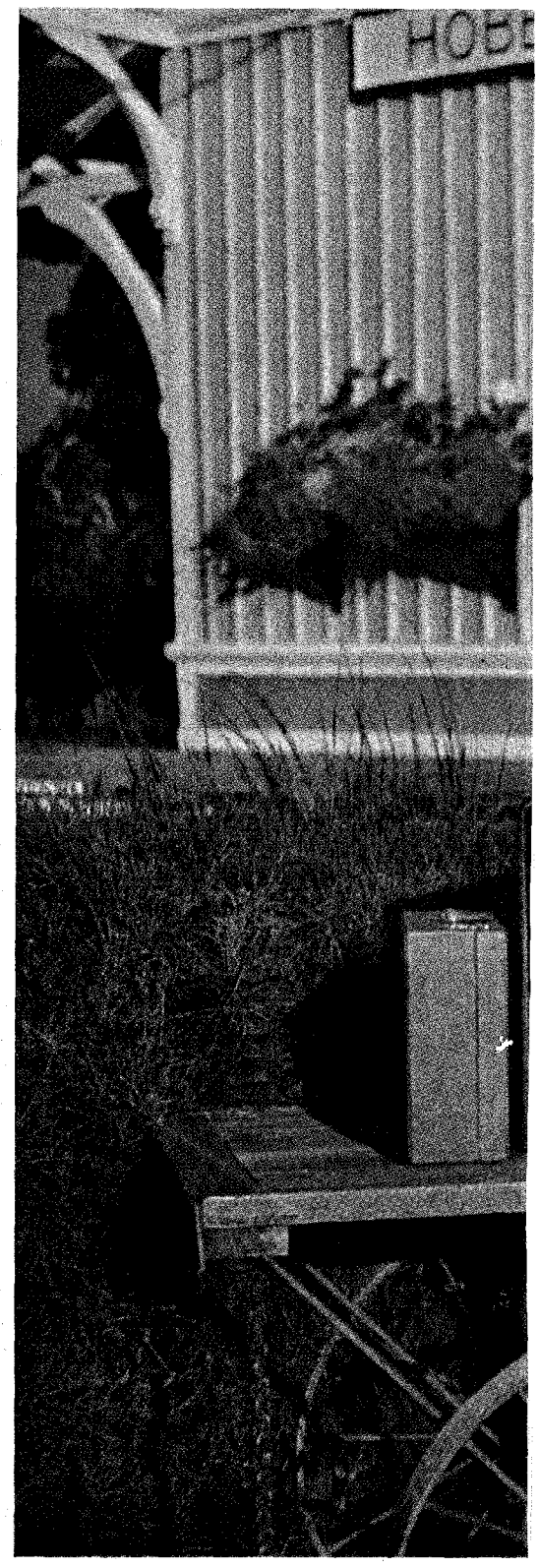

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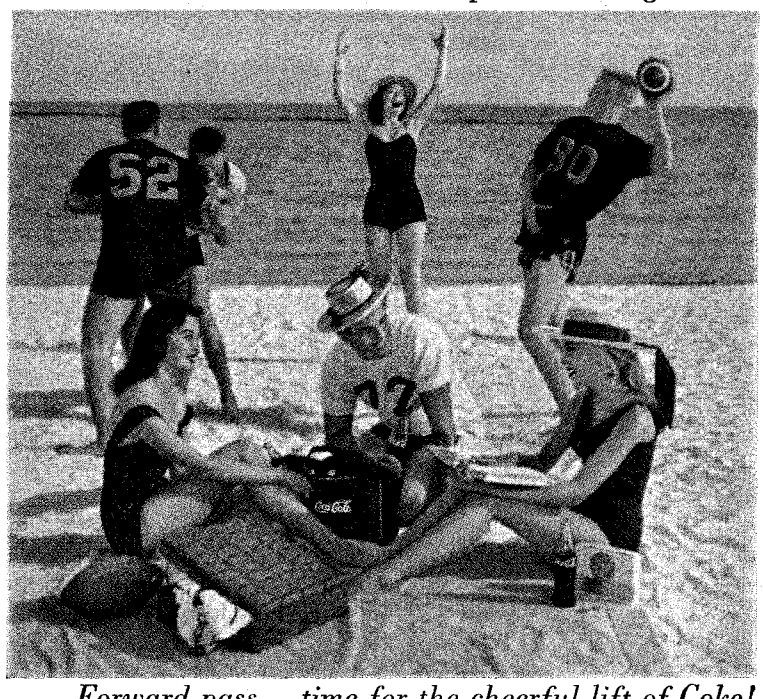
for a refreshing new season

The pause that lightens the load...a cold crisp Coke for the road!



Forward pass...time for the cheerful lift of Coke!

Last fun of summer...first tang of fall.
Pause before parting...look back on it all.
Close the cottage...pile on the load
Beach the boat...have a Coke for the road!
Wonderful lift when you pause for a rest...
Summer or fall, the re-fresh-ing-est!

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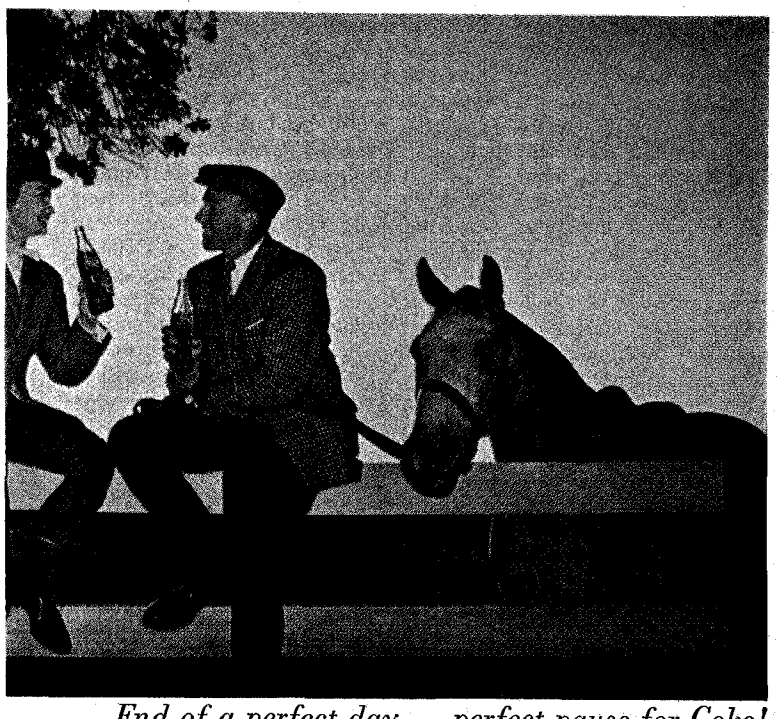
The pause before the parting... with one more refreshing Coke!



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Summer may be over... but the refreshment of Coca-Cola goes on and on. For Coke... with that cold, crisp taste... that cheerful lift... lets you be really refreshed all year round... and makes any pause anywhere...

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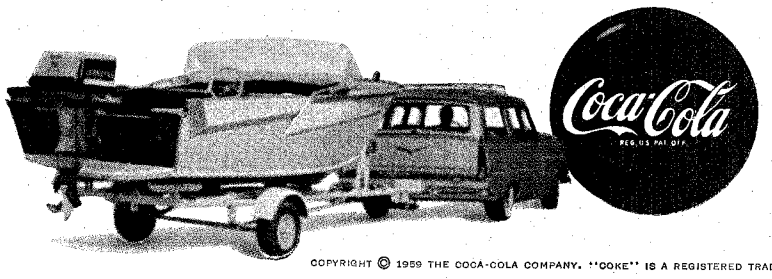

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(*Continued from Page 42*) There are fast infields and slow ones, bumpy ones and smooth.

A skillful groundskeeper often can lend a small assist to the home cause. When Al Rosen, a potent hitter but a somewhat erratic third baseman, was playing in Cleveland, the third-base line was so constituted that bunts along it invariably rolled foul.

When Casey Stengel inspected the Milwaukee field before the World Series last year, he came to the conclusion—after rolling several balls from home plate toward third—that the Braves had done the same thing on behalf of Ed Mathews. So Stengel instructed his own third sackers to leave bunts down the line alone.

One of the most deceptive layouts was the old Braves Field in Boston. On paper it looked like a hitter's park, if anything, with moderate outfield dimensions. In reality it was a pitcher's delight.

Al Lopez, manager of the Chicago White Sox, put in a portion of his eighteen-year catching career at Braves Field. "It was the worst park for hitters I ever saw," he says. "The wind blew in toward the plate all the time. There were spectators in center field, the way there used to be at Wrigley Field, and that makes a tough background to hit against. There was always a shadow between home plate and the mound. They let the infield grass grow long and kept it wet so that ground balls would be slowed down.

"It was a pleasure to catch there. We'd often have hour-and-twenty-minute games. All the pitchers had to do was get the ball over. They wouldn't worry about working on the hitters. That's one of the reasons the games are longer today—the pitchers have to work on the sluggers so much."

A hitter with great ability often will overcome natural disadvantages. When Rogers Hornsby spent a year with the Braves in 1928, he batted .387 and hit twenty-one home runs. On a group basis, the modern Braves of Milwaukee are an illustration of the same principle.

At home in Milwaukee County Stadium the Braves have one of the tougher parks to hit in. However, they also have Henry Aaron, Ed Mathews and numerous other solid swingers. Year after year the Braves have a strong offense. Although they hit a majority of their homers away from Milwaukee, they belt a respectable number in County Stadium too.

Similarly, Crosley Field in Cincinnati never used to be much of a home-run park, even after it was whittled down to its present modest proportions in 1942. Since then the only alteration has been in the right-field line—twice reduced to 342 feet and twice restored to 366 feet. However, the real change came when the Reds began to seek out long-ball hitters, and their own pitchers became increasingly vulnerable to the home-run ball. The combined home-run total for Cincinnati and its opponents at Crosley Field jumped from eighty-six in 1952 to 185 in 1953. That was one of the years when right field was shortened, but this obviously was only a contributing factor. When the distance went back to 366 feet again last year, Crosley Field's home-run count remained high—157.

Cincinnati has tried to adapt its talent to its ball park. The opposite was done by the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1947 when they acquired right-hand slugger Hank Greenberg. Hank had swatted more than 300 homers for Detroit, reaching a peak of fifty-eight in 1938. However, nobody had ever managed to hit many in Forbes Field—particularly right-handers. The left-field wall started at 365 feet and slanted back to 457 feet at a point not far past left-center. Therefore, to give Hank a better chance, the Pirates inserted a new fence that cut thirty feet off left field.

Hank proved to be over the hill as a hitter. He never got much benefit out of Greenberg Gardens, as the sports writers called the new setup in left. However, it turned out to be just the thing for young Ralph Kiner, whose twenty-three homers in 1946 had somehow been enough to top the National League. Kiner proceeded to lead the league for another six seasons with much more impressive home-run figures. He hit fifty-four in 1949.

By 1953 Kiner was fading, and the Pirates dealt him away to the Chicago Cubs. The next year Greenberg Gardens was ripped out. Since then Forbes Field has been back at its former dimensions—and back at the bottom of the National League list as far as home-run production is concerned.

Comiskey Park, the symmetrical home of the Chicago White Sox, has always been hard on power hitters, as the outfield dimensions would indicate—352 feet down the foul lines, 382 feet in left-center and right-center and 415 feet in dead center. A couple of attempts have been made

• •

This Morning

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

If morning came but once
And did not come again,
What prodigies of light
would stun
Awakened men.

Wherefore, my eyes, so
blind
To this enkindling sun?
This morning will not come
again
For anyone.

• •

to ease the situation for sluggers. In the early 1930's, after the White Sox had acquired Al Simmons from the Philadelphia Athletics, left field was shortened. But Simmons couldn't get in the home-run groove in Chicago, and the experiment was abandoned.

In 1949, when Frank Lane was general manager of the White Sox, he installed a fence that lopped off twenty feet all the way around the outfield. The fence lasted only until the first week in May, when the Washington Senators came to town and lofted ten balls over it in two games. The White Sox themselves had four homers, one of them by Floyd Baker, an infielder who had never hit a home run before in the big leagues, and was never to hit another thereafter.

The next day the New York Yankees arrived in Chicago. By the time they took the field the fence was down. This led to a major-league rule prohibiting clubs from changing the dimensions of their ball parks once the season has started, a regulation that is still in effect.

In St. Louis, where the close-up right-field pavilion already provided a fine shooting gallery for Stan Musial and other left-handers, the Cardinals decided in 1955 to make things even more pleasant by removing a screen in front of the pavilion, thus reducing the height of the target from thirty-six feet and eight inches to twelve feet. Stan did hit three more homers in St. Louis that year than the season before, and club output went up from fifty-seven to eighty-four—but opponents collected ninety-two. In 1956 the screen went back up.

Kansas City, home-run capital of the American League ever since the Athletics moved there in 1955, has been trying the reverse procedure this year. The dimensions in Kansas City Municipal Stadium are pretty short, and there also is usually a stiff breeze toward left field. Home-run totals in the A's park have run from 168 to 184 per year, with visitors generally accounting for the majority.

This year the club erected a twenty-foot screen atop the left-field wall, raising its altitude to thirty-eight feet. With two thirds of the home schedule completed, the A's seemed to be benefiting from the change. The screen had deprived them of only four homers, while visitors had been robbed of fourteen.

In Los Angeles, nothing can be done to solve the left-field problem until the Dodgers finally move into their projected new stadium in Chavez Ravine. The Dodgers would have been really murderous in the Coliseum a few years ago. By the time they got to Los Angeles in 1958, though, their right-hand power had diminished considerably. The opposition made more hay in the Coliseum last year than the Dodgers did—101 homers to 92—and the pattern this season has been the same.

In right field, of course, the Coliseum is a nightmare for slugging left-handers. Duke Snider was the chief sufferer in 1958. He got only six homers in Los Angeles—none of them to right field, where he hit many a 425-foot out. This year the fence in right has been moved in considerably, and Snider had cleared it four times by the end of July. However, right field still gets deep so quickly that home runs in that direction remain rare—a combined total of only twenty out of 117 for the Dodgers and their opponents in the first fifty Coliseum games.

"It isn't a baseball field," Snider declared recently. "Sure, it was the best they could do under the circumstances. But when you see a left-hand hitter like Musial going for that screen in left, and one like Mathews bunting—well, that just isn't the way the game should be played. I've given up trying for the long ball in Los Angeles myself. I still go for it in every other park, but out there I just try to hit line drives."

In any balloting to name the all-time monstrosity among big-league ball parks, the Coliseum would get considerable competition from old Baker Bowl in Philadelphia, where the Phillies played from 1887 to 1938. Also known as the Bandbox, it featured a notoriously close right-field fence. The fence was quite high, but only 280 feet removed from home plate down the foul line, and not very far away even toward center field.

Nobody seems to have kept count of how many fly balls sailed over that wall. The number must have run into the thousands. Even worse was the frequency with which routine flies would bounce off the fence for extra base hits while the right fielder helplessly waited underneath.

Baseball scribe Tom Meany once happened to ride past Baker Bowl in a cab with John J. McGraw, the legendary manager of the old New York Giants. Said McGraw, "There is a park where many a pitcher has bemoaned the loss of a well-pitched game—by a score of 14 to 12!"

But Baker Bowl was tame in comparison with a certain minor-league park—Sulphur Dell, still being used by the Nashville Vols of the Southern Association. Here the right-field wall is just 262 feet from home plate, and that's only part of it. The right fielder must run up a steep embankment in front of the fence, starting just 224 feet out. The second baseman often winds up fielding rebounds off the fence. There's an embankment in left field too. It is 301 feet to the foot of the hill in left, and 336 feet to the fence itself.

Among present-day major-league parks that have not yet been discussed—Philadelphia's Connie Mack Stadium, Cleveland's Municipal Stadium and Detroit's Briggs Stadium—each has its individual characteristics. However, they all are pretty much in the in-between class, giving no conspicuous break to either the pitchers or the hitters.

Baltimore Memorial Stadium is generally rated the most difficult home-run park in the American League nowadays. At that, it isn't nearly as bad as it was when the Orioles opened for business there in 1954. The outfield originally went back to an almost-unreachable 447 feet in both left-center and right-center. Since then these depths have been reduced to about 390 feet, but the initial curve back from each foul line remains just as sharp. Only eighty-two home runs were hit in Baltimore last year. This year, oddly enough, that total was surpassed by July twentieth.

Rocky Colavito's feat of getting four homers in one game there this past June was the more remarkable because, with one possible exception, the balls he hit would have been homers even in the original Memorial Stadium layout. His first, second and fourth blasts all landed in the permanent seats at varying points between left and center. His third homer, a 400-foot drive to left-center, went over a temporary fence. There was some question in the press box as to whether it would have cleared the fence as it stood in 1954.

Back in 1932 Jimmy Foxx, the Philadelphia A's slugger, came within two homers of equaling Babe Ruth's record. It so happened that the St. Louis Browns that year had a screen in right field that wasn't there when the Babe hit his sixty in 1927.

Fred Lieb, a forty-eight-year member of the Baseball Writers' Association, recalls, "Foxx once told me, 'If they hadn't put that screen in, I would have had ten more home runs that year.' That, no doubt, was an exaggeration. However, I discussed this with a man who kept close track of the St. Louis games in those days. While Foxx, a right-hander, hit mostly to left, this man was sure that Jimmy had hit the screen in right at least three times, and possibly four. That would mean that without the screen, Foxx's home-run total would have been either sixty-one or sixty-two."

Most baseball men seem to wish that all ball parks could be made uniform, so that the percentages would be the same everywhere. Al Lopez of the White Sox says, "To make it absolutely fair, you'd have to have roofs on the parks to eliminate the wind, because that makes so much difference in some cities. They're thinking about doing this in Pittsburgh. About a year ago I was shown some drawings for a new municipal sports center they're designing, and the plans called for a roof that could be opened or closed."

According to the Pirates, Lopez probably is thinking of a Pittsburgh indoor-sports arena now under construction, which has a roof that can be opened for such summer events as concerts. But as far as baseball goes, it isn't definite yet that the city will even build a stadium that the ball club can use, let alone cap it with a retractable roof.

Meanwhile, there are those in baseball who prefer things the way they are. Bill Rigney of the Giants is one. He says, "To me, the differences in ball parks help to give the game an individual flavor in every city. If we ever get to the stage where it all becomes standardized, I think it's going to take something away from big-league baseball." THE END

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The Casanova Car (Continued from Page 35)

Maybe it was the wine, but he began to sing in Provence under the golden stars. His mind roamed like a gypsy on the Paris road. It was midnight now, and the lights had gone out in most of the villages. And then, suddenly, on a long stretch of road, the Hummelied coughed and died. So this was what happened in a Hummelied. It ran out of gas!

"Well, I guess," sighed Moylan to a herd of cows lying in a field, "I could hardly expect her to run on a bottle of wine!"

He lit a cigarette and decided that he was just going to wait and not bother. Luck, or something, would come along. And in less than ten minutes luck did come along, doing about a hundred and twenty miles an hour. Moylan stood on the seat and put up his palm to stop the oncomer.

All he saw as the car flashed by like a silver rocket was a golden head of hair streaming in the cool night air. And then Moylan touched his racing horn, and the magic worked. It took the car nearly half a mile to pull up, and Moylan waited with a charming smile. She looked astonished and beautiful and spoke in a husky contralto.

"Is it you who make that horn?"

Moylan touched the horn again, and she looked angry.

"Well, it worked," smiled Moylan. "You should have stopped anyway at my signal. I'm out of gas, and miles from anywhere."

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Tow me along to the next gas station, I guess." He got the coil of nylon rope. "Can I hitch up?"

"O.K.; I take you. Wait, I move in."

She certainly was a smart driver and she seemed to go forward and reverse all in one movement. He hitched up with a couple of navy knots and she lit a cigarette with a trembling hand. Moylan had never seen anybody in a worse state of tension, and he apologized.

"I'm very sorry, putting all this on you."

"No. It is I am sorry. I should have stopped. I have something that upsets in my mind and I forget my politeness." She tossed away the cigarette. "Please get in."

He got into the Hummelied and she moved out her car with great care and took the pull gently. She was an artist in a car and she towed him along smoothly at about forty an hour. All the gas stations they passed were shuttered and they had been cruising about fifteen minutes when a racing horn blew for the road, away behind. She moved in, and a black car with a Milan plate screamed by. And then suddenly the seat kicked into Moylan's back and he hung on to the wheel as the speed shot up to over a hundred an hour. The blast-off had stunned his mind and then he realized that she must have forgotten she was towing him and he touched his horn to remind her. But the horn acted on her like an electric needle and she just put her foot down hard. They hit a slight bump at over a hundred and ten to the hour and the Hummelied leaped ten yards and Moylan's teeth cracked together as she hit the road again.

With all tires screaming they raced into a village, and the policeman on night duty looked out his window, then rushed for the telephone, and called the next village police station.

"Hey," he gasped, "there's a big black car passed here doing nearly two hundred kilometers an hour, with another big car second; and there's a baby car behind no bigger than a wheelbarrow, and he's blowing for road. . . . I tell you it's true. . . . The wheelbarrow is doing close to two hundred an hour."

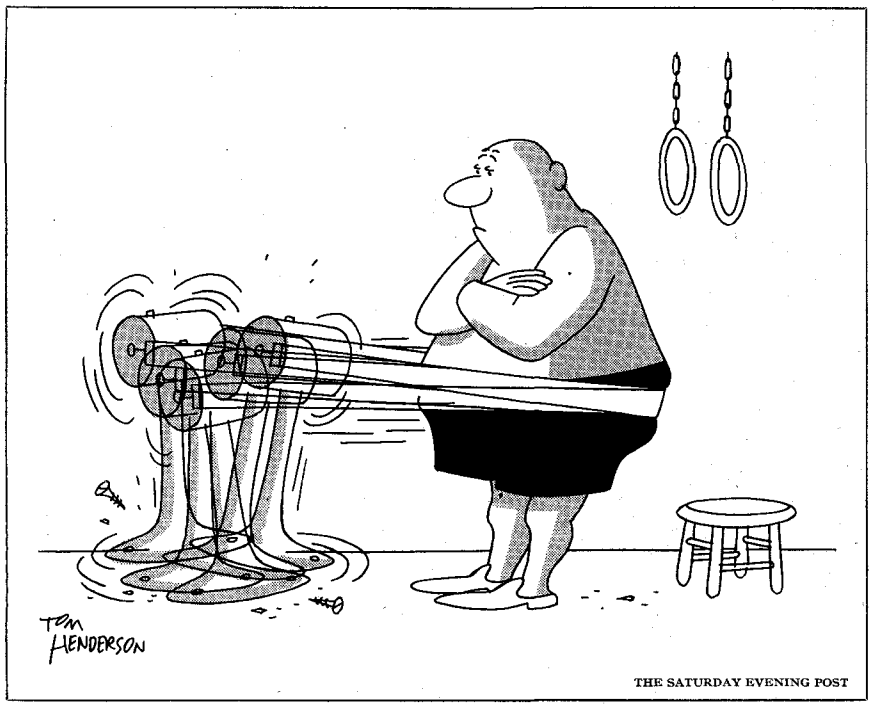
The next policeman dropped the telephone and ran for the doorway. He got there only in time to see the vanishing tail of the Hummelied, and he dived for the telephone and called Avignon.

"Radio those road cops. . . . They'll never see anything like this again," he gasped. "If I *have* seen it."

Moylan prayed for no more bumps and kept his horn going. She was stark, staring mad in the tow car. He thought of slamming on the brakes and trying to snap the rope. But he knew it would not snap. He thought of jumping out. He thought and figured in the wind whistling by his ears. Sooner or later the tires would blow on the Hummelied. Something must give. All he knew was that she was going to try to pass that black car, even with a Hummelied in tow.

The police were waiting for them at the mouth of a byroad on two powerful black motorbikes, but the big cars had shot by even before the cop Marius could focus his light; and all he caught was the Hummelied in tow and Moylan hanging on to the wheel as if he were coming down the Cresta bobsled run.

"Boy," roared Marius in a laugh as he kicked his bike away, "this I've got to see."



The black motorbikes had done a hundred and eighty in test runs at Turin, but it needed two miles before they caught the Hummelied, and Marius was wobbling on his machine as he tried to stop laughing.

The other cop moved up close to Moylan, who flung up one hand in an appeal for the police to stop the ride. The cop blew his siren and it might as well have been a birdsong for all the impact it made on this Grand Prix of the highroad. The cop got mad now as he moved out level with the tow car and waved down the blonde. She waved back at him and increased her speed. The cop went after the black car, and then providence in the shape of an enormous tank lorry with eight red lights signaling danger and a load of gasoline brought it to a stop. Brakes screamed everywhere and Moylan only just managed to stop before he hit the tow car. There was a sudden aching silence in the night as the cop dismounted and, hands on his hips, walked over to the black car. He just nodded his head as a signal to get out. Marius put his hand on Moylan's shoulder and grinned.

"Come up front and we will all have a little talk."

The lights in the inn came on as they all gathered, and Marius asked with live curiosity just what was going on, and who was everybody. All papers and licenses were checked in silence, but the police were polite now. The angry young Italian in the black car turned out to be a count who had raced against Fangio, the girl in the tow car was a well-known Danish baroness, and the police knew their names.

"And the young lady?"

Moylan had not seen the girl in the black car. She got out and produced her passport. The door of the inn opened now and the beam of light shone on her face, and Moylan saw that she was a beauty. It was then that the young Italian count saw the Hummelied and the tow rope. He walked around, hit his forhead, and said he did not believe it. He turned, laughing, to the baroness, and then backed away from her angry face. The cops were curious but cagey.

Moylan was fascinated, but he left the questioning to the police and moved over to the girl of the black car and said, "Hello!"

She was quiet and shy and she had a lovely smile.

"Hello." She paused. "I am Kristal."

"Kristal?"

"Yes, my name. You know—like crystal, clear and shining."

"Like you," breathed Moylan. The cops by now found themselves in the middle of a quarrel between the count and the baroness which ended with a Viking slap on a Latin face. "Listen," said Marius; "all this has nothing to do with us. All we know is that you were racing on the highway to the public danger, and we are letting you off with a warning." He frowned at the count. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, as a racing driver." Then he scolded the baroness. "And you, madame, ought not to kidnap a young American."

"Kidnap? Who? Me?" Moylan spoke heatedly. "Listen, I just asked the lady for a tow, and ——"

"And she nearly pulled your teeth out," growled Marius. "You are too young to be out at night."

Moylan gulped and then he saw Kristal laughing at him, and that made him mad and mixed up.

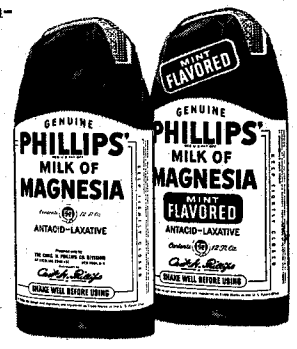
"Listen, Kristal, if you had ridden this Hummelied at a hundred miles an hour and ——"

"I would love to ride in a Hummelied," said Kristal softly, and her lips twisted in a smile. The count saw that smile and came along and took her arm.

"Let's go!"

My constipation worries are over!

Milk of Magnesia gives more complete relief than laxatives which act only on constipation . . . *better* relief than *all* of them! This is because Phillips' is more than just a *laxative*. It's also a remarkably effective *antacid* that relieves any accompanying acid indigestion. And Phillips' works so *leisurely*. Taken at bedtime, it lets you sleep undisturbed—brings wonderful relief the next morning.



REGULAR OR FLAVORED

PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia

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Moylan watched the car until it was out of sight and her hand waved in good-by. Then the police moved off on their patrol and Moylan suddenly realized he was alone on the road with the angry baroness.

"Well?"

"I want a drink, Mr. American. Let's have one here, as they have opened up."

"The name is Moylan; Moylan Maguire."

"I am Karen von Hagenkop." She spoke to the sleepy landlord of the inn, who had come out to see what was going on in the night. "Bring a bottle of whisky, please. We'll sit on the porch."

Her hands were still trembling in tension and she told the landlord to leave the bottle. She poured herself a long drink and did not talk until she had finished the glass. She had indigo-blue eyes and gold hair, and she glowed in a kind of light that was foreign and strange to Moylan. She was an exciting woman who had sailed yachts and driven in car races, and she was a famous skier and sitting here with a nightingale singing in a grove of Provence she was all a new world to Moylan. Now she looked suddenly at him and held him with her eyes.

"I would not have guessed you an American. You are an individual and you don't really belong anywhere."

"I still don't know why I had that crazy ride," smiled Moylan.

"Ah, I am sorry. I was just boiling, and I could not bear him to pass me. I forgot I had you behind, and then I remembered, and then —— Well, I just wanted to pass him and I felt the hell with everything when I saw that girl beside him in the car, and —— Well, here we are, and pour me some more whisky."

Moylan was beginning to get it now.

"I guess you knew this guy in that car before?"

"Know him! I was going to marry him. And then when I saw the number plate on his car when he went by me I just exploded in my blood. You see, we had been racing in Germany, and then we came down to Antibes for a vacation, and then he—he met this girl, Kristal. But then, I don't know why I go mad, because he just dropped dead in me when he went moon-crazy about Kristal. And now I make a fool of myself when I slap his face just here, because he will think now I still love him." Her face was taut with anger. "And he also is a fool, because this Kristal is not for him."

"Why not?" asked Moylan, who wanted to know more about Kristal.

"Because she is not of his world. He is a great driver and he lives in tension, and only somebody with tension can be any good to him. But Kristal, she is quiet, like a poem, and very beautiful, and of course she is a lady, and she lives with books and music like all her family, in an old castle in the Black Forest. And he is all spark plugs and hot cylinders and firecrackers."

"Then how did all this happen?"

"Oh, in the same old moonlight way. He took her out for a drive on the hills behind the Riviera and when he came back he looked as if he had just been born and he said good-by very politely and he moved to another hotel. That was four days ago, and this afternoon he told me he was engaged to her, and I just had to get away to Paris or anywhere. I didn't know he was leaving Antibes and I got a shock when he passed me on the road. And that is all, and now it's gone, and in a very little time Kristal will know that it was just a mirage in the moonlight. And she is very conventional and she will know before any hurt or harm can be done. I'm surprised she is driving alone with him."

"You seem to like Kristal?"

"Oh, yes. I've known her family for years. Why should I dislike her? But —— Now tell me about you and why you were in that Hummelied and why are you here and why did I have to meet you?"

Moylan told her how he had just come ashore and met Bridget and bought the Hummelied.

"Ah, you do things on the hunch and fast. That is good. And why do you travel in Europe?"

He told her about the business school and also about the novelette, and she was impatient.

"But it is silly to say you come to Europe to make up your mind. You *know* you are a writer. And you *feel* a writer, to me. No, that is not why you come to Europe. You came to Europe to meet somebody."

"But, I don't know ——"

"Ah, do not be stupid. I do not mean it that way. Give me some more whisky. I want to get the ice melted in my mind."

Then she became silent and listened to the nightingale and the sounds of the countryside in the night. Suddenly she spoke again.

"You are peaceful. Maybe I know what Umberto wanted from Kristal. Peace. Maybe I need a little peace. I lost peace once. Five years ago, when I was twenty-one. He was a composer and he still has not married anybody. But I wanted too many things. . . . Ah, that whisky is warm in me now." She was silent again for a time. "You know, Umberto is really gone. I mean gone inside me. I'm not thinking about him. I am thinking about you. Where are you going in that Hummelied?"

"Oh, north. Maybe as far as Oslo."

"It will take a long time in a Hummelied. I might drive you there in my car." She laughed. "After all, that policeman did say I was kidnaping you. What are you thinking?"

"That I like being kidnaped by you."

Her hand was warm and throbbing on his and she spoke softly in that husky contralto.

"You have a nice clean hand. Clean and tingling and cool." She sighed. "Now I have drunk too much whisky. And I never, never drive when I have taken a drink. So ——" She rang the bell on the table and the landlord came out and she asked him had he a room to sleep in and he said yes. She looked at Moylan. "And you had better get to sleep also." He nodded, and she spoke to the landlord again, who said he had a second room.

"Quite separate," said Karen very clearly.

"I understand, madame. I shall prepare them."

When he had gone she laid her hand on Moylan's again.

"You could leave the Hummelied here. I'd like to see the lakes in Norway again. But don't say anything now. I'll meet you at breakfast in the morning. Maybe it's the night and the stars and the nightingale. But they are a damn sight better reason than any you'll ever learn in a business school." The landlord came out again. "Now I'm going to bed. Good night."

Moylan stood up and said good night and then he said to the landlord that he was going to sit on the porch a little while. She was very beautiful and exciting and alive, and the landlord looked at Moylan with disdain as he told him his room was on the ground floor, and then led madame upstairs. Moylan did not fail to get the message in the landlord's eyes and he flushed all by himself as he sat on the porch.

Moylan felt his mind very clear in the night. He knew that Bridget was right when she said things happened in a Hummelied. What he was trying to understand now was what had happened. He was sitting on the porch of an inn in a romantic country and there was a beautiful girl upstairs who said she would drive him to Norway. Then he glanced at the Hummelied out on the road and knew that he did not want to leave his little bee-song car so soon. He also knew that Karen was a woman who would bring color and warmth into his life and make things breed in his mind. There was nobody like her in his home town, Baltimore; nor could there ever be. And the thing that had moved him into writing—three small children in a slum at Palermo, little hungry morsels of humanity that had blossomed like flowers in his mind—had come to him in Europe. There was something here in the Old World that he had to have as Hemingway and Fitzgerald had to have it, and he knew it in his blood. And then quite suddenly Moylan fell asleep there on the porch.

He awoke to the sound of a voice, but there was nobody on the porch. But he had heard the words very distinctly: "You know—like crystal, clear and shining." And then he felt alert and tingling and remembered Kristal saying "I would love to ride in a Hummelied." Then he remembered he had been dreaming of her, and her face was in a glow of candlelight.

Moylan jumped to his feet and went and found the landlord drowsing in the kitchen. He touched him softly to wake him and then said he wanted to be on his way and could the landlord find him a few liters of gasoline to get him as far as Avignon.

The landlord grunted and cursed, but got a can of gasoline and they filled the Hummelied and Moylan unhitched the tow. Then he came in and paid for the bottle of whisky, gave almost enough for the rent of his unused room as a tip, and got a piece of paper and left a note for Karen:

Karen, I just know I must go on. Go and find your composer again. Thank you for everything and please understand. Moylan.

The dawn came up clear and bright as he hummed along in his Hummelied. He felt light and curious on the road to Avignon.

She was sitting at a table outside a small café, drinking coffee, with her suitcase nearby. The coffee smelled good and the croissants had just come warm from the oven. Moylan got out of the Hummelied. There was a kind of glow on her face. Like in candlelight. Or it might have been morning dew. He just looked at her and could not say anything.

A large and rosy woman came out the door and Kristal said, "Another coffee and croissants, please."

The sun was up now and Moylan shivered. But it was not the morning cold.

"I just woke out of a sleep on the porch and came along to find you. I ——"

"I have been waiting, in this chair, until the café opened, and—and until ——"

She was very pale. She waited until he drank the coffee. "I—I just got out of his car. I felt—strange. He thought I was mad. I—I just can't explain."

Moylan had the morning sun on his face and he spoke in a kind of trance. "I heard you talking. You woke me out of sleep. I ——"

"What is your name?"

"Oh—Moylan Maguire."

"Moylan Maguire. Ah, that sounds like the name of an author. Are you one?"

"I?" Suddenly he surprised himself. "Yes, I am." She smiled at his surprised face. "You said you would love to ride in a Hummelied."

"Yes."

"Where are you going?"

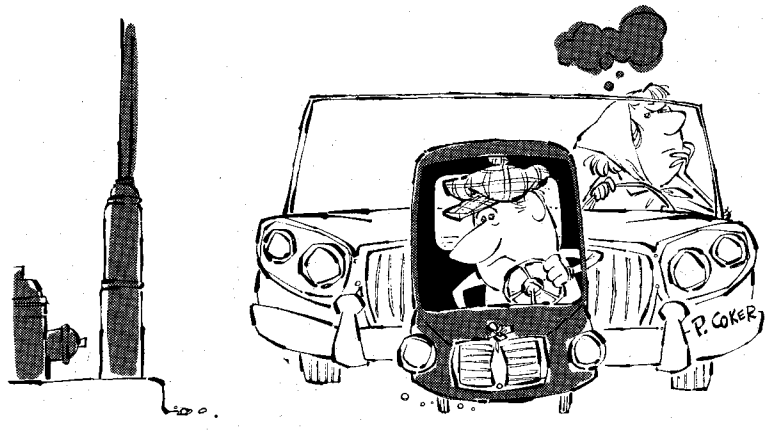
"Umberto was driving me home. I live in the Black Forest. And you?"

"Just north. Oslo maybe. But I could take ——"

"I don't wish to go home just now. Later, we shall go home. I have never seen the lakes and fiords of Norway."

"It will be a long journey in the Hummelied."

"Very long, Moylan." THE END



The Perfect Squelch

A midget-sized foreign car halted at an intersection for a red light. Its driver had pulled over to the center line in such a way as to block off a large American convertible. When the light turned green, the driver of the little car simply sat without budging. The girl in the convertible counted ten, then honked. "What's the hurry, sis?" the other driver teased. Then he started forward—only to have his car stall.

The light turned red, then green again. The little car remained stalled, with its driver struggling furiously to start it. The girl in the convertible squeezed into the next lane. As she pulled past she called out, "Why don't you try a new flint?"

D. M. Meier

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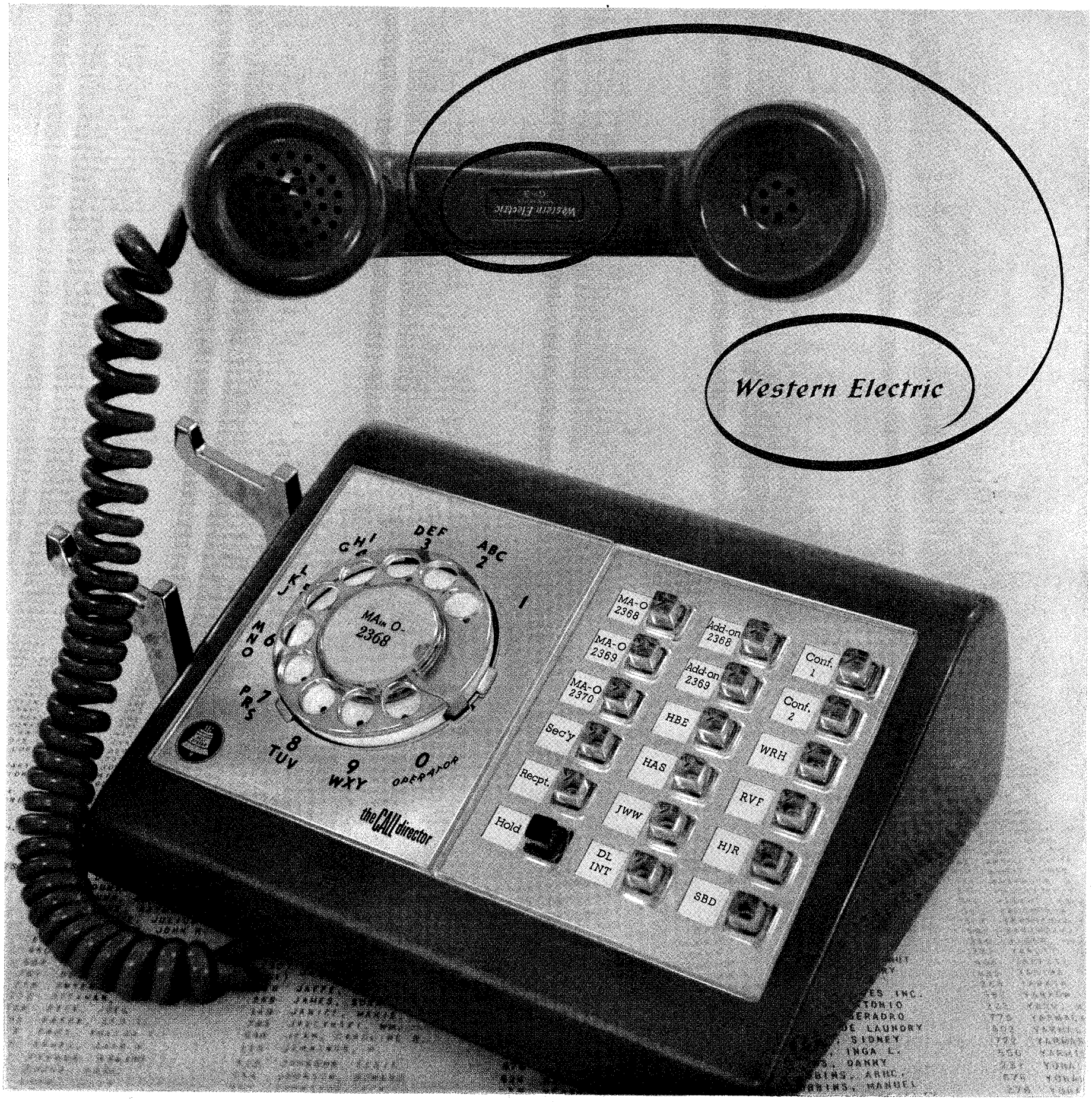

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The Facts About Me (Continued from Page 16)

I don't even have a psychiatrist. Some of my unofficial biographers have implied that I need one to decide whether I am Jack Webb or Joe Friday. But a psychiatrist would be wasting his time having me talk it out. I already talk too much. I once had a very profitable deal pending for the company and I just couldn't keep it to myself. Couple of days later when I went down to sign the contract, the man who made the offer was furious.

"Forget it, Jack," he said. "This was supposed to be confidential, but you yapped about it and now I have nine other people wanting the same deal."

I think I learned my lesson there. Even so, when there's a big deal now, I have to sit on my head to keep my mouth shut, and if it's a medium deal I would probably talk about it. I just can't keep a secret. I have a secret about a bosomy movie star, for instance, and I have to tell somebody. When I was doing a guest bit on an Ed Sullivan show the gag was that I, as Sergeant Friday, was in New York searching for this beauty. There were some bathing girls walking around the stage and there was a film clip of the star. To get the skit going Sullivan asked me what I was doing there, and I said, "I'm looking for a three-eleven-W." The audience got nothing out of the phrase, but my police friends all over Los Angeles had a laugh. I can tell my actress friend now that 311-W is a police code meaning a case of exposure which is endangering public morals.

Frank Sinatra once asked me why I didn't get around town more often, and I gave him what must have sounded like a paradoxical answer. "I guess I'm lonely," I said. I am sure he knew what I meant.

In our business, where every move you make is more or less public property, most performers try desperately to find a private corner. It is ironic that few artists can keep their names alive without public support or affection, yet the constant attention can often be almost unbearable. The truth is that most fans have conceived a possessive image of their favorites and actually know little or nothing about their private lives or thoughts.

This curious and tenuous relationship has often tempted me into perverse behavior that people probably don't understand. I was in a San Francisco hotel once when a man came up to me in the lobby.

"Say," he said, "don't I know you? You're on TV."

"You're thinking of somebody else," I said.

"No, I'm not," he said. "I know your face. I've seen it for years. Let's see now—I'll get it in a minute."

"Mister," I said, "I've never been on television in my life."

When I walked away, his face had the most baffled look I've ever seen. I don't know why I did it. I guess I was tired and in a hurry.

On the other hand, one encounter with someone you've never seen before and will never see again can make your heart sing for days. I was autographing copies of my book, *The Badge*—the story of the Los Angeles Police Department—in a department store one recent afternoon, when a little gray-haired woman thrust a paper bag into my hand.

"What's this?" I said, startled.

"It's candy," she said. "I made it for you myself."

I was fumbling for something nice to say when she pulled some crumpled bills from her purse. "Mr. Webb," she said, "I'm going to buy a copy of your book, but don't give me any change. I want you to have that for cigarettes, and I think you ought to have a cup of coffee and ——" She suddenly began to cry, and I took her hands and held them tightly and leaned down and kissed her on the cheek. She took the book and wiped her eyes and melted into the crowd, and I never did get her name. There were so many things I wanted to say, and I couldn't get the words out, but every time some writer calls me a tough s.o.b. I remember this sweet little woman, and cruel words don't seem to matter.

Sometimes I wonder if the loneliness didn't start years ago when I was a small boy who literally had nothing. I was born in Santa Monica, California, on April 2, 1920—"You missed the fools' day only by a couple of hours," my mother used to say. My parents were Samuel Chester Webb and Margaret Webb, but I never knew my father. He was once an Egyptologist with the Smithsonian Institution and served in World War I. He and my mother were divorced before I was born, and my mother never heard from him again. There weren't even any pictures of him around the house, and he certainly never got in touch with me.

You can imagine my surprise, when *Time* magazine profiled me a few years ago, to learn that their reportorial sleuths had found a Sam Webb in a Western state, and that they asserted he was my long-lost father. I heard nothing from this Mr. Webb about it, but I did get a scorching letter from his wife claiming that I, who had nothing to do with the report, was guilty of invasion of privacy. She told me flatly that her husband was not my father, and in effect told me to mind my own business. The truth is, I never had any real curiosity about my father's whereabouts, and I always thought that if he were alive I would have had some word.

While I'm on the subject of family, there is a Mrs. Barth in New Jersey who had been wondering whether I am her brother. She told her story to one of the newspapers there, and the editors felt that I was deliberately ducking Mrs. Barth's plaintive queries. This is probably a good place to let her know again that I am not her missing brother. I was an only child.

There are other men and women around the country who consider me a relative. They call me Cousin Jack or Brother Jack, let's say, when they want me to fix a traffic tag because they think I have powerful connections in the police department. I could paper a wall with all the tags people have sent me, and I never tried to fix one. I admit that Jack Webb as Sergeant Friday was scared stiff for many years that he might get into a scrape and embarrass the police department he championed on television. Indeed, there were certain people in Los Angeles waiting to clobber me and the police department if we made one slip.

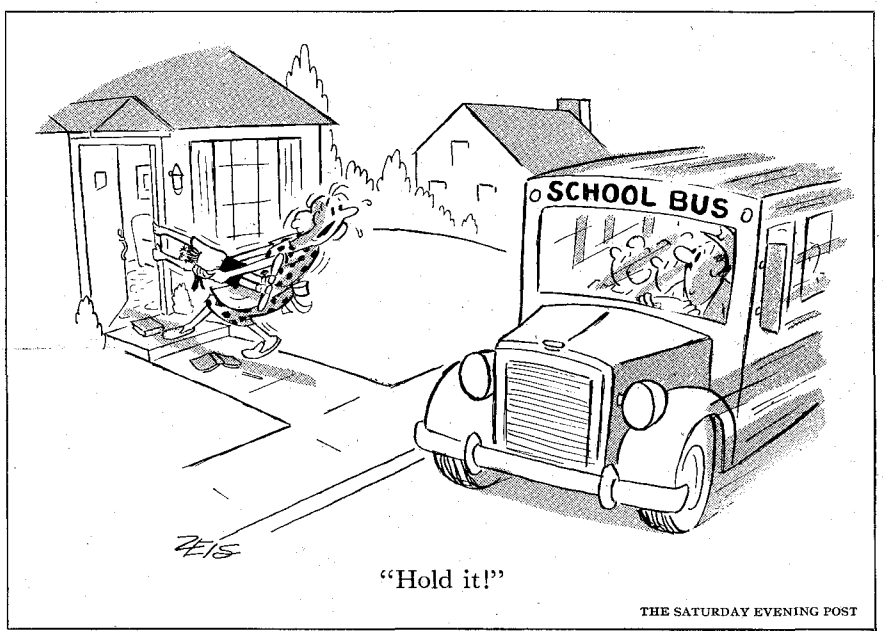
Fortunately it happened only once and in a minor way. I was in Beverly Hills one Sunday morning and I made a right turn against a red light. There was a church on the corner, and it seems you can't do that where there's a church involved. A policeman came after me on a motor bike, flagged me to the curb and went behind my car to make out the ticket. Then he came forward to look inside the car and recognized me.

"Holy smoke!" he said. "My wife's going to kill me for this when I get home."

"Forget it," I said. I was thinking that if I had a wife she might also want to kill me for being so dumb, but I was not married at the time. Anyway, I paid a ten-dollar fine and I never peeped about it until now.

I had no interest in the police one way or another when I was a boy, and I didn't know any policemen. There were too many other interesting characters in the neighborhood. If you have a long memory for the many *Dragnet* shows, you may remember seeing a white-bearded old captain who had a spiked eggnog for breakfast every day, or a pert little gray-haired woman who was a sort of elderly Auntie Mame, or a gaunt and creepy man who lectured by candlelight about the end of the world. Critics occasionally chided me for these offbeat castings and said they looked more like caricatures. But all of them, and many other odd ones were real people who lived in the downtown Los Angeles neighborhood where I was brought up. Even Officer Frank Smith—recently promoted to sergeant—played by Ben Alexander on the *Dragnet* shows, was named after my Uncle Frank Smith. I hasten to add that there was nothing odd about my uncle, except perhaps that he put so much black pepper on his fried eggs that they looked like barbecue charcoal.

We read a lot about problem children today and how their troubles can often be traced back to some seemingly trivial incident. I think I could have been a problem child, too, and I am still not quite sure what kept me out of trouble. We lived in a cheap neighborhood—my mother, my grandmother, Emma Smith, and I—and we were unbelievably poor. The two women worked on any odd job they could get, often at night, and mother used to send me to the movies, spending nickels and dimes she couldn't afford, just to keep me off the streets.



"Hold it!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I was a sickly, scrawny boy who suffered from asthma. I still get an occasional twinge of it today, but I have terribly painful memories of the many attacks I had years ago. Perhaps this was what kept me from joining a street gang. I simply didn't have the strength to run with healthier kids. Also, I had a Buster Brown haircut, which the tougher boys on the street considered a sissy label, and I am sure they would have goaded me into fights I couldn't handle. Nowadays I occasionally get letters from *Dragnet* fans who are curious about the crew haircut I have now, and while I've never given any specific reason for it, it is quite possible that this is a rebellion against the long bangs I had as a boy.

There was a period in our family life when we had no money at all, and we had to go on relief. I can still see the rubber-stamp lettering on the county-food bags, marked "beans" or "oatmeal," among others, and the bread we got was sometimes a couple of days old. The county had clothing for destitute children too—blue-denim work shirts and overalls—and it seemed to me they had the same stigma as a striped suit in a prison yard. Perhaps this shameful feeling was false pride, for the whole neighborhood was in the same boat; but children are especially sensitive, and I hated to be seen in those county clothes. I discovered much too late that the sharpies on our block would accumulate a whole pile of these denims and then trade them in for an ordinary suit or two at a nearby secondhand store.

In recent years some of my unauthorized biographers have made disparaging references to the fact that I am supposed to have the smallest and least impressive wardrobe of all television stars. I have never had more than four or five suits in my closet, but I do have a dozen pairs of slacks and some jackets. I rarely wear the suits, and I live in slacks and sport coats or sweaters.

The fact is that I worked as a clothing salesman for five years before I got into radio. I know good material when I see it, and I buy suits that just don't seem to wear out. It is a trivial thing, I suppose. Yet I have never forgotten how important good clothes seemed to me as a boy.

As Sergeant Friday, re-creating real-life crimes, I came across case histories which, had they been fictionized in a novel, would have seemed corny and unreal to an average reader. But if I look back on my own childhood—and I was no Horatio Alger boy—all these bizarre facets of life look quite normal to me.

There was a bootlegger, for instance, who made regular calls at our apartment house. He was almost as big as a Kodiak bear, and even in the warmest weather he showed up in a kind of horse-blanket overcoat that hung down to his ankles. Inside the coat, of course, he had two dozen pockets, and they were filled with pint bottles of booze. He was never pinched—the police today would have him in the cooler, because anybody who wears a heavy coat in Los Angeles must be crazy—and the neighbors treated him like a benefactor. I never forgot this character, and recently brought him back to life on one of the shows in our *Pete Kelly's Blues* series.

Our family, of course, never patronized the man. We had no money for luxuries of any kind. When we were lucky enough to have a cake of ice on a hot day, my grandmother wrapped it in newspapers to make it last longer. Grandma, an educated woman with a law degree, also used newspapers to keep her warm at night. Blankets were a luxury in our house, and grandma, an indomitable spirit, used to say gaily, (*Continued on Page 53*)

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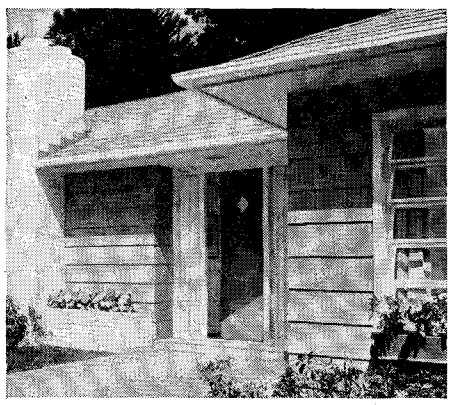

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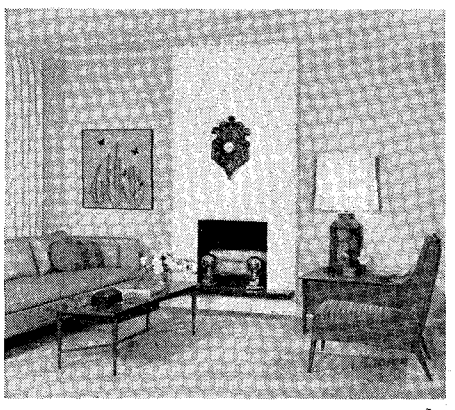

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(*Continued from Page 51*) "Sticks and stones will break my bones, but words will keep me warm."

Grandma understood the importance of words in more ways than one. When I was an anemic, pasty-skinned kid too sick to go to school—I was nine years old before I got into any school—she would plop me down in the tiny kitchen and force me to memorize letters. She used a salt box for a first reader, and it may interest a certain company to know that the first sentence I ever learned and understood was, "When it rains it pours." Later she made me struggle with words in the papers, and it became a challenge to read the headlines and explain to her what they meant.

I developed a hunger for reading material and I became a scavenger in the neighborhood, rummaging through trash cans for discarded magazines. The public library was the next step, and I was there day and night. The librarians probably looked on me as a gaunt, coughing and homeless little boy who found in books the bold adventures he never had on the streets and playgrounds. I don't know. But they took a fancy to me and led me into the wonderful world of *Robin Hood*, *King Arthur's Court* and *Treasure Island*.

The classic editions of these immortal stories were all illustrated by a fine painter named N. C. Wyeth. I think I would have become a burglar to get my hands on a Wyeth original, but I didn't know where he was or who had the paintings.

But I thought about it, and I talked about it for twenty years, and the news must have gotten around. I was at The Sherry Netherland in New York one day, making a personal appearance, when a stranger telephoned from the lobby to say he had something to show me.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I'm terribly busy."

"Mr. Webb," he said. "I have a Wyeth for you."

I had him come right up, of course, and he brought with him an enormous canvas. It was *The Black Spot*, one of the pirate scenes used to illustrate the original Scribner's edition of *Treasure Island*, and I paid the man $1000 for it. It was not a Rubens or a Cézanne, but to me it was the whole Louvre Museum in one picture. I have since bought another Wyeth—the painting of King Arthur receiving his great sword Excalibur—and both pictures are on the wall in my apartment. They are nostalgic but happy reminders of the endless hours I spent in the library struggling with the marvels and the mysteries of the written word.

There are moments, when I read some of the unfair things written about me, when I wish I were not so sensitive to the impact of words. These poisonous phrases—and I will get to them as we go along—have come closer to killing me than any gun or knife that ever threatened Joe Friday. A newspaper friend who saw me in one of these blue moods tried to comfort me by saying, "Remember, Jack, there's nothing as dead as yesterday's paper." Unfortunately I couldn't erase things from my mind that easily, and what bothered me particularly was the many meanings that can be read into a word.

We had an argument quite recently about the word "cop," which may demonstrate what I mean. When the early *Dragnet* films were resold for second run on television, NBC fished around for a new title and decided to call the show *The Cop*. FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover has frowned on the word "cop" for years on the grounds that it is undignified, and many police officers feel the same way. In one sense cop is an affectionate nickname for a policeman, but it can mean quite another thing coming from a thief or a gangster. In fact, I started off the original *Dragnet* shows by saying, "My name is Friday. I'm a cop." Anyway, Police Chief William H. Parker of Los Angeles protested the new title to John K. West at NBC, and the network didn't argue. The rerun series was and still is called *Badge 714*.

The fact that entertainers are so vulnerable to attack, and in all instances are unable to fight back, never occurred to me, of course, when I was first savoring the enchantment of show business at Belmont High School in Los Angeles.

One of our problems—and how acute it seemed at the time—was that the football team never had enough money for uniforms and equipment. So to raise money we put on variety shows, and it was my job to put them together. We had no real talent at school, and I confess I stole all the material from Jack Benny, Fred Allen and Bob Hope. I listened to their radio shows for weeks, wrote down their funniest gags and put them into our scripts. I always opened the show by asking the 2400 students: "All those who heard the Fred Allen show please raise their hands." If too many hands showed, I'd throw away four or five pages of script, but I always had copy to spare. Years later, when good scripts were as scarce as uranium, I was tempted to have Joe Friday steal a few choice bits from some of the other fine crime shows. I'm only kidding, of course; for crime does not pay.

I doubt whether anyone around Belmont High would have credited me with having the makings of another Sam Goldwyn or a Cecil B. DeMille. Our programs were pretty crude and my technical knowledge was nil. But they did teach me something about radio, public-address systems, microphones and sound effects. Also, I bought many a discarded battery radio set for twenty-five or fifty cents from the Goodwill Industries' store, and I could repair them as expertly as any professional serviceman. Radio was my first love and perhaps it still is, but that's another story. In any case, it was on radio during school days that I first heard *Chandu the Magician*, *The Eno Crime Clues* and other good ones in the mystery field, and my addiction to the programs planted the seed that could eventually have led to *Dragnet*. There was one other dividend from my high-school adventure—and perhaps it was the most rewarding of all.

I was virtually unknown around school until I started doing these shows, and when they were successful a couple of my friends, Roy Knight and Sam Ettingoff, asked me to run for student-body president.

"Who, me?" I said. "I've never won anything in my life."

"You're a commercial-art major," Roy said. "All you need is some election posters. You can paint 'em yourself—and a hot speech or two."

They talked me into it. After I had announced my candidacy, I got a summons from Principal A. L. Benshimol. "Webb," he said, "I don't know if you're going to be elected. But if you are, don't count on having a jazzy term with the students going overboard on shows and things like that, because if you do I'll block you at every turn."

I slunk out of his office like a pitcher going to the showers, and I took the back alleys going home so no classmate would catch me with tears on my face.

Shortly afterward, when we had developed a close personal friendship that endured until his untimely death, I asked Benshimol why he showed me such antagonism. He looked at me sheepishly and said he didn't know. He could barely remember the incident that had broken my schoolboy heart and said that he thought I had done a good job as president.

Now that I'm head of a fairly large organization—and with an unearned reputation as a slave driver—I try to remember Benshimol. There are many vital decisions to make and mistakes to correct, but mostly there are men and women to counsel and guide. I am not a tough s.o.b., and I guess the best evidence is that most of my people have been with me many years.

But in the fury of competition, with the added irritation of pressure and fatigue, I have sometimes said things for which I could have cut my tongue out later. I have never asked anyone to do things I wouldn't do myself, but I forget now and then that perhaps not all my people are afflicted by the same nervous drive.

One of my writers, Frank Burt—and a dear friend he was—once gently scolded me for pushing so hard. "This is a real playhouse here, Jack," he said. "Some day you ought to walk down the halls with a big stick and get everybody on the ball." Two days later Frank dropped dead in a Hollywood restaurant, and for weeks afterward I suffered the tortures of guilt. I hope I am doing better now.

Oh, yes—about the high-school election. I ran against Bob Brown, captain of the high-school football team, and as I recall I got some 1900 out of 2400 votes. If I live to be a hundred, make a million dollars and win an Academy Award I will never be as proud as I was after that victory. Not because I beat Bob Brown. Not because I won an election, with the principal against me. But only because my fellow students cared enough to give me their confidence. I was a nobody. But I was wanted and I was needed, and it gave a sickly, insecure boy a new slant on life.

Next week Mr. Webb tells what his war record really amounted to and why his marriage to Julie London failed.

—THE EDITORS

No Thanks, Dear

By Herbert Merrill

All the tumbling waste of
sea
Could wander like a river
through
The space between this
land of me
And that far distant shore
of you.
I am a stony sort of place,
Years to the north of where
you are.
The rocks are scarred by
many a trace
Of glaciers, and the coldest
star
Serves as a candle for my
need.
But you are a night of
amber moon,
Of lotus leaf and poppy seed,
A morning like a golden
spoon
Spilling the sun. And so, my
dear,
Let us remain—you there,
me here.

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The Case of the Waylaid Wolf

(Continued from Page 19)

"It's certainly all dark," she said, "and the gate was locked."

"He has a key, but we keep the gate locked," Loring said. "However, the place is dark, all right. You wait here and I'll run in and see if there's a note or something. My gosh, Miss Ferris, I certainly hate to have brought you all the way out here in case—but the man must be here! He's to meet me here and wait for the papers. He's staying here tonight and dad's coming out later for a conference."

"Perhaps he went to sleep," she said, "and forgot to turn on the lights."

"You wait right here," he said. "I'll run in and see."

He left the motor idling, jumped out his side of the car and hurried into the house. She saw lights come on—on the porch, then inside the house.

It was almost five minutes before he returned. His manner was apologetic. "Now," he said, "there *are* complications."

"What?"

"Dad's associate was delayed in town," he said. "He's on his way out here now. I got dad on the phone and told him I'd leave the papers, but he says I'll have to wait, that those papers are classified and that I must deliver them personally and accept a receipt in person. It won't be long. Come on in and we'll wait. I don't think it will be over a few minutes."

She said, "I'll wait here in the car and ——"

He laughed. "Don't be so upstage. Anyhow, you can't wait in the car. I'm not too long on gas and I don't want to leave the motor idling. Without the motor running, the heat will be off, and—come on in, I've got the heat turned on."

He held the door open invitingly, and after a moment's hesitation she gave him her hand, jumped to the ground and followed him into the house.

The interior was furnished with expensive Navaho rugs, mission furniture and with a general atmosphere of quiet luxury.

Loring Lamont crossed over to a sideboard, opened a door disclosing a sparkling array of glasses, opened another door to a compartment containing a stock of liquor.

"A drink while we wait?" he asked.

"No, thanks," she said. Then, looking at her wrist watch and for the first time having a feeling of apprehension, said, "I really must be getting home."

"Oh, come now," he said. "You're not in that much of a hurry. You're going to have dinner with me. Don't worry. Our man will be here in a few minutes, then all I have to do is give him the papers and we'll be on our way. I'm going to have a little drink. Come on, be sociable."

"Well," she said finally, "I'll take a martini."

He mixed the cocktails, poured them, handed her a glass, said, "Here's to getting better acquainted," and sipped the drink.

The telephone rang. He frowned his annoyance, said, "Now what is it?" and crossed over to the telephone.

"Yes? Hello," he said.

He was silent for a moment, then said, "Oh, come now. I'm sorry, but I've waited just as long as I can. . . . Where is he now? Where can I meet him? . . . But I tell you, I can't wait any longer. I have a very important appointment and there's someone with me who has to. . . . But look, dad ——"

He said hello several times, indicating that he had been cut off, then dropped the receiver into place and came across to frown moodily over the glass at Arlene. "Now this is the deuce of a note," he said. "That was dad on the telephone. Old Jarvis P. himself, in one of his worst moods. He's opened up a brand-new angle of discussion with this man, and I'm instructed to wait here until he gets here. He says it may be as much as an hour."

Loring Lamont seemed genuinely concerned. "I'm terribly sorry," he said. "I got you into this. I should have told you right at the start—only I didn't know myself. The man was to be waiting out here. When old Jarvis P. gets in one of those moods, that's all there is to it. Finish your drink and I'll see if there is anything to eat in the refrigerator. We can at least have some appetizers."

Before she had a chance to protest, he tossed off the rest of his cocktail, went into the kitchen and she heard him rummaging around, opening the door of the refrigerator, closing it, opening and closing cupboard doors.

He came back and said, "How are you on biscuits?"

He said it so easily and naturally that for the moment she lost her fear and, emboldened by the warmth generated by her drink, said, "I'm pretty darn good on biscuits."

"Swell," he said. "If you'll make some biscuits, I'll fry some ham and eggs, and we can have dinner right here. I'm sorry I got you into this, but I simply must deliver those papers, and —— It won't be as good a dinner as we could have had in a restaurant—except for the biscuits, of course. I have an idea they'll be out of this world."

"What do you have?" she asked. "Flour, milk, butter, shortening?"

"Everything," he said. "Everything except fresh bread. There's no fresh bread here. There's fresh milk. We also have powdered milk, lots of canned goods, lots of ham, eggs, bacon, sausage, coffee, liquor. We keep the place provisioned because dad likes to come out here occasionally for a conference."

She unbuttoned her jacket and asked, "Where's the hand-washing department?"

"Through that other room," he said. "First door to the left. You'll find everything. What do you want out here in the kitchen?"

"An apron mostly," she said.

She washed her hands, returned to the kitchen, and, feeling the effect of the cocktail, really began to enjoy herself. Loring Lamont turned on a hi-fi, and the room was filled with music. Arlene mixed the biscuits and permitted herself a few dances with Loring Lamont while they were baking.

Loring Lamont broke eggs in the frying pan, put ham on hot plates, lifted the percolator of coffee, smiled at her and said, "Now this is real cozy, real homelike."

At that moment the telephone sounded a strident summons.

Loring Lamont seemed for the moment genuinely surprised, then he excused himself, went to the phone, picked up the instrument and said cautiously, "Hello," then after a moment, "Oh, yes, hello, hello. . . . All right. . . . O.K. Now wait a minute, let's not discuss it now. I'm—just a minute. Hold on. . . . O.K."

Loring Lamont stepped out of the little alcove which housed the telephone and said to Arlene, "Will you take those eggs off the stove? Then go ahead and start eating—I won't be long. This is just an annoying interruption."

He went back, said into the telephone, "O.K. I'll take it on another line. Just hang on for a minute. O.K."

Loring left the phone off the hook, hurried back to another part of the lodge, picked up an extension phone, and Arlene could hear a mumbled conversation.

She eased the eggs out of the frying pan to the plates, stood looking at the array of ham, eggs and hot biscuits, thinking that this was homelike indeed.

Then she heard Loring Lamont hurrying back. He went to the telephone, picked up the receiver, slammed it into place and came toward her.

"Something serious?" she asked.

He kept on advancing toward her. For a moment she was puzzled. Then he had her in his arms, pulled her to him, kissed her hard on the lips. Then his hands started taking liberties.

She tried to push herself away. She was startled at the change in his face. There was no longer any mask of polite affability. There was savage, primitive passion, and a ruthless something which frightened her. Arlene pushed herself far enough back to aim a stinging slap at his face.

His eyes showed anger for a moment; then there was only a mocking smile. "Come on, baby," he said, "don't be a prude. Get off your high horse. We're stuck out here for a while and we may as well make the most of it. After all, I'm not exactly repulsive. For your information, girls who have been nice to me have gone a long ways in the company. Dad's private secretary, for instance, got her job through me. She was in a stenographic pool, and ——"

"Well, I don't need to go a long ways in the company," she blazed. "And I don't have to put up with anything like your tactics!"

Suddenly she realized a fatal discrepancy in his remarks. "You told me," she said, "that the man had already started, that he was on his way out here. Then after that telephone call you said your father was detaining him."

"I was mistaken the first time. They'd told me he'd started out so I wouldn't get too impatient. Then dad called me and said he was holding him there for further conference."

"You know what I think?" she asked, looking at him contemptuously. "I think you had this thing planned from the very start. I don't think there's anyone coming out here. And in case you want to know it, the reputation you have among the girls at the office isn't particularly flattering. I understand you think that anyone who works for the company has personal private obligations to you."

"It's an idea," he said, laughing. "Come off your high horse, Arlene. And you aren't going to gain anything either now or later by heaping abuse on me. You may as well face realities. Since you want to make something of it, I'll admit that I've been crazy about you ever since I got back from South America and saw you there in the office.

"If you want to know it, I lifted a part of the distributor out of your car so it wouldn't start. You're correct in assuming that I made up this whole story. When I came in the first time I called a friend of mine and told him to call me back on the phone in exactly twelve minutes. That was simply a decoy call.

"Now then, sweetheart, I have the keys to the car. You're going to stay here until I get good and ready to let you go home. If you don't act up, we're going to have a pleasant evening. If you act up—well, that's all the good it's going to do you. You may as well yield to the inevitable with good grace."

"It's not inevitable," she said. "I'm not yielding and you take me home at once or I'll lodge a criminal complaint against you, regardless of who you are."

He laughed and said, "Try it. See how far you get."

He dangled the car keys. "Here they are," he said. "Come and get them. I dare you."

She came at him in an avalanche of human fury, kicking and struggling, seething with indignation. Then for the first time she realized his strength. She was shoved back out through the dining room, into the living room. He pushed her back against a davenport until she collapsed. Then he was once more caressing her passionately.

She doubled her knees, got them against his chest, pressed her back against the davenport and gave a sudden push.

The push broke his hold. He staggered backward. She was on her feet and picked up a chair. "You—you beast!" she said.

He laughed. "I like the little spitfires."

She realized that he must have done this many times before, that he knew exactly what he was doing. "I'm going to have you (*Continued on Page 56*)

"Take the confounded babble out of that brook!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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© FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS COMPANY, N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

Bon voyage party in the FOUR ROSES SOCIETY

(Sip ahoy!)

"All ashore that's going ashore" can be a mournful sound indeed. Especially when an old tried-and-true friend like Four Roses is just sitting there waiting to freshen your glass.

But be of good cheer. Four Roses—with its full-strength flavor and unparalleled smoothness—is always on hand on land, too.

You'll find this gloriously blended whiskey just around the corner—at your nearest store or tavern. Make it your first port of call.

FOUR ROSES—*Same great quality...new popular price!*

No other full-strength whiskey is so smooth. 86 proof.

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(*Continued from Page 54*) arrested if you so much as put your hand on me again," she said.

"Let me tell you something about the law in this state," he replied calmly. "I happen to know what it is. If a woman presents a charge for criminal attack against a man, her own previous moral character can be inquired into. Dad's lawyers even gave me the California case that determined the point. It's People *vs.* Battilana. That means that with all the money at my command, I can put detectives on your back trail. I can turn you inside out on the witness stand. I can ask you names, dates, specific occasions and ——"

In an ecstasy of blind fury she flung the chair. He was hardly expecting this maneuver. The chair caught him in the middle. For a moment there was a look of utter surprise on his face; then he doubled over in pain.

Arlene made for the door. She grabbed her raincoat as she went through the reception hallway; then she was out on the porch, running past the swimming pool, down the gravel driveway, out to the dirt road.

She knew that he had the keys to the car, that it was of no use to try to get transportation until she came to the main highway. She didn't bother to put on the raincoat, but held it bundled under her left arm. She ran pell-mell down the road until she found herself getting short of breath. Then she slowed to a walk and looked back over her shoulder.

She could see a blob of light from the house, then she saw a moving pencil of light, the beam of the headlights swinging around the driveway. She swerved abruptly from the road, came to the barbed-wire fence and crawled through. Then she hesitated a moment and turned back toward the house, keeping in the shadows cast by the trees.

The twin beams of the headlights swept down the road. The car was coming, but it was coming so slowly that for a moment she was completely fooled. She stood there, protected by the trunk of an oak, watching the creeping lights moving slowly along the road.

The car came to the exact place where she had detoured to crawl through the fence and stopped. Then as she saw Loring Lamont getting out of the car and walking to the front of the headlights, she saw the beam of a flashlight playing along the ground. The light switched abruptly and came toward the fence.

For the first time she realized the reason the car had been going so slowly. Lamont had been following her tracks in the wet dirt and, when he came to the place where she had turned off, he was using the flashlight to track her.

The beam of the flashlight following her tracks came to the fence. Arlene Ferris wanted to scream and run; then suddenly her brain began to function smoothly. She moved quietly along the fence, then again crawled through the barbed wire and down into the roadway.

Lamont had come to the place now where she had been standing. It was a little more difficult tracking her in the terrain which had not been cleared into a roadway. But nevertheless he was following her steps. Her heels made unmistakable marks in the soft ground.

Loring Lamont had made one error. He had left the headlights on, the motor running, the key in the ignition lock.

When she was within six or eight feet of the car, Lamont came to the place where she had gone through the fence for the second time. He evidently realized then what she had in mind.

The questing finger of the flashlight darted along the road, then suddenly caught her in its brilliance. There was momentary panic in his voice. "You touch that car and you'll go to jail!" he shouted. Then he was scrambling through the fence, trying to get in the road in time to overtake her.

She jumped into the car, pushed the driving-control lever and felt the car glide into motion. He was in the roadway right behind her now. She could see the flashlight in the rear-view mirror. Her toe found the throttle. She pressed down, and the car leaped ahead as though propelled by a rocket.

Surprised at the swift acceleration, she almost went into the ditch at the first turn. The power steering was new to her and bothered her for the first two hundred yards. After that she had the car fairly well mastered, and by the time she had turned into the main highway she was handling the wheel like a veteran.

She drove to her apartment, left the car parked there, jumped into dry clothes; then, actuated by a bit of sardonic humor, she looked up Loring Lamont's address in the telephone directory, drove the car to his apartment house, parked it in the street directly in front of a fireplug, walked four blocks to the main boulevard where there was a drugstore, phoned for a taxicab and went home.

The next day was bright and sunny, and Arlene Ferris had a repairman look at her car. Sure enough, he reported that a part had been taken from the electrical distributor. A new part was found and put into place, and the car ran perfectly.

Arlene typed mechanically, awaiting the summons which would bring her to the office manager. She was grimly determined that this was once when Loring Lamont, spoiled son of a rich and powerful father, was not going to get away with it. Let them try to fire her. She'd show them she wasn't a chattel.

During the first part of the morning she debated whether or not to prosecute. They would, of course, put detectives at work digging up every event of her past life. They would attempt to blacken her character, would doubtless claim that she had tried blackmail.

She knew that for her own sake it would be better to keep quiet, to say nothing. But she also felt that too many young women in Loring Lamont's life had decided to follow the line of least resistance, thereby making it doubly hard for the next young woman on whom Loring Lamont cast his arrogant eyes.

Shortly before noon a flash of inspiration came to her. She went to the women's lounge, looked up the number of Perry Mason, attorney at law, and called his office.

Eventually she was connected with Della Street, Perry Mason's secretary. "This is Arlene Ferris," she said. "I'm working at the Lamont Rolling, Casting and Engineering Company. I get off work at five o'clock. Would it be possible for me to see Mr. Mason tonight on a personal and very important matter? I can get away earlier, if it's necessary."

"Just a moment," Della Street said.

She was back on the line within a few minutes. "Do you think you could get excused so as to be here at two-thirty?" she asked.

"I'll be there," Arlene Ferris promised.

She felt as if a load had been lifted from her mind. She was going to go through with it. She'd show Loring Lamont she wasn't going to put up with that sort of treatment.

At one-thirty there was a ripple of excitement in the office. Jarvis P. Lamont, looking as though the world had caved in on him, hurried from the office. The second vice president emerged to run after Lamont. There had been no sign of Loring Lamont.

A few minutes before two Arlene Ferris went to the office manager. "I worked late last night," she said, "and now I have to be out for about an hour. You can dock me if you wish."

George Albert seemed somewhat nonplused. "This is a most unusual request, Miss Ferris," he said.

"I know," Arlene said, "but it's an unusual situation."

"Very well," Albert agreed reluctantly. "We'll expect you back in an hour."

"An hour and a half," Arlene said firmly.

The man seemed puzzled by Arlene's manner. "Very well, Miss Ferris," he said and let it go at that.

Arlene made no attempt to take her car, but took a cab so she wouldn't have to waste time finding a parking place. She wanted to get back within the designated period of an hour and a half because she had said she would, but she felt it really didn't make much difference. After all, she was quite certain that by this time tomorrow she would no longer be an employee of the company.

As Arlene Ferris finished her story, Della Street, Perry Mason's confidential secretary, looked up from her notebook. Her eyes were sympathetic as she waited for the lawyer's decision.

Mason, his face granite hard, his eyes shrewdly appraising the young woman, said, "Exactly what do you want to do, Miss Ferris?"

"I—I want to show him that just because I work for a company as a stenographer doesn't mean that I automatically become the plaything of the spoiled son of the owner of the business."

"You want to teach him a lesson, is that it?" Mason asked.

"Yes, if I can."

"You can," Mason said, "file a suit for damages or you can go to the police and lodge a criminal complaint. But you can't do both."

"Why?"

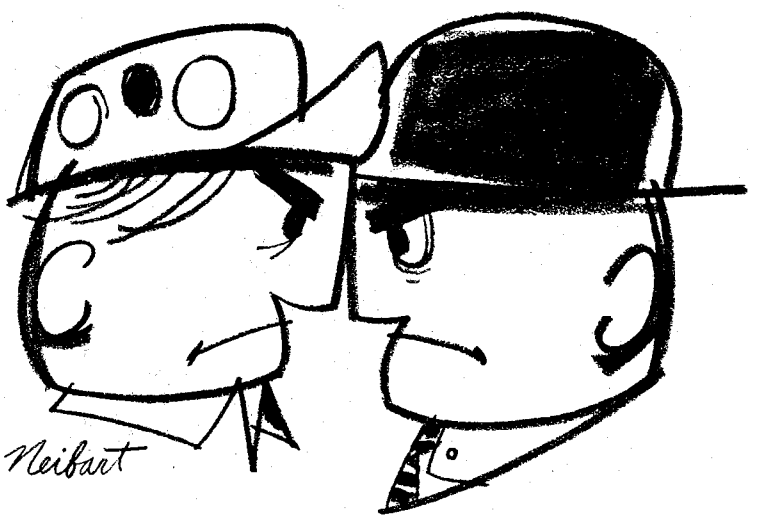
"For practical reasons. The minute you file a suit for damages, the criminal case goes out the window. A shrewd defense attorney would make it appear you were trying to capitalize on the experience."

"I see—and what if I file a suit and don't make a complaint to the police?"

"There, of course," Mason said, "you get to the ultimate question of what a jury will do, and, again, that depends on exactly what you want. If you want money to salve your injured feelings ——"

"I don't. I just want to—it's hard to explain. I want to stand up for my rights. I want to stand up for my sex."

Mason nodded. "I think you measure up," he said. "If you want to put a stop to this sort of thing, we'll put a stop to it—but it isn't going to be easy. They'll throw mud, they'll claim blackmail, they'll have young Lamont testifying that you deliberately led him on, that you were the one who made passes at him, that when he was too bored to acquiesce you ran true to the old adage that hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The strike was so bitter that the union insisted upon a no-reprisal clause in the settlement to protect its members from discharge. Later it brought punitive proceedings of its own against hundreds of its members who crossed the picket lines during the strike. The company promptly sued to stop the union action.

"The strike settlement plainly prohibits reprisals," company counsel argued. "What the union proposes would violate that accord and disrupt our production lines all over again."

"Our agreement was to keep the company from firing our people," union attorneys retorted, "but it is none of the company's business how we deal with traitors within our own ranks."

If you were the judge, would you permit the union to punish its members?

• •

The union lost. The court ruled that "you can't run assembly lines with bitterness and resentment. . . . The purpose of the no-reprisal clause was not only to protect the workers against the company but also to protect the company against the disruptive effect of strife among the workers."

Based upon a 1957 New York decision.

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Her face went suddenly white. "He'd do that?"

"Sure, he'd do that," Mason said. "You don't expect a man of that type to tell the truth, do you? Do you still want to go ahead with it?"

"Mr. Mason," she said, "I'll fight this thing through—if you'll stay with me I'll stay with the case. Once I start fighting I keep on fighting."

"Good girl," Mason told her.

He turned to Della Street. "Ring Paul Drake at the Drake Detective Agency. Ask him if he can come down here right away. Let's start getting evidence before young Lamont begins to realize what he's up against."

Mason turned to Arlene Ferris. "You say you left his car in front of a fireplug?"

"I parked it right smack-dab in front of a fireplug. I just hope they give him a dozen tickets for illegal parking."

Mason smiled, said, "That probably gives us our chance. He'll be making excuses for the illegal parking, and it will be interesting to see what story he tells."

"You don't think he'll tell the truth, do you?"

"No," Mason said, "I don't. By the time he gets into court you will be described as the aggressor. You will have been literally throwing yourself at him, trying to advance yourself in the company by courting his favor. You say that he told you some other woman had made a success through him?"

"Yes. The private secretary to Jarvis P. Lamont."

"Would you know her name?"

"Edith Bristol," she said.

"Have you met her?"

"I've seen her a number of times."

"Can you describe her?"

"A very good-looking young woman—twenty-six or twenty-seven, really an outstanding figure—and she'd be a real beauty if it wasn't ——"

"If it wasn't for what?" Mason asked.

"Her eyes," she said. "There's something about them, a defeated look. It's hard to describe."

Paul Drake's code knock sounded on the door. "That's Paul Drake," Mason said to Della Street. "Let him in."

By way of explanation Mason said to Arlene Ferris, "The Drake Detective Agency does all of my investigative work. They have offices on the same floor here in the building. You'll like Paul Drake. He seems rather casual when you first meet him, but I can assure you he's thoroughly competent."

Della Street opened the door. Mason said, "Miss Ferris, this is Paul Drake, head of the Drake Detective Agency. Sit down, Paul."

Paul Drake acknowledged the introduction, seated himself across from Mason's desk.

Mason said, "Are you acquainted with the Lamont family, Paul? The Rolling, Casting and Engineering Company?"

Drake's eyes narrowed. "What about them, Perry?"

Mason said, "They have a country place out—I would say somewhere back in the hills. Swimming pool, Navaho rugs, barbecue, liquor closet, all the rest of it."

Drake nodded. "I know where it is."

"Loring Lamont's car was parked in front of a fireplug last night," Mason said. "I'd like to know what time it was moved and by whom. I'd like to know what Loring Lamont has to say about how it happened to be parked there, whether he accepts or disclaims responsibility, and, if possible, I'd like to find who some of his friends are, people in whom he would confide. I want to see if he has talked about where he was last night. I want to find out about all this before he knows any investigation is being made."

Drake's eyes met Mason's steadily. "Miss Ferris is the client?" he asked.

Mason nodded.

Drake said, "I hate to do this, Perry. Probably I should get you to one side, but it may be that on account of the time element involved we don't have that much time to waste. Loring Lamont was murdered last night."

Mason's eyes snapped wide open. Arlene Ferris gave a dismayed gasp.

"Go on," Mason said, his face hard with expressionless concentration.

"I don't know too much about it," Drake said. "I heard a news broadcast over the radio. All I heard was the bare announcement that Loring Lamont, son of Jarvis P. Lamont, the famed industrialist, had been murdered last night. His body was discovered in the rustic retreat maintained by the company as a place of recreation and for conferences. He had been stabbed in the back with a butcher knife."

"Any clues?" Mason asked.

"That was all the radio report said."

"Any statement about the guilty person?"

"Police were trying to find a young woman who had apparently been with him last night," Drake said.

Mason said, "All right, Paul, beat it."

Drake said, "Perhaps I ——"

Mason interrupted. "Time is precious, Paul. I've got to give some advice to my client. I've got to give it to her fast. It has to be confidential. If you're here there's no privilege in connection with the communication. Conversations between an attorney and his client are privileged, provided he doesn't have outsiders present. Della Street isn't an outsider. She's included in the legal privilege. Get going."

Drake was out of the chair in one swift motion. He jerked open the door, smiled at Arlene Ferris and said, "You couldn't be in better hands," and shot out into the corridor.

Mason said, "All right now, let's get it fast. Did you kill him?"

She shook her head.

"What time was it when you left there?"

"I don't know. Perhaps—well, somewhere around seven o'clock."

"And you got your clothes pretty muddy?"

She nodded.

"Your clothes were torn?"

"My blouse was torn."

"You drove his car?"

She nodded.

"And you parked it directly in front of a fireplug?"

Again she nodded.

"The rear-view mirror is the most sensitive place on a car for fingerprints," Mason said. "A person adjusting a rear-view mirror will almost invariably leave prints of the third and fourth fingers. Do you recall if you adjusted the mirror?"

"I adjusted it," she admitted.

"Gloves?"

"No."

Mason said, "Listen very, very carefully to what I have to say. Flight is an evidence of guilt. Failure to report a crime may also become a crime. On the other hand, a person is entitled to follow the advice of an attorney. If the attorney gives wrong advice that's his responsibility. If he advises a client to do something illegal he is subject to disbarment. Do you understand?"

She nodded.

"All right," Mason said. "I do not want you to resort to flight. Do you understand?"

She nodded.

"On the other hand, I don't dare to have you tell your story to the police right at the present time. We'll need to get it corroborated with some sort of evidence. You took off your torn clothes and left them in your apartment?"

She nodded.

"They're in your apartment now?"

"Yes."

"What about your outer garments?"

"I got mud on my skirt when I crawled through the barbed-wire fence."

"Now think carefully," Mason said. "Were there any bloodstains?"

She hesitated for a moment, then wordlessly pulled up her skirt. On the thigh of her right leg was a long, red scratch. "I did that," she said, "when I plunged through the fence the second time—I was in a hurry to get to his car. I just shot under that fence and that's where I got the scratch."

"And it bled?"

"It bled."

"On the skirt?"

She nodded.

"The skirt was torn?" Mason asked.

"I don't think it was. I shot through under the fence, feet first. My skirt was way up around my middle somewhere.

The trouble with life is that by the time you know how to play the game, you're too old to make the team.

CY N. PEACE

My—my panties were stained from the mud. There was mud on the skirt."

"You washed your undergarment?" Mason asked.

She shook her head and said, "I left everything in my laundry basket."

"All right," Mason said, "we've got to concede certain trumps to the police. They're bound to take some tricks. Give me the key to your apartment. Authorize me to go there and do anything I see fit."

She opened her purse and handed him a key.

"Are you going to remove my clothes?"

"Heavens, no! That would be tampering with evidence. I'm going to let the police do all the tampering with the evidence."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," she said.

"I don't want you to," Mason told her. "Now I want just as much time as I can get before you are questioned by the police. You'll have to co-operate."

"But I thought you told me you didn't want me to resort to flight."

"I don't," Mason said. "Right at the moment I want you out of circulation, but I *don't* want you to resort to flight. There's a difference. Do you understand?"

"I'm not certain that I do."

Mason said, "Do exactly as I tell you. If it comes to a showdown and you are absolutely forced to account for your actions, you can state you were following my advice. But I don't want you to make that statement until I tell you to.

"Now then, the first thing is to get yourself fired."

"That won't be difficult," she said. "Once it becomes known that I ——"

Mason shook his head. "With Loring Lamont dead, there is no way that it's going to become known unless you left some evidence on the ground linking you to that country lodge."

"And if there isn't any such evidence?"

"They may not know that you were out there with him for some time," Mason said, "but we can't count on that. They may be looking for you any minute now. The first thing you've got to do is to get fired. Go back to your job and get discharged at once."

"Then what?" she asked.

Mason said, "You have a girl friend somewhere here in the city?"

"Not right in the city."

"Close by?"

"Santa Monica."

"What's her name?"

"Madge Elwood."

"How old?"

"Twenty-seven."

"Blonde or brunette?"

"Brunette. She's about my size. She has a wonderful figure. She was selected as a beauty queen a few years ago."

"What does she do now?"

"She's a secretary."

"Good job?" Mason asked.

"Yes. It's a responsible position."

"You've known her since you came here?"

"Long before that. We've been friends for years. It was through her that I came here—it was, in fact, through her that I got this job at the Lamont Company. She had some contact there, I don't know just what it was, but I know that she put through a telephone call and then told me to go in, and things certainly were made easy for me. I just breezed into a position while some of the other applicants were still sitting around waiting."

Mason nodded. "Go get yourself fired. Then ring up Madge Elwood. Tell her that you've lost your job and that you just have to see her. Go down and stay with her in Santa Monica. Stay there overnight."

"And what do I tell her?"

"Tell her you got fired. Tell her you're satisfied you were discharged because Loring Lamont made a report to the boss, that he made a pass at you and you turned him down. Don't tell your friend any of the details. Simply say you're too upset to talk about it."

"She already knows about the trouble I had with Loring Lamont," Arlene said. "You see, since I got the job through her, I felt I owed her an explanation. I rang her up last night as soon as I got back and asked her why she hadn't warned me about the wolves in the company."

"And what did she say?" Mason asked.

She hesitated. "Madge is a good sport. Of course she's had people make passes at her. We all have. She asked me if I thought there were any jobs where the boss wouldn't make an occasional pass, so I described what happened—and when I told her about leaving his car in front of the fireplug I thought she'd die laughing."

Mason was thoughtful. "You'd better run down to visit your friend," he said. "Leave her telephone number and address with Miss Street here. And when Madge hears about the murder, tell her to keep quiet about everything you told her, and ——"

"I'm not to tell her about the murder?"

"Not a word—not a word about that to anyone."

"Suppose she comes right out and asks me?"

"She won't," Mason said. "When you tell a friend about having a struggle with some man, the friend doesn't say, 'Oh, is he still alive?' Can you depend on this Madge Elwood?"

"Heavens, yes. She's a wonderful friend, very loyal. She's about my build. Some people think we're related. There's quite a remarkable resemblance."

"Get started," Mason said.

"But I'll need my key to go to my apartment and get ——"

"You don't go to your apartment," Mason said. "There isn't that much time. Call up Madge Elwood as soon as you get yourself fired. Now leave her address and phone number with Miss Street and get started."

TO BE CONTINUED

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We Went With the Wind

(Continued from Page 27)

country's only licensed woman balloonist, puts it more poetically. She says simply, "I like being part of the wind."

However, it takes a lot of plain hard work to achieve this aeronautic nirvana. The night before my flight, Francis Shields telephoned to say the weather looked good for the next morning, and ask if I would meet him out at the field at three A.M.

"We like to get an early start," he explained, "because the gas company turns on the gas for us about five-thirty. If we wait till later, everybody will be up cooking breakfast, and the pressure will be so low that it'll take us twice as long to inflate."

The club uses ordinary cooking gas to fill its balloons. Nonexplosive helium is the ideal gas for lighter-than-air flying, but practically all the helium produced in this country is earmarked for Government use in blimps or scientific balloons. Even if helium were readily available on the commercial market, the cost of filling up with this rare gas would be prohibitive—around $1000 as compared to approximately $150 for inflating the club's large 80,000-cubic-foot balloon with cooking gas. So it becomes a question of taking a calculated risk or not flying at all.

As long as reasonable safety precautions are observed, there is apparently little danger of another *Hindenburg*-type disaster. "To my knowledge," says Shields, "there has never been an inflation accident with inflammable gas. I've talked to hundreds of lighter-than-air pilots about this problem, and no one has ever heard of any trouble," he adds reassuringly.

• Air-borne balloons have caught fire and crashed while flying around thunderstorms. But as Shields points out, it's simple to deal with this danger—you just don't go flying when there are storms about. Needless to say, though, no one smokes during a flight. As one wag observed, "The ashes you drop may be your own."

While the balloonists themselves treat the gas they use with plenty of respect, they don't waste any time brooding about what might happen. Nonballoonists, on the other hand, take a dim view of a bagful of explosive gas hanging around their premises. Shortly after the club was founded in 1952, a town councilman in a small borough near Philadelphia tried to fine the club's president for endangering the lives of his constituents. Because there was no law forbidding balloon take-offs within the borough limits, the fine didn't stick. But the town councilman was all for remedying this legislative oversight. The next year, however, the club found better facilities out in the country and, much to the councilman's relief, began flying from a private airfield near historic Valley Forge State Park.

It was dark and chilly when I met the others out at this field at three A.M. The sky was overcast, and the stars and moon obscured—a thoroughly unpromising beginning. By the light of our car headlights we unpacked the deflated balloon from what looked like an oversized laundry bag and spread it out on the ground. The gas-company technicians arrived as it was beginning to get light in the east, and before long, gas was hissing into the balloon through a long fabric hose.

By dawn the balloon was beginning to stir with life as the morning breezes fluttered the folds of the partially filled bag. It continued to grow like a giant silvery mushroom until it was filled at about nine o'clock. It began swaying ponderously in the breeze, four stories tall and as big around as a small house.

The excess sandbags holding the balloon down were taken off one by one, and the three of us who were scheduled to go up climbed into the basket. Our pilot was Tony Fairbanks of Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, an imperturbable, gray-haired veteran balloonist of twenty-five years' experience. Our third crew member, CBS-TV producer Gil Ralston, was a first-timer like myself. He had come down from New York to get some idea of the possibilities of using a balloon sequence in a TV adventure series. At the last minute a young lady in dark glasses and flying togs hopped aboard. She introduced herself as Kate Ornsen, a research librarian who had been flying with the club for several years as a hobby.

With everyone aboard, we were much too heavy to take off. Fairbanks began to lift out some of the sandbags that had been stowed in the bottom of the basket. As each one was removed, the balloon became a little more buoyant.

"A couple more ought to do it now," said Shields who was directing the ground crew, composed mostly of curious passers-by who had stopped to see what all the excitement was about. Ralston and I lifted out the last two bags.

"Hands off!" Shields called out to his helpers. As they let go, the balloon skipped over the ground, then began to rise, going up smoothly and leisurely like a slow elevator. All went well for the first few seconds as Fairbanks threw out handfuls of sand to accelerate our climb.

Then I turned to look ahead. We were heading directly for what looked to be a power line. Fairbanks threw over more sand; but a downdraft had us in its grasp, and we were no longer rising.

Ralston and I ducked to the bottom of the basket as we drifted into the wire, the basket tilting crazily thirty feet above the ground as the breeze pushed the bag over. But there were no sparks. Tony Fairbanks and Kate Ornsen stayed upright to try to fend the basket off.

"It shocked me!" cried Kate Ornsen.

"Me too," said Tony, who had wrapped his hands in a canvas sandbag to push the wire away. "Bag must be wet," he said casually.

Then, just as suddenly as we had run into the wire, we lurched free again as a favorable gust carried us away. Once again we were flying.

"Isn't it kind of dangerous to monkey around with wires like that?" I asked after everything had calmed down.

"No. Not unless you're grounded when you touch the wire," said Tony. "Birds land on wires all the time and they don't get hurt."

We decided that the shocks were caused by a small discharge of static electricity that the balloon had built up after take-off. I found later that we had run into a telephone line. But when you're cruising around in a balloon filled with cooking gas, every wire looks as if it could fry you—at least it did to me.

By now we had ascended to about 1200 feet. The day was still overcast with an unbroken layer of clouds at 2000 feet. Fairbanks leveled us off by releasing a small amount of gas.

"It's a good day for ballooning," he said. "Nice and stable. On a hot, sunny day with lots of thermals (updrafts of warm air), you have to work all the time to maintain a constant altitude. With a balloon this size you have to be careful not to get going up or down too fast, or the balloon might get out of control."

The passenger balloon which was now carrying us majestically over the countryside was virtually the same kind of aircraft which the Montgolfier brothers built in France in the late eighteenth century to get man air-borne for the first time. Now, as then, you go up by dumping sand ballast, and come down by releasing gas through a wooden valve at the top of the balloon.

Scientific balloons, such as the one in which United States Air Force Lt. Col. David Simons two years ago set the world balloon altitude record of 101,516 feet, have been greatly improved over the years with the development of pressurized gondolas, oxygen breathing equipment and tough, lightweight gasbags. But the only concession the Balloon Club of America has made to the twentieth century is the addition of an instrument panel containing an altimeter, a rate-of-climb indicator, a compass and an air-temperature gauge.

The basket of our balloon was constructed of heavy wicker to absorb the impact of landing. In flight the basket is suspended from the gasbag by means of a big net, resembling a fisherman's seine, which stretches over the top of the bag and ties in to the basket below through a set of heavier "basket ropes." These are in turn secured to the basket itself with knots and splices that would do credit to an old-time sailing-ship seaman.

One panel in the top of the bag can be yanked open to dump all the gas in the event the balloon gets out of control during a landing. The rope controlling the "rip panel" in our balloon was painted a bright red, so that no one would inadvertently release all our gas while airborne.

Red rope notwithstanding, it seemed to me that flying along with the rip panel rigged like this was like looking down the

NEXT WEEK

ARE BRITISH SCHOOLS BETTER THAN OURS?
By the Mother of an American Teen-ager in an English School

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BASQUE FESTIVAL IN NEVADA

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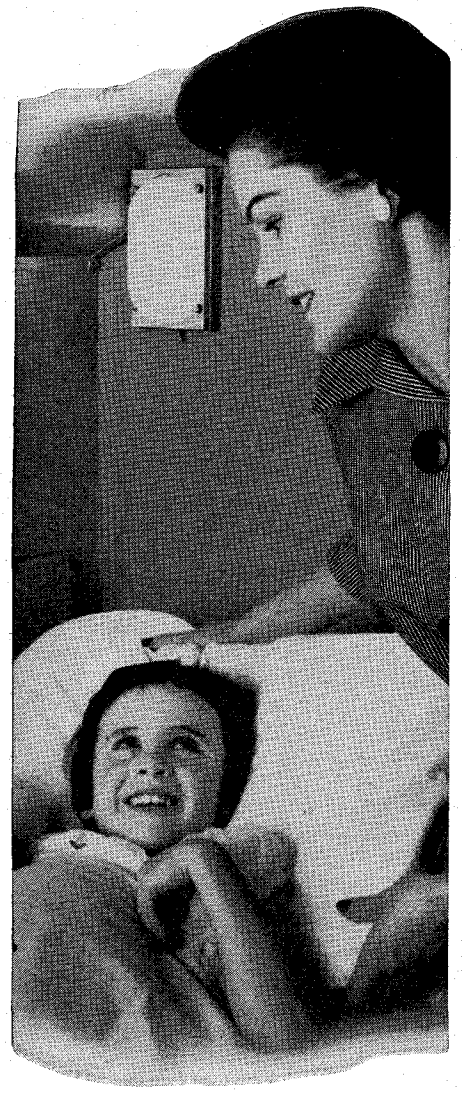

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barrel of a loaded gun—you're safe as long as no one pulls the trigger. But again, my balloonist friends don't waste any time brooding over what might happen—although once a rip panel did accidentally tear loose in a flight five years ago. The gas escaped with a terrifying whoosh, and the basket plummeted to the earth from an altitude of 4200 feet. Fortunately the torn gasbag acted as a partial parachute and no one was killed. One girl suffered a fractured foot and a sprained knee, and another passenger broke a toe. The three other persons aboard were able to walk away from the crash, though badly bruised and shaken up.

With a steady southern breeze behind us, we flew north from Valley Forge over the neat farmland of eastern Pennsylvania at about fifteen miles per hour. Our flight was so free and effortless that only by taking a sighting on the ground below could I determine that the balloon was moving. From time to time small private planes circled us to see what was going on. A Navy antisubmarine plane from a nearby base flew past, then saw us and wheeled around for a better look. The pilot circled, then dipped his wing in a salute and went on about his business. Occasionally the balloon revolved lazily, but other than that there was no sensation of motion. A balloon moves as the air mass moves; thus there was seldom a breath of air stirring about us as we floated along.

Shields had said that ballooning was so peaceful. However, as we went serenely on our way, we were pursued by the most incredible din imaginable—dogs barking, roosters crowing, ducks quacking, a fantastic cacophony of sounds rising from the earth 1200 feet below.

"I thought ballooning was supposed to be so quiet," I said.

"It is when you get a little higher," said Kate Ornsen. "Right now we're down low enough so that we can hear everything. Just shows how observant animals are. They're quicker than people at spotting balloons."

But we were creating a sensation among the people below too. Folks who probably wouldn't have bothered to go outdoors on a clear night to see a satellite streak by came out to see what all the commotion was about. Motorists pulled their cars to the side of the road to get out and wave.

By now we had been air-borne a little over an hour and had covered about twenty miles. Fairbanks valved off some gas, and we began a gentle descent as he looked for a safe place to land. Landing is the most critical phase of balloon flight; because the pilot has no directional control over his craft, even the best of landings are little better than controlled crashes. Then, too, you can never tell when someone is going to take offense when a balloon lands in his back yard.

One Balloon Club ground crew which was trying to locate a balloon that had come down in a relatively inaccessible spot found its way blocked by a shotgun-toting farmer's wife. Her husband had told her not to let any of those balloon people get away. The ground crew managed to talk their way past her, only to find the farmer holding the balloon's passengers hostage for disturbing his crops. Again they talked their way out of their difficulty, hurriedly packed up their equipment and left for home—but not before hearing many choice words by the farmer on the subject of "playboys" who had nothing better to do than fly around causing trouble for hard-working folks.

Another time, a farmer called the cops when a club balloon landed in his cow pasture. He said his cows were afraid of balloons and probably wouldn't give milk for days. But a friendly state trooper talked him out of filing a damage suit against the club.

Usually there is nothing for a property owner to worry about when a balloon comes down on his land. "In all our flights," says president Shields, "we've only had to pay forty dollars in damages. This was caused by a drag rope that knocked some shingles off a roof when we came in for a landing." Even though a balloon pilot can't make a precision landing, he can still control his descent enough to float over any area that might cause trouble.

When we reached an altitude of about 200 feet, Fairbanks leveled us off. We coasted over the treetops toward a promising-looking field.

"I'm going to try to make that one up ahead," he said finally. "Everybody hang on!" He dropped down a heavy rope which slowed us as it was dragged along the ground; then he began valving gas for our final descent. The wind carried us between two trees, and we touched down with surprising gentleness.

"Beautiful landing, Tony," said Kate. But it wasn't quite over. After our initial contact with the ground, we began bouncing across the field toward some trees. Suddenly people started running toward us. Fairbanks shouted at them to grab the

> The closest our civilization has come to perpetual motion is street repairing.
>
> FRANK G. MC INNIS

drag rope and hold us down. After some confusion, enough eager spectators held onto the rope to bring the balloon under control. Then some climbed aboard the basket to give us the additional weight needed to anchor us firmly to the ground.

Within a few minutes after our landing we were surrounded by a large throng of curious people, most of whom had never seen a passenger balloon before, judging from their comments: "I thought it was a Zeppelin."..."Was anybody hurt when it crashed?" ... "Is this some sort of Government project?"

Soon after our landing Shields drove up with two other club members. They took our places in the basket, and we began preparations for another take-off, with Tony Fairbanks directing us in the ground crew. Once again sandbags were removed one by one until the balloon became buoyant enough to rise.

Fairbanks called out, "Hands off!" and the balloon started to ascend. Again everything went well for the first few seconds; then the balloon headed for another power line. But this was no telephone line; and when the balloon banged into it, even veteran balloonist Shields sought shelter in the bottom of the basket. But there were no sparks, and finally a favorable gust of wind swept the balloon free of the wire, and it went on its merry way. Watching this second take-off was something like being stranded in a strange town and going to see a movie you had seen before.

In addition to the flights such as these two that the Balloon Club of America makes purely for fun, the pilots undertake exhibitions to help keep the club treasury in the black. Their most memorable junket took place soon after the late Mike Todd began work on his movie, *Around the World in 80 Days*. One of the many legends that have grown up around the filming of this unique picture is that when humorist S. J. Perelman presented his final draft of the movie script to Todd, the producer asked him, "Where's the balloon?"

"Balloon? There's no balloon in the Jules Verne story," Perelman pointed out.

"That was Verne's mistake," said Todd. "I want a balloon."

Todd's staff contacted the Balloon Club of America, found that the club had the kind of balloon they were looking for and talked Shields into taking time off from his job to come to Hollywood to get Phileas Fogg into the air.

Shields and Tony Fairbanks spent several weeks on the West Coast, working on the balloon sequence. But star David Niven didn't take too kindly to the idea of making an actual flight, so the scenes in the movie were made with the balloon suspended from a 120-foot "cherry picker," a crane used to trim trees. Distant shots of the balloon were made with an eight-foot miniature painted to resemble *La Coquette*, as Todd whimsically named the balloon.

For their help in producing *Around the World in 80 Days* Todd paid the Balloon Club $500, which helped finance a trip to Europe to race in an international competition at Hengelo, Holland, in the summer of 1957. Accompanying Shields were Tony Fairbanks and Connie Wolf. There were fourteen balloons from nine different nations entered in the contest, the object of which was to see who could travel the greatest distance in four hours.

"The other entries were quite antagonistic toward us at first," Connie Wolf recalls. "They expected us to show up with a great new golden balloon and all sorts of expensive equipment. But as we unpacked our gear we became more and more popular. When we finally got our patched-up old Government-surplus bag inflated, everybody thawed out, and we had a wonderful time."

The American team won fifth place in the event, aided by a Dutch crewman who brought along a bottle of champagne, a bottle of brandy and some carrier pigeons which he released during the race.

Since then the club has made flights in Canada, Belgium, England and Switzerland, as well as throughout the United States. A club balloon was the last aircraft to take off from Roosevelt Field, Long Island, the scene of Lindbergh's departure for Paris, before the airport was closed to make room for a suburban shopping area. Another club crew was the first to fly a balloon over London. And wherever the club puts in an appearance with one of its balloons it never fails to attract a crowd, just as we did when we landed in what seemed to be a fairly wide-open farm area. There's something compelling about a balloon flight that makes even the most blasé observers sit up and take notice.

After my trip was over I hitched a ride with a friend who had a car, and we followed the second flight to its final resting place, a rocky hillside meadow in northern New Jersey. The surface wind had picked up considerably during the morning, and Shields wasn't as fortunate in his landing as we had been. He attempted to set down in a clear area, but the balloon wouldn't slow down. He ended up in a tree, at which point he pulled the rip panel. The bag collapsed in a heap, and the passengers tumbled down out of the tree in a confusion of net, rope, sandbags and basket. But they all emerged smiling.

The car which was towing the trailer to haul the equipment back to Swarthmore had got lost en route, so we sat by the side of a road, talking. After a while a local newspaperman showed up to find out what had happened. He got his story, but something was still bothering him.

Finally he asked, "You mean to say you do all this just for fun?" THE END

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Don't Pity Us Handicapped

(Continued from Page 30)

the Pentagon as chairman of a Defense Department committee assigned to draft an armed-forces-reserve reorganization bill.

While testifying for this bill during the summer of 1951, I developed a severe case of ulcers and on August twenty-eighth was admitted to the Bethesda Naval Hospital. That very day my eyes began to hemorrhage, and the sight of my right eye began to fail.

Two weeks later a Navy doctor sat down by my bed and said bluntly, "You're a marine and supposed to be able to take it, so we're laying it on the line—you're going to be completely blind, and in all probability it will be permanent."

I was stunned speechless. The doctor went on to explain that the blindness apparently had no connection with the ulcers and might have been caused by any one of a hundred things, including bombing injuries I had suffered on Okinawa in World War II. When the doctor left, my first feeling was one of desperation. I had terrible visions of sitting on a street corner, selling pencils or shoelaces. For two nights I lay in a cold sweat. I never actually contemplated suicide, but I was all too aware that I was in a room next to the one from which a depressed James V. Forrestal, former Secretary of Defense, had gone to his death through a window in 1949.

My two immediate worries were that my income would be cut off and that I would be rejected socially. For the first time in my life, at fifty-three years of age, I faced the prospect of being utterly useless. I was afraid that I would be unable to support my family and would be a burden to them as well. I wondered if my family might not be better off if I were dead and they had my life insurance.

This period of black depression might have clamped down on me for weeks or even months—but I was too busy. I was still working on that reorganization bill. I was on the telephone all day every weekday, discussing its progress with the congressmen who were guiding it through the House.

On the third night my panic ended. I was able to summon up a philosophy that had helped me before. It is: If you are faced with a problem and can do anything about it, get busy and do it. If your problem is something you can't do anything about, then it is senseless to worry about it.

I began to wonder what I could do about my problem, and I began to experiment. I still had some sight in my left eye, but I wondered what life would be like when that was gone. One morning I kept my eyes tightly shut as I got out of bed; I went to the bathroom and showered, shaved and brushed my teeth without peeking once. This test brought me profound relief. If I could do that much without any trouble, life couldn't be so bad.

My re-evaluation of myself started. First I realized that I wouldn't be penniless, as I had imagined during the period of initial shock. Any officer in the armed forces who is retired for total disability gets 75 per cent of the base pay of his retirement grade, and this is exempt from income tax. As it turned out, I had reached the rank of major general by the time I retired, and thus began drawing approximately $900 a month, tax-free. Also, some years before I had bought an accident-insurance policy that brings me a substantial monthly income.

Meanwhile, the psychological readjustment with my wife, Kathy, and my four children was starting out well. Kathy set an example by treating me just right—with encouragement and adequate sympathy but without coddling or maudlin sentiment. One day she brought me a brochure which described the rehabilitation course at the Veterans Administration Hospital at Hines, Illinois. My religion—I am a Catholic—has taught me that if I had the will to take advantage of the compensations, God would give me the strength and confidence. The brochure said that upon completion of the Hines course a person should be able to do everything he could before he went blind except drive a car. The course lived up to its promise.

My training at Hines started in November, 1951, as soon as I was able to leave the Naval Hospital. And at Hines I found myself with 2500 others—mostly Korean War veterans—in the same predicament as myself, but learning things which make it possible for them to lead an almost normal life. Their constant self-kidding was wonderful for the morale of all of us. The whole course was designed to give us confidence—to rid us of the fear that we might become social pariahs. Even the compulsory dancing class with the Red Cross girls had this aim, though it took me a while to appreciate it.

At the first of these dances, when a Red Cross girl asked me to dance, I tried to beg off with the old chestnut, "I broke my leg in China." She didn't back down but pulled me to my feet with the remark, "Oh, come on, general. If you enjoy dancing, you close your eyes anyway."

After we had danced awhile, my partner asked me how I was getting along at Hines, and I admitted that I was having some trouble learning Braille. "Just remember one thing," she quipped. "Confine your practicing to paper."

At Hines I soon acquired a state of mind which, I am convinced, is one of the most important mental aids to the handicapped. I learned to regard my existence as a continual challenge, full of the excitement of discovery. When I woke up in the morning, I asked myself, *What new things can I learn today—things that I once thought could be done only with sight?*

In fact, I sometimes tried to do more than the course permitted. That's how I came to drive a car. One January day my instructor took me on an assignment in an outlying neighborhood. He parked his car at an angle. When we returned, a heavy snow was falling. The car's wheels spun when we tried to back out, so I persuaded the instructor to get out and push while I took the wheel. I was able to back the car into the middle of the street. Then I couldn't resist shifting gears and driving forward a short distance. The instructor got back behind the steering wheel with a memorable sigh of relief.

The Hines brochure had not bothered to rule out flying an airplane, and I had never heard of anyone literally flying blind. Yet, one time when I was returning from Hines to Washington, D.C., in a Marine Corps transport plane, I suddenly got the urge to take the controls again. After all, I had logged between 8000 and 9000 hours as a marine pilot, and some of those hours had been fairly exciting. In fact, one of them had been downright stupid. That was back in 1931 when some of my colleagues in the House of Representatives scoffed at my notion that an enemy plane could get close enough to bomb the Capitol. To show them, I borrowed an old pursuit plane from nearby Bolling Field and made three screaming runs on the (*Continued on Page 63*)

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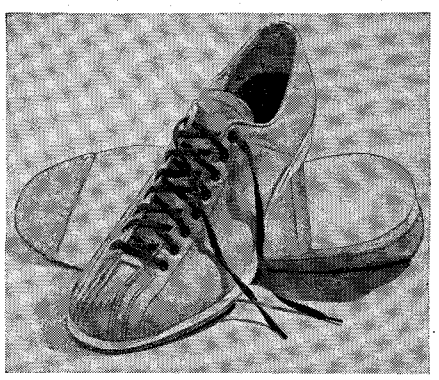

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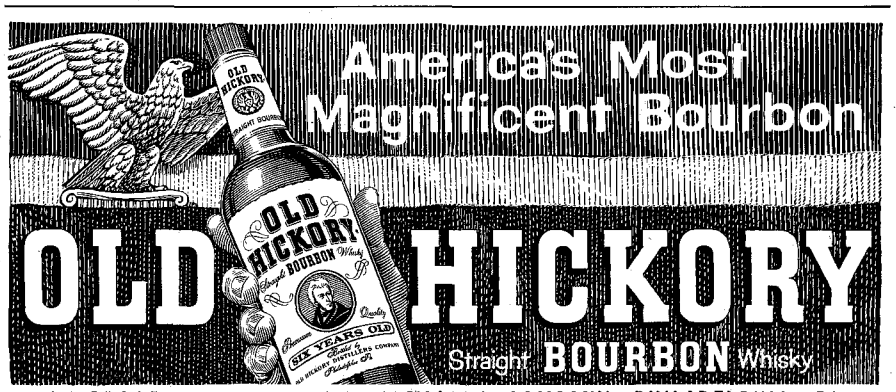

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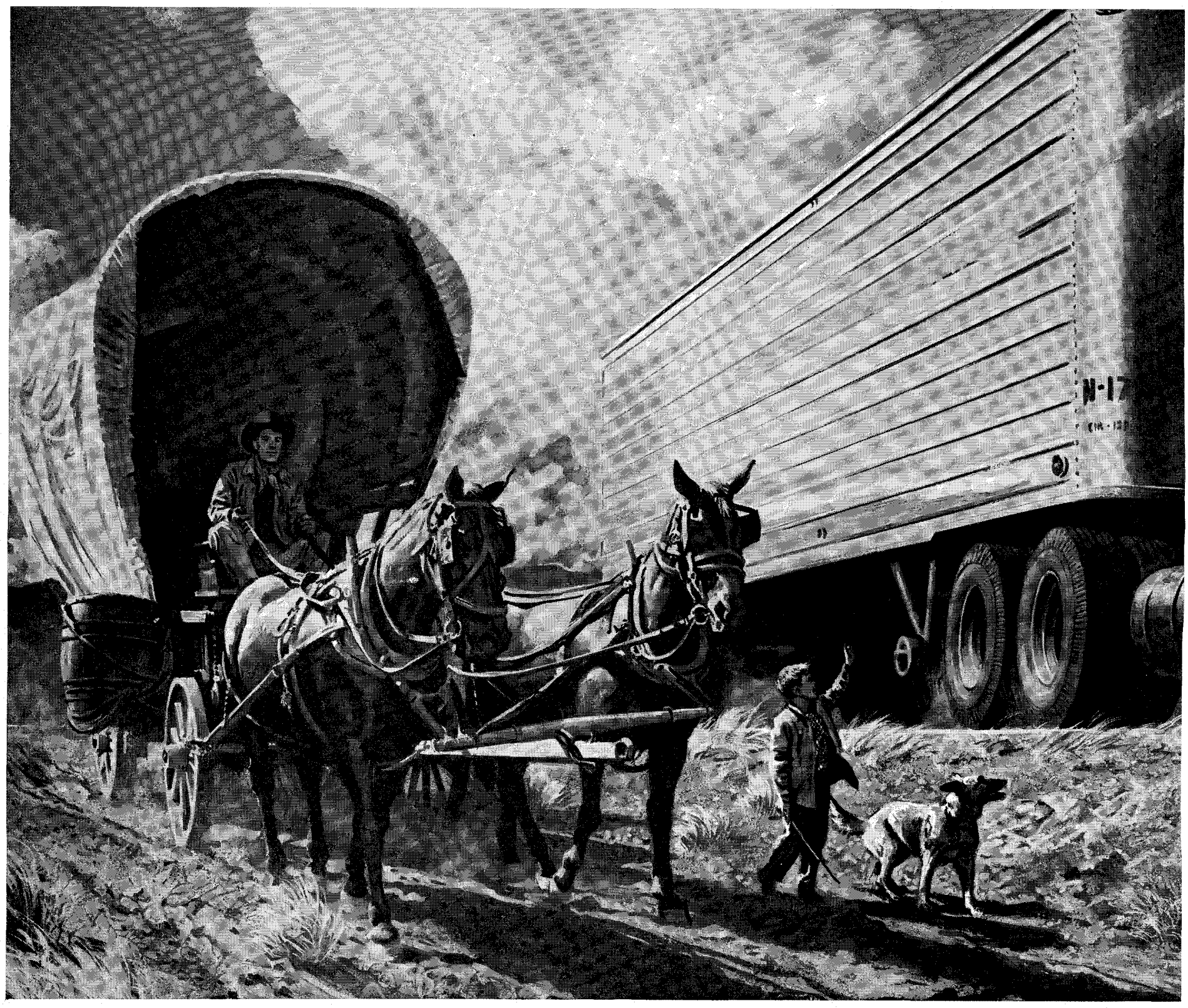

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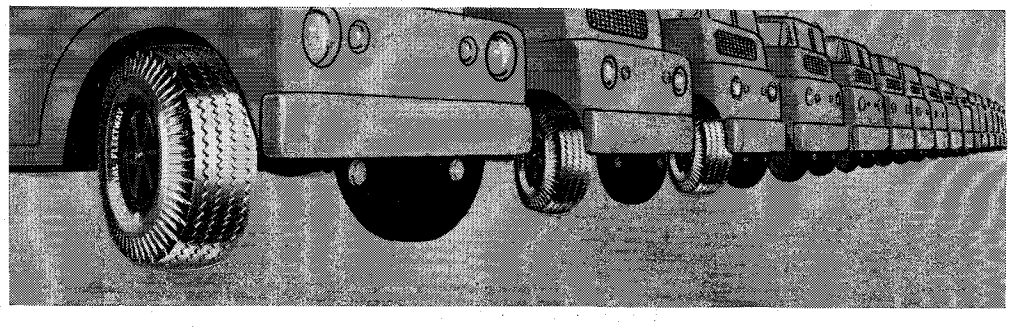

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(*Continued from Page 61*) skylight of the House while it was in session. Members told me later the vibrations shook some plaster from the ceiling—and emptied the House in record time. Foolish though this stunt was, it proved my point.

Well, on this trip back to Washington in 1952, I asked the pilot, whom I knew well, to let me take his seat. He yielded, and I enjoyed myself thoroughly. After about ten minutes the copilot leaned over and said respectfully, "General, you've made a ninety-degree turn to the right." Following the usual procedure, I twisted the controls over to the left and held them there for fifteen seconds to compensate. I said, "Well, son, how's that?" He replied, "Fine, general, except that you've made a 150-degree correction."

When I returned to the cabin, I sat with a group of young marines hitchhiking a ride back to the capital. I said, "Boys, you don't know it, but you've just been piloted by the blindest blind pilot in the business." They laughed and one of them spoke up.

"But, general," he said, "you were doing swell—especially on that 360-degree turn." This was interesting news. The copilot, a first lieutenant, apparently had been too shy to tell a blind general that he was flying in circles.

So I gave up flying. But I have never given up reviewing parades. At first it seemed silly, but now it seems perfectly natural. I can enjoy the music, and my memory of thousands of other parades helps me to visualize the scene. In fact, with someone giving me a description of what's passing—and nudging me when to salute the flag—I can practically see the whole thing.

Despite my blindness, I was kept on active duty at the Pentagon until August 1, 1952, because my advice was needed on technical amendments to the Reserve bill before it finally passed the Senate. During the next three years I was recalled to active duty to serve in full uniform at meetings of the Reserve Forces Policy Board, of which I was a member. Also, I served intermittently on active duty as a member of promotion boards in the Marine Corps.

One day an Army general remarked that I was probably the only general in history to remain on active duty while blind. "Oh, no, general," I said, "only the first to admit it."

When the President's Committee on the Employment of the Physically Handicapped was created in 1947, President Truman had appointed me as a member, presumably to represent the military reserves. In April, 1954, President Eisenhower asked me to step up to the job of chairman. I tried to convince the President that a sighted person could do a better job than I could. But I lost this argument with Ike, who had been a friend of mine since he was an Army major assigned to the War Department.

Our committee does not find specific jobs for the disabled. Its purpose is to educate employers in the practical advantages of hiring the handicapped. Our program is carried on through radio and television programs donated by industry, free advertising and newspaper space, job-opportunity tips channeled through the AFL-CIO, consultation with state and local governments and many other ways.

The committee has fifteen salaried workers plus its noncompensated chairman and 300 committee members representing civic, fraternal, labor, veterans and other national groups. Mine is primarily a public-relations job. I give three or four speeches a week before all types of luncheon and dinner meetings.

Almost all my trips are by air, and I am usually met at the airport by members of the group I am scheduled to address. My first European trip after becoming blind was in 1953. After attending an international veterans' rehabilitation conference at The Hague, I went on to Paris to take up a military matter with my boyhood friend, Gen. Alfred Gruenther, then supreme commander of NATO and now president of the American Red Cross. After chatting with me for a while, Gruenther asked, "Who's with you, Mel?"

"No one," I said.

"No one?" he echoed. From the tone of his voice I could tell that he didn't believe me. So I explained that on my first trip as a blind man an escort had come along, but had become so airsick that I had to take care of the escort. After that I had decided to go it alone.

Only once has there been a serious mix-up in my solo travel arrangements. In December, 1957, I flew to Guatemala City to address an Inter-American conference. I had been told the reception committee would include quite a number of lovely young ladies. But no one at all was there to greet me at the bottom of the ramp. I followed the other passengers into the terminal by the sound of their heels—but still no one welcomed me. For the first and only time in my foreign travels, I felt keenly my total ignorance of foreign languages.

After standing around helplessly, I recalled the name of the hotel I was booked into, and desperately began calling out, "San Carlos Hotel! San Carlos Hotel!" Nothing happened. People must have thought I was a barker for the hotel. After a half hour, however, a perceptive taxi driver took pity on me and delivered me to the San Carlos. There my hosts explained the mix-up—I had not been expected until the next day.

Diplomacy is the art of letting the other fellow have your way.

JOHN C. VIVIAN

In the United States if no one meets me at the airport, I ask a skycap to get me a taxi. The taxi driver, the hotel doorman and the bellhops take over from there. When the bellhop shows me to my room I ask him to take me completely around it, identifying each piece of furniture. When he leaves the room, I feel my way around the walls again. After that it's just as if I could see the room.

When I travel, my schedule usually puts me in a different city every day. Early one morning I woke up and couldn't remember where the bathroom was in the room I was occupying. Then I realized I didn't even know what city I was in. Having no alternative, I called the switchboard operator and timidly asked her where I was. Before she told me I was in Cleveland, Ohio, I could overhear her turn to another operator and say, "Boy, has this guy been on a bender!"

One of the first problems I faced in traveling was that the hotel maid invariably put my bedroom slippers some place where it was almost impossible for me to find them. Now, before I leave my room I make a point of hiding my slippers from the maid—usually in a dresser drawer—before she can hide them from me.

Like other physically handicapped persons who get around, I find that the biggest hazard is the well-meaning but thoughtless person who is determined to help me. It seems to be a natural inclination to grab a blind person by the arm and shove him along. But if I'm shoved

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out in front of a sighted person, it means I come to the curb first, or I am pushed into revolving doors ahead of him. However, if he lets me take his arm, then I'm a half step behind him and can tell by the feel of his arm anything he's about to do, such as turning or going downstairs.

For some reason it's very hard to get people to do that. I finally got to the point where I just let them shove me. I've come home from trips with my eyes black and blue or my flesh bruised. Once I suffered a broken rib. A fellow I judged to be about six feet, six inches tall—nearly a foot taller than I am—held me in a vise-like grip and propelled me toward a door. He went through the center of the door, but I slammed against the doorjamb.

Many people tell me I do not look blind at first glance, and nothing tickles me more than to be mistaken for a sighted person. When I go to the hotel dining room, for example, I ask a waiter to read me the menu. One waiter misunderstood and said apologetically, "Mister, I'm just as ignorant as you are."

I don't wear dark glasses or carry a white cane. A long cane gets in my way in airplanes, in restaurants, and so forth, so I use the collapsible leg of a camera tripod. It can be folded and put into my pocket when I don't need it to warn me of steps and to measure the height of curbstones.

From the beginning I was determined to avoid the telltale characteristics of the blind. At Hines, my instructor drilled me in turning my head toward the person I was addressing, "watching" the smoke curling up from my cigar and in other habits of the normal person.

To avoid using Braille notes on the dais, I memorize the substance of my speeches. As soon as I have been introduced, I usually say, "I know what I'm talking about because I'm handicapped too." Then as a sympathetic hush settles over the audience, I add, "I've got false teeth!" I can hear the tension snap. A burst of laughter follows, and from then on I've got my listeners where I want them.

Some of my more amusing experiences are woven into my message. Once, for example, when my wife drove me to the Washington airport for a trip to Miami, Florida, she discovered before I boarded the plane that I was wearing a brown checked sport jacket with gray trousers, gray vest and gray accessories. Although I use Braille labels on my coat hangers to prevent exactly this sort of confusion, I had made a mistake that morning. So I had to go on to Miami in my scrambled ensemble. When I rose to speak on the program I explained what had happened.

"And you know what my wife said to me?" I told the audience. "She said, 'Now you're not only blind but color-blind!'"

Humor is a wonderful safety valve for a handicapped person. At a West Coast factory I was with a blind youth who was pushing a paraplegic to the cafeteria in a wheel chair, the paraplegic giving the directions. When the wheel chair bumped the wall slightly, the paraplegic wise-cracked, "Hey, look where you're going!"

"If you don't like my driving," the blind youth shot back, "get out and walk."

It would seem obvious that sighted people should immediately identify themselves when addressing a blind person, but they often forget this amenity. Sometimes the results are funny. Not long ago a blind former Army pilot gleefully told me about going to a cocktail party where a woman greeted him by throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him. He reciprocated. But when the woman broke from the affectionate clinch, he amused onlookers by inquiring, "Say, just who are you?"

She was, of course, an old friend, but not until she spoke could he be sure which old friend. I told him I could appreciate his problem because I've had the same pleasant experience several times.

Learning to compensate for lack of sight has been a constant challenge. Formerly when traveling I would read or look at the landscape. Now I have trained myself to use this time to concentrate on the tasks at hand or to meditate. I believe I have learned to think more clearly than I could before I became blind.

A by-product of this concentration has been a tremendous development of my memory—it has become far more retentive than I ever imagined it could be. For example, while I was on the Reserve Forces Policy Board, several members once challenged my detailed recollection of the testimony a general had given the day before. They got out their copies of the general's statement and discovered that I was right. Dr. Arthur Adams, then chairman of the board, was deeply impressed and asked me how I remembered the involved testimony so clearly.

"Well, Mr. Chairman," I said. "I have an advantage—I'm not handicapped by sight."

Since I can't use a telephone directory, I have trained myself to remember some 200 telephone numbers and as many extension numbers. Also, I have developed my own system for dialing, which is faster than that used by the normal sighted person. If you doubt this claim, let me explain that I don't have to lose any time looking for the next number, and instead of waiting for the dial to spring back by itself after each movement, I move it back with my finger to give me the reference point for the next digit.

Thanks to modern science, my life at home is anything but that "separate dark world" which traditionally was thought to be the lot of the blind. I am virtually self-sufficient in my soundproofed "office" in the basement of my Washington suburban house, where I live with Kathy and my eighteen-year-old son, Melvin, Jr. My three daughters are now on their own—two are married and one is a captain in the Marine Corps.

Surrounding my chair are a Braille writing machine, a dictating machine, a pocket-size tape recorder, an "intercom" connecting me with the upstairs, a radio and the audio part of a television set. There are many TV discussion programs and detective plays which, with a little imagination, I can enjoy probably as much as people who watch them. And I take in—effortlessly—more good literature than ever before by listening for hours on end to my "talking book" records which, incidentally, are provided free by the Library of Congress to all blind citizens of this country. On the whole, I am busier perhaps than I ever have been. I belong to seventy-two organizations—local, national and international—and am quite active in twenty of them.

The degree to which a handicapped person can become usefully busy obviously is the most important key to his readjustment. On the President's committee, we define a physically handicapped person as "one who has a condition which makes normal employment difficult." We believe the committee deserves some credit for the fact that, since its start in 1947, employers in the United States have been hiring the handicapped at a rate which now runs close to 300,000 a year. Approximately 7,500,000 handicapped persons are now employed in this country, and we know of another 2,000,000 who are employable if the right jobs are found.

The appalling additional fact is that on the basis of door-to-door surveys we estimate there are another 2,000,000 "hidden handicapped" who are unreached by doctors and government agencies. These are unfortunates, suffering blindness, epilepsy, palsy, and the like, who have been hidden away in back rooms or attics because their relatives imagine that some social stigma is attached to such conditions. So we apparently have a long way yet to go in convincing all Americans that the handicapped are human beings like everyone else and have the same hopes, dreams and need for dignity, asking only a positive role to play in society.

When a person objects to working alongside a handicapped worker, he usually explains that he is afraid an accident will happen. But this is only an excuse and has no foundation in fact. After searching workmen's-compensation-law statistics all over the United States, we have yet to find a case where a handicapped worker caused an accident to a normal worker. Indeed, in the Hughes electronics plant in Los Angeles, 27 per cent of the work force is physically handicapped in some way, yet that plant's insurance rates have been reduced several times because there hasn't been an accident among these workers in ten years.

No, I think the reason why a normal person is uncomfortable in the presence of the disabled goes deeper than the purported fear of accidents. There is a feeling that these people are basically different. It may well be a psychological factor that can be traced to an early exposure to the grimmer kind of fairy tales, in which deformity invariably is associated with ugliness and evil.

Despite my concern for this humanitarian aspect, we keep our pitch for hiring the handicapped on a purely practical basis. Not only do they have a better accident record than their co-workers but the handicapped outproduce them, and demonstrate more ingenuity in doing a job better or faster. Actually, of course, every handicapped person is—of necessity—an inventor.

My own success in drastically rebuilding my life is by no means unusual. In fact, whenever I pride myself on doing well, I hear about somebody who puts me to shame. Three years after my blindness, I confessed some momentary feeling of inadequacy to a thirty-year-old acquaintance who has been blind since he was two and could do amazing things. He laughed and said, "Oh, well, you're just a novice. Wait until you've been blind for twenty-eight years."

But at least in my worst moments of discouragement, I never said to myself, "Why did this have to happen to me?" After all, I feel there are few people who have had a more exciting life than I have had. Long ago I decided I had more than my share of good fortune, and I still have. My greatest compensation comes from people who approach me gratefully after a speech. Many a mother has said that I have given her hope for the future of her blind child. Others have said, "I'll never feel sorry for myself again."

My seven-year-old grandson, Marty Martino, summed it all up better than anyone else. When he got on my knee and I explained how I was able to get around, he said, "I've got it, grandfather—you can see with everything but your eyes!"

International Country Town (Continued from Page 33)

Republic became real when we chatted with Abdul Omar Rahman, a chemist, and his mathematician wife. They talked passionately of the terrible personal poverty of the Arab world today and of its great potential tomorrow—while their chubby, cheerful daughter, Azza, who may see that potential realized, played at their feet. Sunday afternoon, in the comfortable home of Jake Notze, a Kansan born in a sod hut, Achim Schrader, a German sociologist, haltingly told how intellectual life had been destroyed by Hitler. In his lapel Schrader wore the Brandenburg Gate pin, the defiant emblem of free Berlin.

The eighteen young men and women from overseas who were in Burns that weekend were all foreign students from the University of Kansas. They were enjoying an opportunity available to few visitors from abroad: the chance to get to know what life is like in a small American town.

Treated as members of the families with whom they stayed, they were given the same reception a son or daughter home from college for a visit might receive. "We fix up an extra bedroom," explains Mrs. Mark Miller, "bake a couple of things from our best recipes, and plan with relatives and friends for a couple of get-togethers." Mrs. Fred Oldering adds, "We just do what happens." That's all—and the foreign students love it. Axel Plambeck, from Germany, says, "Nothing far ahead planned is one of the joys of Burns." Ten families actually act as hosts; but many more open their homes, churches, farms, businesses and clubs to the students. Everywhere around town the visitors are accepted with a ready smile and a warm hello.

"Burns quickly became a real home, a place where one could go any time and he was welcomed always," wrote Dr. Meenakshi Tyararajan, a former guest in Burns and now a woman economist in New Delhi, India. "After a spell of hard work it was wonderful to relax in the friendly warmth of a Burns home, with picnics, games with the children, and lots of laughter. Or else, if work at the university was heavy, one could pack up the books and return to Burns to be received with sympathy and understanding, and given a room for quiet study. One was pampered just enough to keep up the spirits, and disciplined just enough to get the work done on time."

There was another aspect of the town's hospitality that impressed Doctor Tyararajan. "Because of my strange attire and appearance, I was always something of a curiosity most places in the United States," she remembers. "People could never quite veil their interest in my outlandishness. Though this was nearly always friendly, I couldn't help feeling odd and awkward. Burns was the only place in the United States where I never once felt like an animal in a zoo."

This atmosphere of acceptance and affectionately casual welcome isn't accomplished without some planning. For example, when the (*Continued on Page 66*)

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(*Continued from Page 64*) women of Burns drive to the university, at Lawrence, 140 miles away, to pick up their guests, they stop at a restaurant and make sure that dark-skinned students will be served on the way back. In town the hostesses try to see that a Mohammedan won't be served a hot dog with pork in it at a picnic, and they go over the church bulletin with non-Christian students Saturday night so they won't feel completely at sea during the service Sunday morning.

Even the most careful plans, however, can't forestall some embarrassing incidents. One hostess borrowed a book on Africa and showed her two-year-old daughter colored pictures of Africans so she would not be too curious about the guest coming to stay in their home. It worked for the girl, but at Saturday lunch her six-year-old brother, who had seen many a Negro without ever making a comment, turned to his mother and said loudly, "He's nice, but I didn't know he'd be brown." The African's booming laughter eased the confusion of the mother, who had tried so hard to avoid just that sort of comment.

Most misunderstandings are tempered by the obvious fact that the people of Burns mean well. They don't try to put on airs for the students; they just are themselves. This quality showed clearly at the church supper I attended on a Saturday night. I have suffered through many of these affairs, which generally seem to go on and on; and I had expected speech after speech from politicians and clergymen. Perhaps, I shuddered, there would even be a Girl Scout skit or a piano recital, and other sorts of organized "fun." Even worse, the visiting students might be exploited by being forced to entertain the town with "native" dances and songs.

My fears were unfounded. The students came as family members and were greeted as such. They visited, joked, and discussed the expected wheat crop or a youngster's cough like everyone else. Finally dozens of great, heaping platters of food—ham, meat loaf, baked beans, fried chicken, potatoes, macaroni, pickles, cakes, pies: the prize dishes of each housewife—were put on tables. In the middle was a great urn of coffee. Each family brought its own china and silver, and, after the minister said grace, more than 100 people filed by, taking what they wanted and then sitting at the two long tables which stretched almost the length of the basement room. There was plenty of time to joke and to visit.

At the end of the dinner a lady stood up and asked, "Is there any program? Does anyone have anything they want to say or do?" A foreign student got up and expressed his thanks, briefly. That was it. Again the townspeople visited, finally drifting off in informal family groups, their foreign students included with a naturalness more expressive than any amount of hearty hospitality.

Of course, if the students want to do or see something special, that is quietly and happily arranged. They have visited refineries, oil fields and airplane factories in nearby Wichita. A German law student was interested in the hot-lunch program, so he shared a meal with the sixth grade. Hindus, Moslems, Catholics and Buddhists have gone to the local churches. Boys from the city have milked cows, and Mrs. Nakota Wada of Japan learned to cook a blueberry pie. A student from equatorial Colombia built his first snowman, and when Josefina Caravaca of Argentina brought her parents to Burns, their host drove them to a game refuge fifteen miles away to see a real bison.

Students have gone Christmas caroling and have attended baptisms, birthdays, weddings, even funerals. An Egyptian was thrilled to ride a wheat combine with Walter Lohrentz, who is a farmer as well as a physics teacher. I heard a Filipino and an Iraqi bragging about the catfish they had just caught on an afternoon fishing trip. Once at the Warkentine farm, when the hogs wouldn't pay attention to the farmer's call, a dainty Korean girl unexpectedly let loose with the mighty bellow she used at home—and they came arunning.

Schinichi Schigihara (left) of Japan and Ritva Makinen of Finland out for a stroll in Burns, the Kansas town which entertains foreign students.

Aline Roux, one of the French students at the University of Kansas, gave neighborhood children a dance lesson in her hostess' home.

Hog calling is not the only service these guests have performed. Some have taught Sunday school or sung in the choir; and an agnostic from Venezuela folded the church bulletin one Saturday. A German boy and an Indian girl cut a hole in a wall to install a built-in telephone stand between the delighted hosts' dining room and kitchen. One Norwegian girl painted a bedroom. And on Sunday most students get into the act of making ice cream in a hand-cranked freezer.

At times the visitors' assistance, though well-intentioned, proves a problem. One family casually remarked that they liked hot food, meaning they used mild mustard on their wieners. But the Indian girl staying with them, seeking to please, insisted on making "a good, hot curry" for the very next meal. She heaped it full of red pepper. Eyes watering, smiling wanly, gulping liquids, her hosts got it down. Another time a girl from Latin America, accustomed to having servants do the dishes, washed the dinner plates with nothing but cold water and a scouring pad. Her astonished hostess thanked the girl profusely—and later did the dishes over again with hot water and soap.

Many times, on the other hand, it is the students who have to be diplomatic. A Korean girl, for example, had to smile, nod understandingly, and act serious and interested while her host conversed with her in the Korean he'd been taught in the Army. He was proud of his skill, but actually it didn't extend much beyond the phrase, "Put the lid on the box."

All in all, however, such problems seem trivial beside the fact that these students get to know well at least one American family and one American town. This year 50,000 foreign students will come to the United States, a new high in the flood which has increased rapidly since the end of World War II. In many ways these are our most important visitors. Not only will they be the leaders of their own countries; they also will be the experts on America, the people who can strengthen or destroy our reputation around the globe.

Yet the America most students from overseas get to know is dreadfully limited; they rarely meet ordinary Americans, rarely have a chance to see the real American way of life. Most are wrapped up in their studies, and many live on intellectual reservations with other graduate students from overseas, isolated from both undergraduate campus life and the local community. The memories they take home are often bitter.

Many agencies are doing a hard-working job of giving foreign students a chance to get to know America. They include the Institute of International Education; the Committee on Friendly Relations Among Foreign Students; the Cleveland Council on World Affairs; the International Student Center at Cambridge, Massachusetts; International Houses in New York, Berkeley and Chicago; Philadelphia's Council for International Visitors; The Experiment in International Living; the Washington, D.C., Foreign Student Service Council; the Foundation for International Understanding Through Foreign Students, in Seattle, Washington; the Greater New York Council for Foreign Students; the National Catholic Welfare Conference; the National Council of Women of the United States; the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce; United Church Women; and Rotary International, including local clubs in such towns as Osage, Iowa.

These programs are excellent, yet only a few can equal the depth and breadth of personal contact found in Burns. As one foreign student said, "You get tired of all the invitations to dinner and to speak, where everybody asks, 'How do you do?' and doesn't expect an answer." The contacts, though friendly, are brief and often superficial.

Burns is different. Here students are given an opportunity to stay long and return frequently. Although there are fewer than 300 people in town, ninety-five students from forty-three countries and territories have spent 651 days in Burns since the program started less than five years ago.

That is why Mr. and Mrs. Ed Grimwood traveled to Washington, D.C., last year, as representatives of Burns, to receive the community-service award of the Institute of International Education, the private organization which has for forty years worked to encourage and expedite international student exchange. The I.I.E. knows the entire foreign-student situation in the United States better than any other organization. Its president, Kenneth Holland, speaks authoritatively when he explains, "The tiny town of Burns, Kansas, is typical of the best in our hospitality program. Burns' families offer not only hospitality but also friendship. The town's importance in the picture of America these men and women take back to their homelands cannot be overestimated."

The Burns program began in a haphazard, happenstance manner in 1954. Betty Grimwood, a dark, trim housewife, then twenty-nine, was sitting in a doctor's office in El Dorado, Kansas, flipping through a magazine, when she glanced through a brief article about a town which had invited some foreign students home for Thanksgiving. When her turn came to see the doctor, she tossed the magazine aside, but the seed had been planted.

One evening not long afterward the president of the Women's Society of Christian Service in the Methodist Church

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in Burns called her with a problem. The program for the meeting the next day had fallen through; could Mrs. Grimwood think of a substitute? She said she'd try, and she discussed the idea of a Thanksgiving visit with her best friend, Mrs. Bonnie Lohrentz, a bright, cheery blonde. They decided Betty Grimwood should tell the Women's Society what she could remember of the article, and then propose that Burns do the same thing.

Many of the families in Burns, such as the Grimwoods and the Lohrentzes, are pious ones. A prayer of thanks is offered before every meal, and Bible study is part of their daily routine. Most important, they try to practice their Christianity. The members of the Women's Society enthusiastically voted to invite some foreign students to Burns, quoting the first two verses of the thirteenth chapter of Hebrews: "Let brotherly love continue. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

They also decided to invite students from the University of Kansas, even though it is 140 miles away, because they correctly imagined that students at a big university have the least opportunity to visit a small town. Five families—a hardware dealer's, a cabinetmaker's, a teacher's, a farmer's and a minister's—volunteered to open their homes to two foreign students apiece.

In the summer of 1954 Dean Donald Alderson, then foreign student adviser at the university, received a letter from Burns, asking for ten student visitors at Thanksgiving, and adding, "Nationality and race we leave up to you." This is the only reason he remembers that first correspondence. Far too many Americans ask for "a nice Scandinavian girl." In fact he called Betty Grimwood to make sure the town would really welcome people of any color and religion.

Convinced that Burns meant what it said, Dean Alderson selected one student each from Colombia, Liberia, Germany, Pakistan, Switzerland, Italy, India, Austria, France and Egypt. Each of these students received a hand-written invitation, and all accepted.

Then both sides began to get cold feet. Several of those first students have written me how much they worried about going. Would they really be welcome? Would the people really want them in their homes? Would their hosts laugh at them or make them put on a show? What would they talk about? In Burns the hosts suffered similar doubts. Most of the visitors were graduate students. Few people in Burns had even gone to college. What would they talk about? Would the students laugh at tiny Burns and its small-town ways? Would they, the hosts, accidentally insult their guests? Would they be able to understand each other? Would there be long, uncomfortable silences?

The day before Thanksgiving Betty Grimwood and Bonnie Lohrentz took the three-hour drive to Lawrence and picked up the students. Things were awkward at first, but the women and their guests soon thawed out. As they rode back in the two cars, for the holiday, there was laughter and chatter. The women fell into a custom which continues to this day. During the three-hour ride they get to know the students, and only when they arrive in Burns do they decide in which home to place each student.

Describing this first Thanksgiving, Dr. Moin Uddin Baqai, a banker in Karachi, Pakistan, wrote me, "I had never had the feeling of entering the life of a family or a community in the United States as it is from day to day. Burns was different. The large, noisy family dinner on Thanksgiving Day, with all the grandparents, brothers and sisters together, the idle play with the children, gave me back the family life that I missed. I was welcome in the kitchen without much polite protestation. I was a family member and could help Betty wash dishes. I learned to carve a turkey on Thanksgiving eve by watching a television show, and surprised everybody by my skill at doing it the next day."

The weekend was such a success that a few of the students, including Doctor Baqai, hesitantly indicated that they would love to come back at Christmas and bring friends. Seven of the first ten did return, with two friends, and in this casual way the program developed. Each Thanksgiving new students are invited. During the rest of the year they are expected to return whenever they want—at Christmas, Easter, on free weekends, during vacations—just as if they were members of the family.

"I went back to visit Burns four or five times during the year," wrote Doctor Baqai. "In fact, a part of all my subsequent vacations was spent at Burns. The atmosphere was one of completely homely leisure. On Sundays we visited the church. Sometimes we visited other members of the family or received visitors at home. Watching television, talking to Tom and Charley (the Grimwood boys) or playing chess with Ed were the main activities at home.

"To be frank," he summed up, "I had always considered American people as completely nonserious and pleasure-loving. In Burns I found people devoutly religious, without being bigoted. They are extremely tolerant of other faiths, and showed a genuine human concern for other people. Finally, I found them quite hard-working. Both men and women struggle hard to achieve a better life for themselves and the community."

The hard-working Americans they meet in Burns include the Elmer Nelsons, who have no children of their own, but have reared seven youngsters—nieces, nephews and strangers—who had no home of their own. I'm sure the students are impressed, as I was, when they walk downtown and see a small park, complete with seesaws, a merry-go-round, swings, and picnic tables, which Elmer, a carpenter, built with his own hands as a gift to his home town.

A visit with a family such as the Nelsons can quickly dispel the strange misconceptions too many foreign students have about America. Rosemarie Balbier from Nahbollenbach, Germany, told me, "I thought there was no family life at all in America. Then I found family life in Burns healthier and far better than it is at home."

An Egyptian Ph.D. candidate told me he was greatly impressed that he could not tell the economic, political or social status of his hosts as he went from one home to another in Burns. To him this was the ultimate proof of democracy.

An Italian girl wrote, "I can never forget the wonderful lesson that you gave me. You invited in your home the Catholic priest and the Methodist minister, and they looked very well together. This lesson of tolerance was the best one for us intolerant European and Asiatic peoples."

Occasionally the contacts are explosive. One former resident of Burns, who has since moved away, violently opposed the visits of foreigners. The students never found out about this, however; they were kept out of his way, and he never had a chance to create trouble. Other clashes can't be avoided. Once a Latin American was deeply insulted by a practical joke, until other people in town convinced him that he had just observed small-town Kansas humor in action.

Misunderstandings, however, have been amazingly rare. The town has, on the whole, been able to make strangers feel uniquely at home. One Catholic girl from Switzerland, Gabrielle Aeschlimann, felt terribly homesick on Christmas Eve. She ran back to her room before setting off alone to midnight Mass, telling her Protestant hosts she had gone to get more handkerchiefs. She explained, "I am prepared to cry when I am at Mass."

Later she returned bright-eyed and happy. "I simply can't believe it," she said. "I didn't shed a tear. I looked around the church and discovered I knew a rancher, the postmaster and his assistant, your baby sitter; I even knew the priest. It is impossible to be homesick when you feel that you belong in a community."

Few of the students can have appreciated this gift of belonging more deeply than Rahim Ojikutu, the Nigerian. A graduate of an English university, he finished two years of advanced study here in anthropology last spring, and has returned to England to begin medical training. Yet, when he took a bus trip to Mexico last Christmas with a group of white foreign students, he had an agonizing experience he will never forget. For a thousand miles through western Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas he was not able

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A wife is a woman who hopes to see the screens down and the storm windows up between baseball and football.

VESTA M. KELLY

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to leave the bus to get a drink of water or eat a meal. Each time the bus would stop at a restaurant, all the other students would pile out, laughing and joking. While they shared a meal, Ojikutu sat alone in the bus and waited for what food they would bring out to him.

In Burns he found he was accepted without regard for his color. I'll never forget this dark, strapping man, dressed in his brilliant green-and-gold robes, tenderly carrying home blond, sleeping, six-year-old Scott Lohrentz after the church supper. Another African, James Wia Nimley, wrote me, simply and poignantly, from Liberia, "Burns was my biggest place of refuge."

The people in Burns don't forget their visitors after they leave. An active correspondence is carried on with forty-six of them. One German student at the University of Kansas has been too busy with her advanced studies to visit the town since 1957, but the Olderings still send her boxes of her favorite fudge. Another girl who had visited Burns received a cablegram all the way from "her American hometown" when she was married at home in Korea. When Youssef Mebed from Cairo went to Washington to do some research, a Burns family telephoned him halfway across the country, just to see how he was doing. A student from India says, "My family in Burns sent me home-baked cookies, wrote me regularly, and called me long-distance if they felt I needed cheering up."

Another Asian, now studying in Scotland, wrote me, "The life at Burns continues to be an important subject for discussion or remembrance in my letters to other foreign students who have shared the hospitality of Burns. Again through my correspondence with the Lohrentzes and the Grimwoods I remain up to date about my other friends from abroad who have been guests at Burns. So Burns forms a very invaluable link to international relations and understanding."

Keeping in touch takes effort, but it isn't wasted. Giuliana Agostini, a teacher in Arezzo, Italy, wrote me, "What I most remember is the visit Mrs. Lohrentz paid me in the hospital in Lawrence. I was ill, and after two or three weeks I felt completely lost. One day I saw Mrs. Lohrentz; she come from Burns just to see me, and she brought sweetmeats and the kind of bread I like and I tasted for the first time at the Nelsons'. Now I don't remember the shape and taste of those things, but I cannot forget that Mrs. Lohrentz, Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Grimwood cooked them for me." And then drove 140 miles each way, a six-hour round trip, for a short visit at the hospital.

The student visits have also meant a great deal to Burns. As one housewife said, "We meant to be the givers, and we found ourselves the receivers." Once in a while they are staggered by what they receive. Berit Spilhaug of Norway gave several of the boys in town razor-sharp knives with four-inch blades. And Bonnie Lohrentz received what she thought was a beautiful apron from Denmark, which she proudly wore until she learned it was really a bonnet for her two-year-old daughter.

Still, most of the gifts, tangible and intangible, have enabled the families in Burns to push their horizons far beyond Kansas. Some of them can sing Christmas carols in four languages; others can perform the rice-planting song of the Philippines, complete with gestures; and paper-thin Swedish pancakes have become a regular treat at the Lohrentz home. When the Nelsons went abroad last year, they visited families in Copenhagen and Stockholm whose daughters had stayed with them in Burns.

The people of Burns have found themselves emotionally involved in the morning's headlines. A revolution in Baghdad is not remote when you see pictures of bodies being dragged through the streets and can remember Hazim Kasim—now in the Baghdad Public Works Department—sitting at your table, helping to dress your children, sharing a picnic, sleeping in your guest room. The Cuban revolution was followed with intimate concern by the Don Parrish family; not long before it Caesario Palaez, a Cuban schoolteacher, had charmed their children with his skillful guitar-playing and soft songs.

The program has given the town, in Betty Grimwood's words, "A unity of purpose, a common goal for which to strive." It has deepened their faith. The Methodist Church has few financial resources, yet its members have found that a small church can have a real impact on such a huge problem as encouraging international understanding.

Dr. Mohammed I. Kazem of Cairo, Egypt, a diplomat with the United Arab Republic, wrote me, "In Burns I experienced what it means to be a human first and anything else after that. I am now a doctor, a professor, I have traveled around the world, and I hope I shall grow further. But to the Grimwoods and the people of Burns our association has never altered. I am still a member of the family who should take care of himself and who should not drive fast, who is prayed for, and these things are mutual.

"Burns is no longer a small town in Kansas," he concluded. "It exists in the hearts of many people. Everywhere they go in this world it is a symbol of the world of tomorrow, a world that is based on justice, peace, tolerance and love." THE END

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Leaping Death (Continued from Page 24)

He could cope with them and the engineering problems, as a job of work to be equated with the progress of the road. But the problem of Baiba Voitkuns was something else again—a personal problem. If she had been anyone but Egil's daughter he would have thrown her out within an hour of her arrival, two weeks ago. But Egil was a first-rate foreman and a friend. He had to give it time.

"You do not mind that Baiba comes?" Egil said.

He was standing close then, bulky in winter clothes, pale and square like a block of marble. He had that milky whiteness of skin so often found in Latvians, and the straight, yellowish hair that went with it. His eyes were light blue. They were looking straight at Slade, asking him to play along.

"Didn't know she hunted," Slade said stiffly.

Egil shook his head. "She does not, but she would like to take the walk with us. She has been two weeks now in camp. She needs the little outing."

As he listened to Egil's pedantic English, Slade let his eyes rest coolly on the girl, on the fresh, pink-cheeked beauty of her face with its full mouth and deep blue eyes, roamed them down her slender body, past the plaid shirt on down to her feet, letting her know she wasn't welcome.

"Well?" Egil said.

"She'll never keep up with us," Slade said.

Egil smiled, and two fans of wrinkles opened from each corner of his mouth. "She will keep up. She is stronger than you think."

"I promise," Baiba said.

She spoke English without accent, as a mother tongue. She was only twenty-four and had done her schooling in Australia. She spoke with inflection now, heavily accenting the word "promise" to guy its meaning. Her face was mock serious, and there was challenge in her eyes.

Slade saw it spearing at him, met it with the hard stare he used to face down dog-spike men and others spoiling for trouble. And all that happened was that her mouth moved slightly in a smile. Amusement there, and challenge in her eyes. She was an only child, and her mother dead. She was spoiled, of course, he thought.

He deliberately slid his eyes away and ran them, with checkstops, along the whole length of the train. He didn't need to check anything, but he felt strangely off balance with this girl and needed the diversion. She stirred up a bitterness he had thought was gone—something that had happened and been sealed off months ago.

There was little life about the train on this off-duty afternoon. Most men were in the dining hut, Slade knew, playing poker, some sleeping in their bunks, some writing letters, and others just keeping out of the cold air. The train stood on a temporary siding, ties and rails laid bare and single-bolted. There were thirty-four flatcars. Thirty carried wooden huts, two to the car, two men to a hut. The others carried service huts, dining, cookhouse, washrooms, and Slade's own. A small glow of pride moved in Slade as he conned it now. Within two hours they could pack, hitch on a locomotive, shunt to the main line and be on the move, following Head of Steel. It represented comfort and utility. It was a man's camp in a man's world. It was no place for a girl, he thought bitterly. Baiba Voitkuns was a potential threat to its efficiency. She would have to go. The only thing to decide was—When?

"Martin, we are wasting time," Egil said.

Slade turned to him slowly, sensing a brittle diminution of his friendship. "O.K.," he said. "Let's go."

They headed out onto the plain then, Rusty appearing suddenly from some hiding place and frisking out ahead, the three of them walking abreast. Slade carried the rifle, a .25 model, and Egil had an empty sugar bag hitched in his belt to take home the tails. Kangaroo meat was tough and rank, but the tails made epicure's soup. They walked in silence because that was the way it had always been in the past on these Saturday hunting trips. The two men had talked only of necessity, about the hunting, savoring the goodness of relaxation, the uncomplicated singleness of carrying a gun and stalking a kangaroo.

Slade thought of this wryly now as they entered a patch of broken country and he took the lead, skirting the dramatic red gash of a dry storm watercourse, and heading for a low tree-clad ridge some thousand yards away. He heard Baiba Voitkuns say something to her father and laugh softly. He saw, in his mind, her soft lips turning upward and the glisten of small, white teeth. The picture drove grimness into him.

Suddenly, somehow, as a product of her laugh, he had realized why she so unsettled him, stinging the old bitterness into active life again. If she had been dark instead of fair, a little taller and a few years older, she could have passed as a sister for Barbara Gillen. Barbara was Mrs. Henry Fewster now, had been for eleven months. She had waited exactly three weeks for Martin Slade after he had taken this railroad job, then married a city engineer with a fat checkbook and a taste for luxury. She had said in a short, cruel, scented letter that she didn't want a man who chose to break his fingernails in the back blocks of civilization.

Slade had been hurt at first, desperately hurt, then gradually lost it in concentration on his job. He even grew philosophical; maybe she was all right as a woman, but wrong for him. He needed someone with courage, if he needed anyone; someone who would grapple with a thing and see it through. And here, he thought, was another matching point with Baiba Voitkuns. She had fled the city because she was lonely, left a good secretarial job to housekeep a two-tent camp for her father, because she hadn't the guts to make her own way. Slade wondered if she'd sent some man a scented letter, telling him good-by because she couldn't bear to live away from father. His mouth twisted in a grin that had no humor in it ——

"Martin!"

Slade heard the sudden whisper of his name and froze. Egil came pussyfoot beside him and took the rifle, then slipped off into the straggling mulga scrub now on their right. Rusty went after him, not frisking any more. He had become a hunting dog. This was their rule. First man to see a kangaroo took first stalk. Thereafter they went in turn. Slade's eyes searched for the animal, combing the bushes and the trees, sliding around the scattered boulders on the lower slopes of the ridge. Then they slid back to a boulder where the plain rose up. And there it was, just out from the boulder, five hundred yards, or more, ahead. A Great Gray, on its own, ears erect and nuzzling the suspicious air.

Slade didn't move, not even to check on Egil out there somewhere in the scrub. Then the 'roo dropped its head to grass. Slade sat down quickly on a stone and motioned to Baiba Voitkuns. Too late. She was beside him, lips slightly parted and excitement sparkling in her face. Like the morning sun on dew, Slade thought. Then he grimaced with annoyance at having conjured the description.

"Don't move again," he whispered sharply. "Not even a finger. Freeze."

"But shouldn't we hide?"

"The 'roo sees movement, not objects," he said. "That's how you stalk him. Move while he's eating, stop when he looks up. We can watch the show from here."

"Is father good?"

"He'll do," Slade said. "Don't talk. Sound carries."

There was no chance of their whispered talk carrying five hundred yards in that heavy winter air, but Slade was uncomfortable being alone with her now that he had identified his reaction. He thought to allay the uneasiness with silence. It didn't work. He was too conscious of her. He could detect a fragrance over and above the smell of grass, of saltbush and of eucalypts. Not something from a bottle, but personal; something that rose subtly from a glowing skin.

A strange nervousness began fluttering in his stomach. His neck felt thick and hot. His face began to burn, and then he couldn't take it any longer. He moved away. And as he moved, he knew he had done wrong. The kangaroo jerked up, whirled and took off with one gigantic leap.

"Damn it," Slade yelled, lunging to his feet. "Oh, damn."

Then he heard the muffled whunk of a bullet striking home. The kangaroo faltered only slightly in the air, but when it landed the great hind legs crumpled and the gray body slid to a halt against a bush. Slade whistled gustily in relief.

"Never mind," Baiba Voitkuns said. "I won't tell father."

"I got a cramp," he lied.

She smiled up into his face. "Freeze," she said. "Don't talk."

Slade felt the stirring of anger then, not because of her mockery, although that abraded it, but because he had acted like a fool. And more than that, because the reason for the foolishness made all his attitudes and actions suspect. He cursed silently, perplexed and angry at himself, at everything. He moved off, and his foot slipped on a stone. He went down on hands and knees. And as he scrambled up a hand came to his elbow. A strong hand that he could feel right through his jacket. It burned, not fiercely, but with a gentle warmth. Baiba's face, big-eyed, was close to his. He had a picture of eyes and lips, of unimagined tenderness. The eyes so clearly blue, the lips so soft. He pulled away abruptly.

"Why don't you go home?" he growled.

The soft lips firmed, the blue eyes narrowed slightly. "Home is where my father lives," she said.

"A railroad camp is no home for a girl."

"You think so?"

"Listen," he said harshly. "There's a hundred men living on that train—single, married, divorced, all sorts—a few hundred yards from you."

She patted her short, blond hair and smiled—caustically. "And out of them all, you are the only one who has been rude."

Slade's dark eyes snapped. "I happen to be in charge. The camp, job, everything, is my responsibility. If there's any trouble, it comes back on me."

She nodded, calmly unimpressed. She looked at him with cool assessment, as though putting together pieces she had previously dissected and examined. "I think you've been up here too long," she said quietly. "You're lonely and you don't know why."

Slade felt that slam home like a right cross to a left lead he hadn't even seen. The blood drummed in his ears, and a sly, subversive voice began telling him there was truth in what she said. It made him want to hurt, as though by hurting he could still its tongue.

"There's one thing I do know," he said roughly. "You couldn't take it in the city. You've come running for your father. You haven't got the guts to stand alone."

"Guts?" she said.

"Courage."

She looked away and he stood waiting tensely, following her gaze around the green beauty of the plain, so vast in scope between the two horizons, where the deep red earth could be glimpsed among the clumps of grass, and the wind-twisted trees reached out like arms to touch and hold. He wondered what she was going to say that mattered.

"What is this guts?" she said at last. "This courage? Is it only doing the things you don't want to do? Would it be staying in the city when I wanted to come up

"It's 'Beauty.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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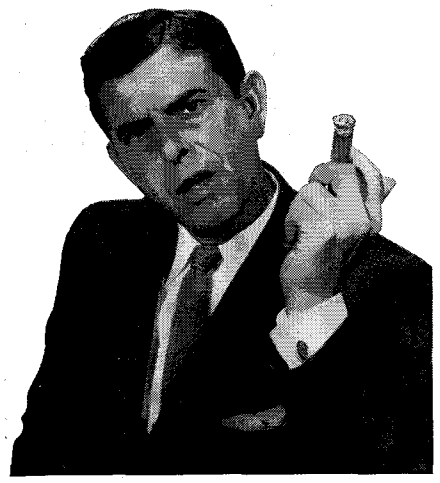

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here? Wouldn't that be just stupidity?"

"Guts," he said, "is doing what you have to do, no matter what."

"Then I have it," she said evenly. "My father likes me here, and I like it too. So I'm going to stay, no matter what."

Slade felt suddenly inadequate, lost in the intricacies of argument, the coolness of her parry and riposte. He even felt a sneaking admiration for her, a small kindling that he stamped out savagely as soon as he realized what it was. Then he turned abruptly and drove through the scrub, pursued by a question that he couldn't answer and yet needed to resolve.

He had told himself he wanted her to go because she might disrupt the camp. But was that the truth? He wasn't sure. All he knew now was that she disturbed him strangely and reminded him of things best forgotten. He had achieved equanimity before she came. He had decisiveness. But now —— He couldn't even be sure any longer that she lacked the guts to see a thing through. She had thrown back his challenge. He increased his pace and fairly burst out of the scrub.

Egil was sitting with Rusty, on the ground beside the dead 'roo, waiting patiently. A square, thick man, with a square face and big, flat, paddle hands, a competent, friendly man. "I shot him on the wing, like an eagle," he said proudly. "Something scared him."

Slade bent down and pulled Rusty's short, soft ears. "I moved," he grunted. "Got a cramp."

Egil nodded solemnly. "I was lucky. Tried for a hip shot and got him in the chest."

"You got him on the button," Slade said. "That's all that matters." He picked up the rifle, lying across a small bluebush. "I'll go over the ridge and try my luck."

"There is no hurry," Egil said. "I have just to cut off this tail. And Baiba is coming now."

Slade said curtly, "I'll go on."

He swung away and angled up the ridge, with Rusty on ahead, tail high and nose keen for scent, goanna, 'roo, emu or rabbit—they were all the same to him. He was a kelpie, a cattle dog by breeding; no specialist, but an enthusiastic amateur when it came to hunting. Slade's booted feet slid carefully among the loose, betraying stones that littered the slope, his body crouched at bush-top level; his eyes swept and halted and swept on again, searching for the cocked ears and head outline above a bush that was as much as you saw most times.

There was nothing on the forward slope, and he looked back before he topped the crest. Egil and Baiba were just starting out, and a band of sunlight broke momentarily through the overcast to touch on them. He saw the light dance in Baiba's hair, and her slender body etched in shadow against the background of the plain. Then he lifted his gaze with a conscious effort, and far beyond them he could see the camp train. A high caterpillar of a town, with its painted tin roofs and smokestacks, and fore and aft the silver thread of the track, spearing into the great cattle lands and mining territories of the north.

He studied it for a long, expansive moment, then wheeled around and resumed his careful advance, his big shoulders a little squarer beneath the wind jacket, his strong mouth touched by an inward smile. Something always fired a spark within him when he looked at the railroad. The tracks seemed to speak aloud about what it meant to this empty land of wild flowers and gentleness, of malignant gouging rains and searing heat, of dust and sand, of paradise and hell.

It was a project to make men insignificant, he thought. You were part of it, and yet you were an ant. It made Baiba Voitkuns and his feelings about her less than insignificant. And he decided, with a sudden decision born of ridge-top air and the sight of rails biting into virgin plain, that he would tell Egil to send her out as soon as they got back. It was the only way. Egil would probably decide to quit, and for that he would be sorry. He was a good friend and a good man, but the job was bigger than the man. There were others who could take his place—Chris Vitols of the surveying team, for instance; or Patrick Cleary, the Irishman; or Herman Klein; or Jo Olsen ——

Then a cry, half curse, half fright, jerked from his throat as a great tawny shape reared up in front of him. For an instant he was looking right into the 'roo's scared eyes, seeing the fear-twitched muzzle, sensing and sharing the instant panic. Then the 'roo took off, coming straight for him. He threw himself sideways and down just in time, and the great animal hurtled past, still going up.

• •

New Teacher, First Day of School

By Tom Congdon

Joe's got a squirt gun in his desk.
Sam has brought a frog to play with.
This is the day that
Class 5-A
Sees how much it can get away with.

Teacher, be firm. If need be, try
Desperate means your texts suggested.
Make no mistake, my dear Miss Drake—
This is the day that *teacher's* tested.

• •

He rolled over, holding the rifle clear, and jumped to his feet. The 'roo touched earth thirty, maybe forty, feet away and bounced up again like a huge and eccentric rubber ball, great hind legs tucked up and tail streaming out behind. Slade hugged the rifle to his shoulder, swung it in a short arc, getting just ahead of the deep, thick chest, aiming a little low to compensate for the downhill angle. Then he gently squeezed off the shot.

It went home. He saw a cloud of dust puff out from under the right shoulder, but that was all. The 'roo didn't deviate an inch in flight. It landed and took off again with smooth, gigantic power. Slade threw another shot after it, too quickly, and missed. Then he sighted in a third, swung, started to squeeze—and a tree was in his sights. He cursed. The 'roo had gained the light scrub that draped a skirt along the bottom of the ridge. He lowered the rifle to arm's length and slowly straightened up, his eyes still running through the trees. It was the biggest kangaroo he had ever seen, a Great Red, six, perhaps seven, feet tall. It had towered over him, and he shuddered slightly as he felt again the rush of wind, the sense of power as it flew at and over him. He heard Rusty make a little whining noise, looked down and saw reproach in the glowing yellow eyes.

"And you can shut up too," Slade told him, pretending to cuff his ears. "Whyn't you tell me he was there?"

"Martin. You are all right?"

Egil's voice was strained with panting. Slade turned and saw him running down from the crest. Baiba was beside him. Both of them had trouble in their faces.

"We saw you fall," Egil said.

"Came straight at me," Slade said. "Biggest damn 'roo I ever saw."

"You are all right, though?" Baiba said.

There was the quickness of anxiety beneath her voice. Slade heard it and looked more closely. The anxiety was in her face, too, about her tightened lips and in her eyes, shifting as flecks beneath their surface. A warmth crept slowly through his veins, a sense of pleasure. He cut it off, abruptly and harshly, embarrassed that she should feel anything for him, troubled that he should be so responsive.

"I'm O.K.," he said stiffly. "Serve me right if I wasn't. I damn near stepped on him."

"Your heart is not in the hunting today," Egil said quietly. He shook his head. "I am sorry."

"Forget it," Slade said.

Egil shrugged. "You hit him when you shoot?"

"One in the chest," Slade said bleakly. "One he can travel with—not like yours." There had been resignation in that movement of Egil's shoulders, and it worried and accused him. It was as though he had sensed that things had gone so bad they couldn't be repaired. Slade didn't dare to look at Baiba. He could feel her eyes on him. "Well, let's go," he said. "And don't anyone step on him now he's wounded. He won't jump next time. He'll rip."

He wheeled and started down the slope toward the screen of trees, plunging through the pimpled bushes, clattering among the stones because there was no need now for silence. He could hear Egil and Baiba coming after him, and his mind was back with them. Everything was with them and about them. The tracking and destruction of the wounded kangaroo was merely filling in, a chore that you had to do to terminate its suffering. Could it be true, he wondered, that he was opposed to Baiba because she disturbed him and he did not trust himself? Because he had once given part of himself away and had it thrown back unwanted? Was that the reason he was going to drive her out—and sacrifice her father? Had he been fair comparing her with Barbara Gillen, saying she had no guts, no courage? Or was that merely a lie for self-protection? There had been no semblance of trouble in the camp since her arrival. But did that mean anything? Trouble could happen anywhere, at any time.

These doubts pounded in his mind, drumming in rhythm with his footfalls as his eyes sought out and found the blood spoor of the 'roo. They were moving on flat, grassy ground, through light mulga scrub, with here and there a desert oak. It was routine tracking, without need to interpret sign, to anticipate the path of flight and work out interceptions. You just kept on until weakness overcame the quarry.

About two miles on, Slade saw a great splash of scarlet blood and an area of flattened grass. The end was close. The 'roo had hemorrhaged here and lain down to rest, fear overwhelmed by weariness. Before long, they would find him propped against a tree, daring them to come in close where he could rear up on his tail and use his claws. But they wouldn't go in close. A wounded 'roo on the rampage could disembowel a man with one slash of its hind-leg claws. The timid 'roo became a lion when death stared him in the face and there was no escape.

"Soon now," Egil said.

"Yeah." Slade's eyes were quartering the land ahead, trying to pick up move-

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ment among the trees. Then he saw it, a change in the pattern of light about five hundred yards away. "Rusty." He hunkered as the dog bounded in, ears pricked in eagerness, took him in both hands and pointed him toward the distant movement. "Go get him, boy."

The kelpie raced off, high-tailed and spirited. The 'roo would stop moving once the dog closed in and stand at bay against a tree until Slade came up and finished him.

"Let's go," Slade said. "We'll stop here, swing around and return to camp. Probably pick up another shot or two."

"It is safe for Rusty?" Baiba asked.

"Sure," Slade said. "He knows not to get in close. He'll bark and run about. Hold him until we get up."

They were moving forward together for the first time since heading out of camp. Slade was in the middle, with Baiba on his left, and he was sharply, almost painfully, conscious of her. The air seemed fresher, the grass greener and the soft earth more springy beneath his striding feet. It annoyed him because it shouldn't have been like that. He was going to get rid of her.

"I don't like this much," Baiba said. "It's so—so cold-blooded."

Slade's right hand tightened on the rifle. "No one likes it," he said flatly, "but what can you do? Leave the 'roo to die slowly, in pain?"

"Would it hurt more than the fear?" she said.

"I wouldn't know." Slade snapped. "But stay here if you're scared. Climb up a tree and close your eyes."

She threw a quick glance at him, stabbed him with it and looked away. Her cheeks were stained with pink about the high cheekbones; the short, straight nose was pinched in at the nostrils. "I'm not scared," she said. "I'm just being human. You ought to try it sometime, instead of always doing what you have to do, no matter what."

Slade felt the taunt like a whiplash. His face darkened underneath its tan. He stopped, turning, but Egil's hand dropped on his arm.

"Over there," Egil said. "Against the oak."

Slade turned, slowly, getting hold of himself. He followed Egil's gaze and saw the kangaroo, standing at bay against a straight-trunked desert oak, its great head almost touching the first branches, forelegs tucked in against the barrel chest. It had no eyes for them. All its attention was engaged with Rusty. As the dog rushed in it swayed back, balancing on its great thick tail, ready to spring and use its claws. As Rusty turned away it settled back again. Slade thumbed off the safety catch and went forward.

"Rusty," he called quietly. "Here, boy. Steady."

Then it all went wrong. Rusty stopped in the middle of a pass, looking back, and the 'roo leaped for him. Slade threw a snap shot, saw, heard, and even felt it crash home. But it didn't take effect. The 'roo lashed out with both hind legs, missed by inches as Rusty rolled away. The kelpie circled fast while the 'roo was still off balance, got behind and sank his teeth in the tail. The 'roo reared up. Slade dropped to one knee, drew a careful bead and pulled the trigger. There was nothing but a dull click in his ear. Misfire. He jerked open the breech and got his fingers on the faulty round.

He had got it only half out when he saw the 'roo swing its great tail up and thump it on the ground. Rusty lost his grip, tumbled, and the 'roo opened up a gash on his front shoulders as it tried for the disemboweling stroke. The kelpie yelped in pain and rage. He rushed in again, sprang for the 'roo's flank and missed. He wasn't powerful enough; he was going to get himself killed in seconds.

"Rusty!" Slade's voice was high and strident. "Here, Rusty. Here."

Then someone brushed past him, going fast, just as his fingers got the dud round clear. His head jerked up, his eyes stared and a monstrous silence fell. Baiba Voitkuns was heading straight for that bloody mixup. He tried to yell, but the sound stuck far down in his throat. He couldn't fire because she was right in line. He ran out to the left, toward the 'roo, and as he did Baiba flashed almost underneath its paws and grabbed Rusty in her arms. The 'roo moved fast, so fast he didn't see it happen. All he saw was Baiba struggling in its grasp, held tightly to its chest by the forelegs. She still clutched Rusty in her arms.

Slade raced in then, afraid to fire a shot, even from ten yards, at that swaying, twisting target. Fear for her was a dry scream in his throat and wings in his heels. But time and distance stood somehow still. He was rushing forward in a vacuum, where everything kept fixed positions. He saw the 'roo lean back, weight going on its tail and the great hind legs retract. His right forefinger moved and a .25 slug blasted off.

He saw a hole appear in the wall of reddish pelt; blood gushed out. Then he was in, ramming the muzzle of the gun against the chest, pulling the trigger with a frenzy that was part of him and yet a thing apart. The 'roo sagged slowly to the ground. Baiba and the dog fell, too, but forward, away from the clutching forelegs that had held them prisoner and now flopped in the boneless, flaccid form of death.

Slade dropped the rifle as he leaped for them and scooped Baiba in his arms. He was on his knees, holding her tight against his chest and his face buried in her hair. The fear that had driven him was still in charge, but now it changed. He began to tremble with it, beginning with a slow unraveling of the knotted muscles deep inside, moving up and outward until his arms began to shake. He lifted his head, showing a face that was curiously streaked with white beneath its tan, the features grim and hard like some native dancing mask.

"You fool," he said hoarsely. "You little fool."

Baiba's face was white, too, but without the grimness and the tension that were pulling his all out of shape. Her blue eyes looked into his dark, intense ones, held them and probed, and then her lips moved in a small, slightly tremulous smile.

"I was only doing what I had to do, no matter what," she said faintly. "You ought to know."

Egil sank slowly to his knees beside them then, like kneeling down to pray. His big chest heaved raggedly as he fought to keep control. His face, naturally pale, was as white as chalk. Two swollen veins showed blue against his temples. "Baiba." He breathed her name like a prayer, or like an answer to one. "What is this you had to do? Risk your life for a little dog?"

Baiba sat up and cupped her right hand against his cheek, but the ocean-deep blue of her gaze was fixed on Slade. "Poppa, it was more than that," she said gently. "Ask Martin sometime. Martin understands."

"I do," Slade said slowly. "I surely do."

He was kneeling, sitting back on his heels, relaxed yet tense, like a man who has discovered a truth that exalts, resolves his conflicts but still amazes him. All his doubts of her and of himself had been destroyed in the intense blaze of her courage and his fear. And somehow, with the doubts gone, she no longer posed a problem to the camp. Not that he thought about it in that way. All he understood was a new freedom in his mind. And within the freedom a new objective that was as remote from Barbara Gillen as from the moon. He grinned at Egil.

"Right now we'd better get Rusty back to camp and patch that cut," he said. "Later I'll explain."

He knew that the things he had to explain to Egil were not quite ready for the telling yet. There had to be some time to clarify the details. He looked at Baiba, and she was smiling down at Rusty, stroking his head as though she owed him something. Slade put out a hand and stroked him too. His hand touched hers, she looked up quickly, and he had an almost overwhelming impulse to kiss her there and then. And she was ready for it.

But he stopped himself. After all, Egil might be his foreman and his friend, but he was still her father. There were certain formalities to be observed. Latvians, he understood, were very particular about things like that. In public, anyway.

THE END

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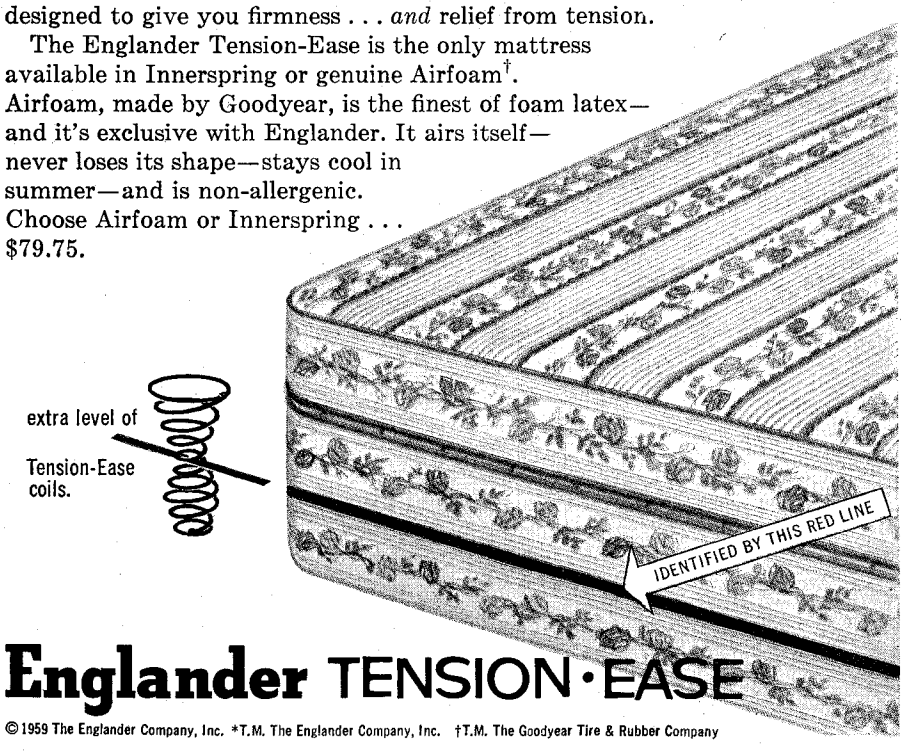

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Yesterday's Hero (Continued from Page 31)

piling her books on the lab counter. "You look a little beat this morning. Anything wrong?"

"Pardon my dishpan hands," he bantered. "And whoever looks sharp in a rubber apron? Anyway you'll do for both of us." He glanced approvingly at her softly curling blond hair, the trim smallness of her. Cute. Smart too. He loved her so much he ached with it.

Val leaned against the counter. "Stop hedging! I asked you a question."

"Same old hassle." Stifling a sigh, he plunged a rack of flasks into the water. Afternoon labs cut into working hours, and even with a tuition scholarship and his student loan it was a losing fight. Something had to give.

Val's small face grew serious. "If you'd only let your father ——"

"That's out!" he cut in, more harshly than he'd intended. "I'm sorry, honey—but it'll have to be some other way."

He hadn't minded the grind nearly so much before he'd found Val. Lord, how long since he'd taken her to a dance, a movie—anything more than a twenty-minute date snatched at a coffee bar or a TV session in her dorm's parlor. Momentary panic gripped him. What if she got tired of waiting for him—two years, three, maybe longer? The old resentment toward his father flared deep inside him.

"Ever hear of Bernard Kynaston?" Val was asking.

"Kynaston? You mean Ted Kynaston's father?" They knew Ted by sight only—a campusology major with a red sports car and a matching allowance from his wealthy father.

Val nodded. "Kynaston made it through the university the hard way too. Sweeping out classrooms, working concessions ——"

She's giving me the soft sell now, David thought, faintly amused. *She thinks if I have to drop out for a semester I won't ever come back!*

Val dried her fingertips on her sweater sleeve and reached for the newspaper. Spreading it on the counter, she pointed to an iron-jawed face glaring above a two-column headline: OIL V.I.P.'S TO PLEAD ALLOWABLE INCREASE. David scanned it without comment.

"Maybe Kynaston's your boy," Val said lightly. "I found out this morning in Doctor Tyson's office that Mr. K. is setting up a foundation for undergraduates. No strings—outright gratuities! With a *B* average you qualify." And, confidentially, "It's not generally known—yet."

David grinned with quick interest. "You sure about this?"

"Sure, I'm sure!" She smiled at him. "Oh, you'll make it, Dave—one way or another. If you'll just ever grow up!"

That again! "If you mean about my father and me —— Listen, honey, disillusionment is what you pay for growing up!"

She studied him a moment with wide, grave eyes. "Growing up means a lot of things. Understanding, acceptance, forgiveness." Smiling, she laid her hand lightly on his arm. "Mine is the human-relations bit—remember?"

He laughed without humor. Val hadn't met his father—yet.

She gathered up her books. "Well, see you later—usual place."

"Quarter of," David nodded. "The Co-op at noon, he said, and I can't remember his ever being late!"

The doors swished softly again, and Val was gone. The sound of her light footsteps faded, and the loneliness, the weariness became more acute than before.

You'll make it, Dave—when you grow up. Val's words were reminiscent of his mother—of her philosophy. His mother had instilled in him the desire to excel in some chosen field; now, beyond desire, he felt more than ever a compulsive need to see it through—someway, anyway—with no help from Hoss.

If only Hoss would stop making these pilgrimages to Austin. You couldn't say to your father, "Look, dad, I wish you wouldn't come. We're all washed up. Why not leave it that way?"

He opened the drain and reached for a paper towel. Having Val along when he met his father would take some of the awkwardness out of their first words of greeting—something he always dreaded. The relationship between Hoss and him had become something of an emotional steeplechase, with each succeeding meeting a more difficult hurdle than the last.

With determined effort he wrenched his thoughts from Hoss and pondered the news of Kynaston's foundation. When Kynaston got to Austin, he'd seek him out—beg, if he had to. After two rocky years alone, he'd learned that pride was a luxury he could no longer afford.

Long before the alarm went off on Saturday morning Hoss Briley was awake. Quickly he heaved his bulky frame from bed and went over to the window. Seeing the eastern rim of pinkish light, he smiled. Nice day for the game. A wistful eagerness flowed through him.

In the kitchen he took a skillet from the oven and set it on a burner, and in five minutes he was eating his usual solitary breakfast. Two eggs—sunny side up—with toast, and a big mugful of instant coffee. The mug, with DAD painted on it in wobbly blue letters, had been his Father's Day gift from David ten years ago—no, eleven. David was twenty now.

Despite the fact that he'd be seeing David in less than five hours, Hoss felt lonelier than usual this morning. Maybe it was because he'd be seeing him. He knew he'd search the boy's intense young face for some sign of his having relented and, as always, it would mean the reopening of an old injury. The kid was stubborn. Not disrespectful, not belligerent—hell! he wasn't anything but polite, proud; holding you off at arm's length.

Absently he washed the dishes under the tap, dried them and put them in the cupboard. He tried to keep everything just as Margaret had—the same things in the same places. And he clung to the still-not-paid-for little house because it was the only tangible part of his life left to him, now that David was gone.

He set out food and fresh water for Bozo, the mongrel David had brought home after his mother died; then he went back and neatly made his bed. Dropping his razor and toothbrush into a travel kit, he noticed the frayed edge of his coat sleeve where the lining showed white. He took a bottle of India ink from the bureau drawer and carefully applied some to the sleeve edge. Sighing, he replaced the stopper. When the January sales went on, he'd have to buy a suit.

Once out on the highway he felt anticipation rising within him. Pointing the nose of the old sedan toward Austin always gave him a lift—just as his first glimpse of Memorial Stadium always produced in the core of him something akin to love of country. Capacity crowds had stood in there—screaming, cheering, watching Hoss Briley thunder up and down the chalk-lined turf three autumns' worth of Saturday afternoons. Was it really thirty years ago!

Well, he'd done a good job of the football anyway. Maybe if he'd tried the coaching game he'd have made a success of it. Probably not. As he'd always said—he could carry the ball, but somebody else had to call the plays. I guess that's the story of my life, he thought regretfully.

He tried to repress the unwelcome recollection of that sorry scene between David and himself that night two and a half years ago. He'd relived it so many times: The doors and windows of the musty little living room had been open to the cool April breeze, and he'd been trying, without much luck, to focus his attention on a TV Western. David would be graduating from high school in another month, and the miserable secret festering in Hoss's mind would be forced into the open. David, later than usual, came in the back way and stopped in the kitchen to eat the enchiladas Hoss had left in the oven to keep hot.

Hoss called out to him, "Hey, Dave—what kept you?"

"Mr. Ray was talking over our aptitude tests and some other stuff. Guess I'll go for the chemistry major, pop, instead of physics."

Hoss swallowed. "Sounds like a lot of hard work, son."

David came into the living room and flopped on the faded couch, stretching long, coltish legs in front of him. "Yeah, I guess. But you know what mom always said ——" The boy's sensitive face clouded. He'd missed his mother keenly the past year. Hoss knew, too, that he was fully aware of the sacrifices she'd made to put aside the money each month to ensure his going to college.

A cold feeling clutched at Hoss's midsection. The time had come. It would be a relief, of sorts, to have it out in the open. He got up and snapped off the TV set.

"Look, son, I've got to tell you something, and it's not going to be easy." In mute agony he fumbled for some way to tell him—some way that would gloss over the imprudent, if well-intentioned, thing he'd done. "The money, Dave—well, there isn't any."

The boy looked panicky for a second before a weak grin spread across his face. "You're kidding me, pop!"

Hoss shook his head miserably.

David leaped to his feet. "But what happened to it?"

Hoss let his hands drop limply to his sides. This dreaded moment was the culmination of weeks of self-condemnation, compounded by years of self-doubt. He cleared his throat for the difficult words.

"You remember, son—I asked you, some time back, if you'd like to put your college fund into something that would make it grow?"

"Yes, sir." Fear edged David's voice. "Stocks, you said."

"Well, last November," Hoss went on tonelessly, "I had a chance to—to get some royalty cheap. I sold the stocks ——"

David stared at him, incredulous. "Are you telling me you used my college money on—*on an oil gamble?*"

Hoss moistened his lips. "I swear to you, son, it looked like a lead-pipe cinch—offset to a good producer. I don't see how it missed."

Jaw set, David wheeled to the open door, drummed his fingers for an instant on the screen. Hoss stood riveted in wooden silence, hoping the boy would say it was all right, knowing he wouldn't. Knowing he couldn't!

David turned slowly, his dark eyes wide and luminous in his pale face. "You lousy, lousy bum," he whispered brokenly. "All those years mom worked—all those things she did without ——"

Hoss covered his face with his hands. "Stop it, dammit, stop it!"

"Hurts, doesn't it!" David said savagely. "Me too. Boy, you really goofed it up this time!"

Hoss moved toward him, tried to put a hand on his shoulder. "Look, I can help some. Maybe you can get a scholarship—work on the side."

With a bitter laugh, David stepped into the doorway. "Oh, sure! Somebody's always had to pick up the pieces around here! Well, I'll make it someway—and I'll get more for my four years than a job behind a two-bit sporting-goods counter the rest of my life! But I don't need any help from you! From now on you can just forget about me!"

David had stormed out of the house, not to return until the next night. He'd sensed the deep hurt to David's pride; Hoss knew too—with galling certainty—that he'd lost stature in the boy's eyes. He told himself everything would be all right when David's anger had cooled. But the rest of that summer they'd lived in the little house like polite strangers—David coldly uncommunicative and Hoss remorsefully silent.

The money was never mentioned again; but not since that fall, when David had gone to Austin, had the boy been home. At first Hoss had sent small checks, but they were never cashed. Once he sent currency, (*Continued on Page 74*)

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(*Continued from Page 72*) and David promptly returned it. He stopped trying after that.

But he'd kept alive the hope that things would work out—someday. And toward that day he was putting aside every cent he could manage for the boy. Yes, sir, the little account was beginning to grow, now that the debts rolled up during Margaret's long illness had been retired.

He slowed down for a grade crossing. The familiar old landmarks were appearing now. He relaxed his tight grip on the steering wheel and shifted his big body. No feverish ambition had possessed him in his youth, but then, kids were different nowadays. The whole world was rushing somewhere. Maybe he'd been too content to live a day at a time—and to love that way too.

He didn't blame David. The blow had been a crushing one, at a vulnerable age when all disappointments are keener, sharper. And now, he'd heard indirectly, David was serious about a girl. Maybe it was time just to fade out of the picture. Give it up. Admit defeat—from a headstrong boy at odds with his father, himself and the whole world!

He sighed wearily. Then, as the car reached the crest of a hill, his pulse quickened. He could see the clock in the Main tower, the huge dome of the fabulous capitol building. Before him lay Austin, with its never-to-be-forgotten memories of happy days.

David came out of the science building shortly before twelve, pausing long enough to take a deep breath before walking to the big oak where Val and he always met. After the long morning in the acrid atmosphere of the lab, he found the crisp autumn air sweet, almost caressing—like a cool hand laid gently on his face.

As he hurried along he struggled against the strange desperation he always felt just before seeing his father. It wasn't only the short time Hoss would be in Austin that troubled him. For days after one of Hoss's visits, David found his thoughts dominated by the remembered sound of his father's voice, the warm pressure of the big hand—and the hateful sight of the gold football dangling so prominently on the broad chest.

Surely, he told himself, the revelation that his father had foolishly invested the college fund hadn't brought about a sudden and complete reversal in his feelings toward Hoss. No. He knew now that in that one bitter disappointment the vague and growing conviction that his father was an unsuccessful man had crystallized in heartbreaking disillusionment. The hero image had been shattered.

He scuffed at a small stone lying on the walk, sending it spinning onto the grass. His mother had known—how long?—that Hoss was a failure. Yet she'd stuck by him, assuming part of his responsibility by taking a part-time job when David started to school. They'd been happy, he guessed. His mother wasn't the kind to complain, so he didn't know. Perhaps her capacity for acceptance was as great as her determination that David should have his chance for success.

All I know is, she built that fund, dollar by dollar, sacrifice by sacrifice—and he canceled it out with one big fumble!

Ahead he could see Val waiting and, at the sight of her, his somber musings vanished. He waved, and she returned it with a gay salute. He caught up with her and tucked her arm through his. "Penny for your thoughts—Freudian, no doubt!" he teased.

She laughed, trying to match his hurrying pace. "Think your father'll be waiting when we get there?"

"Val," he stopped abruptly and tilted her face up to his. "About my father—these visits he insists on making ——"

Her eyes, searching his, were serious. "And you make it so hard for him."

"Hey!" he protested. "Whose side are you on, anyway?"

"I still think ——" she hesitated, then smiled at him.

"I know! I know!" Grinning, he jabbed her chin lightly, and they hurried on.

They reached the Co-op, where David lived, just as Hoss drove up. Watching him climb out of the old sedan, David noted the slight droop of his father's broad shoulders, a beginning paunchiness at his middle. He looked shabby, a little older. Groaning inwardly, he also noticed the football glinting in the sunshine.

Haunting memories stirred reproachfully in the recesses of his mind—memories of dove hunts around a pond ablaze with the reflection of a September sunset. Or of the aroma of freshly caught crappie frying on the old gasoline stove along the bank of the river. Theirs had been a tacit companionship, for Hoss was not an articulate man, but there had been a peaceful strength about his massive silhouette against an evening sky that

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Topic Zone

By Anita Raskin

Our visits, friend,
That start so fine,
So swiftly turn to bores,
For, having covered
Me and mine,
Where are we? You and
yours.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

had made the coming dark a terrorless thing—entirely safe and wonderful.

But he'd been a kid then—too young to know that security is more than the next meal, a warm bed and a Sunday suit!

Hoss was coming toward them, hand outstretched and dark eyes eager. "Hello, son. Long time no see." It was what he always said.

David gripped the big hand. "Hello, dad. How're you making it?" Quickly he drew Val forward. "Dad, I want you to know Val. Her full moniker is Valentine Davis, but I intend to change that." He laughed too loudly.

Hoss shook Val's hand without taking his eyes from her face. *He's seeing the same thing I saw the first time I met her*, David thought. *She really does look a lot like mom used to.*

Lunch, at Hank's, got off to an awkward start. The conversation lagged even more painfully after their food was set before them. *It's always this way*, David thought. *Why doesn't he give it up?*

David, facing the door, saw Ted Kynaston sauntering toward the cashier and stared at him with new interest. Ted's companion said something that David couldn't hear, but Ted's loud reply electrified him with excitement, "Can't make it, friend. The old man's in town. See you tonight at the Jug." Bernard Kynaston was in Austin!

"Excuse me a minute!" David said, gulping a mouthful of water. If he could manage to see Kynaston in person—get in on the ground floor!

Inside the phone booth his pulse thundered in his temples. He'd guessed right on the hotel. He waited, awe-struck at his own temerity—calling Kynaston from lunch with a bunch of big shots, probably in a hurry to leave for the game!

A deep, brassy voice rasped over the wire. "Kynaston!"

"Mr. Kynaston, my name is David Briley, and it's very urgent that I see you about—about your new foundation—about a grant ——"

"Great Scott, boy, slow down!" Kynaston's tone was edged with impatience. "Where'd you get onto that? Anyway, I don't handle it personally. The trustees ——"

"I know, sir," David cut in breathlessly, "but if you'll just give me a few minutes—any place—any time." *I'm begging now, and I couldn't care less!* The small booth was a vacuum of suspense.

"Well ——" The metallic voice paused for an eternity. "Come to the hotel in the morning. About ten. And be on time, young fellow!" The receiver clicked.

Heart beating double time, David hurried back to Hoss and Val. "Things are looking up!" he grinned, after he'd told them about Kynaston.

Smiling radiantly, Val squeezed his hand. "Wonderful, Dave!"

David, exultant, turned to Hoss. "Well, dad—what d'you say?"

"Congratulations, son," Hoss said quietly. "I hope it works out."

With a quick movement, Val withdrew her hand. David's eyes met hers, and saw the coolness in their depths. He looked down at his plate, his moment of triumph suddenly dimmed.

Back in Hoss's old car, headed for the stadium, David was grateful for the chore of driving. Not because he rarely got to drive a car, but because his mind was churning with a curious medley of thoughts—bits of the past, present and wild hope for the future.

He swerved suddenly to the right as Ted Kynaston's red sports job passed and cut sharply in front of him. "Big deal!" He swore softly, then he grinned. He wanted no locked fenders with Teddy boy. Not today—with an interview coming up tomorrow with the Big Man. He left the conversation completely to Hoss and Val, and went on with the business of jockeying for position in the traffic.

Finally parked, they joined the throngs converging on the entrances. "Say, dad," David said, as they neared the student section, "where'll we meet you?"

Hoss laughed self-consciously. "I'd sort of like to drop around to the dressing rooms afterward."

David frowned. "Dad—there's a new regime, you know."

Val pulled impatiently at his arm. "Oh, come on. We'll meet you outside the locker room, Mr. Briley." They melted into the surging crowd, leaving Hoss to find his single seat in the reserved section.

During the game David lost himself in partisan excitement, but the half-time pageantry moved before him in a colorful blur. This was the world Hoss so loved—sports, hunting, Scouting. Maybe that explained the little sporting-goods store, where the local hot-stove league held forth. And where Hoss was a soft touch for every down-and-outer that drifted by! And sucker bait for oil touts—don't forget that!

Elbows on knees, he was staring into space when Val tugged at his sleeve. "Hey, there! Come back to the game!"

Closing the door quickly on his thoughts, he smiled at her, but couldn't suppress a heavy sigh.

She gave him a quizzical look. Then, with a little shrug, she resumed watching the game with fierce concentration. He didn't know whether he'd been reprimanded or not.

One thing he did know, and it puzzled him: The elation he'd felt right after talk-

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ing with Kynaston had completely worn off, and the old desolation rode his shoulders again.

Seconds before the final gun, David and Val slipped out of their seats and went below the stadium to meet Hoss. Turf-stained and grim, the players and coaching staff had already disappeared into the dressing rooms when David spotted Hoss pushing toward the door. A slim, smooth-faced attendant blocked his entry and, even in the noisy confusion, David heard the truculent challenge. "Who're you, buddy?"

"Name's Briley—used to play for the university."

"Sorry, dad," the attendant laughed shortly. "Come back for Roundup if you wanta have old home week!"

Hoss took an uncertain step backward. David groaned under his breath. He felt sick, himself humiliated. Looking at Val, he knew from the set of her chin that she'd heard too.

"I tried to tell him ——" The indignation in Val's face stopped him.

"Good boy!" she said, turning away. "That makes everything fine!"

He felt himself flush as, in silence, they waited a tactful few minutes before moving to where a sober-faced Hoss stood leaning against a concrete piling.

Walking back to the car, Hoss was talkative enough. Maybe the incident at the door hadn't jarred him after all. Well, why should it? That fresh kid wasn't even born when the name of Hoss Briley was as well known on the campus as that of the university president.

As they began the drive back to Val's dorm, Hoss spoke up from the back seat. "Suppose you kids drop me at the motel. Then, tonight, I'd like the two of you to go out to the Brown Jug for steaks—my treat."

David frowned. He knew the Brown Jug's reputation for excellent food at stratospheric prices. "Pretty steep tax out there, dad."

"You let me worry about that, son." There was an undertone of defeat in his voice. Was the expensive steak dinner a gesture of farewell—an indication that he wasn't coming back? That would be Hoss's way of doing it, all right. No hearts and flowers. Just exit on cue.

Val was saying to Hoss, "I think it's a marvelous idea, but only if you'll come along. I've never danced with an All-American!"

"All-conference," David said without thinking.

"All-American!" Val said firmly. Then, to Hoss, "Now! Say you'll come!"

Hoss laughed softly and, after a moment of hesitation, said, "All right. This one time."

David sought his father's eyes in the rear-view mirror, but Hoss was gazing moodily out the window. So the fresh kid at the locker-room door had hit him where he lived after all!

Well, it only proved that you couldn't write checks on glories of the past. Maybe now he'd give it up—stop making these dry runs to Austin!

The Brown Jug was beginning to spill over when they got there, but they managed to get a small table. David, afraid the tab would exceed Hoss's ready resources, felt uncomfortable, depressed. He'd noticed the shabby suit, the not-so-new tie beneath the ever-evident gold football. Hoss had always been a neat person. Surely, alone as he was, he could afford decent clothes, a newer car. What on earth did he do with it?

They ordered their steaks and, when the little combo tuned up, Hoss shyly asked Val to dance. As they moved onto the small floor, David's following glance was arrested by a group on the opposite side of the dimly lighted tavern. Ted Kynaston, and yes—no mistaking that jutting jaw he'd seen in the morning paper—Bernard Kynaston! The others, evidently students, he didn't know.

Aware that he was eagerly staring at the man, he turned his eyes back to Hoss and Val. They were having a fine time. They liked each other. An unaccountable gladness touched him briefly.

Hoss still danced well, with that uncanny co-ordination and fluid ease that accompanied any physical thing that he did. The strains of the sentimental ballad filtered through David's dejection, pressed at his tiredness. People are differently endowed. A man does the best he can with what is given him. Maybe it was doubly hard to accept being an ordinary guy after the echoes from the grandstand died away.

Raised voices at the Kynaston table drew his attention as Ted, apparently overruled in an argument, got up and stumbled onto the floor. Turning to say something over his shoulder, he collided sharply with Hoss and Val—swearing as he did so.

"Watch it, fellow!" Hoss said mildly.

Ted stopped in his tracks. "For cripes' sake! Why don't all you old grads ——" He broke off in a derisive laugh. "Well, now! Looky here!" He reached out, jerked the football from Hoss's tie chain.

White-hot fury exploded in David's brain. *No! No more! He's had it!* One angry leap landed him between Hoss and Ted. "Let go, junior!" He seized Ted's wrist in a steel-trap grip, caught the football as it fell from Ted's yielding fingers.

An unsteadily aimed fist from the infuriated Ted grazed David's ear. On balance, David threw a right. Feeling the impact against Ted's jaw, he knew it was all over. Ted sagged to the floor.

Still clutching the football, David looked down at him. "Somebody forgot to teach you some manners!"

Bernard Kynaston, now bending over Ted, looked up at David through narrowed eyes. David met the penetrating stare unflinchingly, but despair washed over him. *Well, there goes the old ball game, Briley boy!*

Kynaston's deep voice, overcontrolled, asked, "D'you think that was called for, sonny?"

"Asked for, Mr. Kynaston," David answered levelly. Behind him he heard Hoss's sharp intake of breath.

With a muttered oath, Kynaston turned to Ted, who was trying clumsily to stand. As David took Val's trembling hand and led her and Hoss toward their table, the circle of onlookers melted away. The Brown Jug was settling rapidly into normalcy.

Abjectly, almost inaudibly, Hoss spoke first. "I'm sorry, son. Looks like I came one time too many."

David had no chance to reply. A hand gripped his shoulder roughly, and he turned to meet the piercing glare of Bernard Kynaston. Then, as Kynaston's eyes darted to Hoss, his jutting jaw went slack. "Hoss! Hoss Briley!" He jerked his head toward David. "This your kid?"

Hoss, bewildered, managed to speak. "My boy, David—and this is Miss Davis. . . . Mr. Kynaston."

David shook the offered hand and recovered sufficiently to indicate the chairs. Kynaston settled his compact body and grinned. "Mr. Kynaston, he says! You don't remember me, do you, Hoss?"

Hoss, embarrassed, shook his head. "I'm sorry ——"

"Well," Kynaston said, "maybe you'll remember that night you flattened a couple of punks that were trying to break up my popcorn concession and swipe my dough!"

Hoss brightened. "Why, you're—you're Bernie!"

Kynaston laughed ruefully. "Yeah. I was just plain Bernie then—and the forty bucks in that cigar box was all in God's world I had. If it hadn't been for you—man!" He gave Hoss a look of purest reverence.

Hoss shrugged, smiled. "I just never liked the odds uneven."

"Yeah," Kynaston said, "you were famous for that. I remember ——"

David, exchanging quick looks with Val, sat tensely, as the reminiscences flowed—Kynaston talking, Hoss nodding and smiling. It was evident that Kynaston hadn't caught his name on the phone this morning. An apology now might put a patch on things—sew it up for tomorrow.

Abruptly Kynaston shoved back his chair and stood. "Young fellow—about what happened, I guess I'm part to blame. Like you said, somebody forgot to teach him some things. I've always been too darn busy to ——" Regret shadowed his eyes for an instant and was gone. "Still—right or wrong—I hate to see him hurt."

"I understand, sir." David nodded, getting to his feet. Hoss, too, stood up.

"Well, no hard feelings." Kynaston's shrewd eyes measured Hoss with an appraising look. "If there's something I can do for you, Hoss—or your boy here ——" He thrust his hands into his pockets and rocked back on his heels.

David glanced swiftly at Hoss. Eyes downcast, Hoss was slowly tracing the table's edge with an index finger. *He's leaving it up to me,* David thought. Of course! Hoss had his pride too. It would be a galling thing to ask another man to provide for his son's education!

David extended his hand. "Thank you, sir. It's good of you to offer—but things are just fine with us."

Kynaston gripped the hand, held it for a second. With an odd little smile, he turned to Hoss. "That's money in the bank, Hoss, fellow." Then, nodding stiffly in the direction of Val, he moved quickly away from the table.

Easing into his chair, David watched Kynaston as he strode across the floor—Kynaston, a man with so much, yet not enough. Appreciation of Hoss and his homely values flooded him with a sudden warmth. By what yardstick should you measure a man?

A king-sized lump rose in his throat. "It is going to be just fine with us, pop. I know I don't deserve it—but if you're still willing to give me a little help along ——"

Hoss looked up, his face alive, eager. "It's there, son—waiting. I've been hoping—been saving—for the day you'd say the word!"

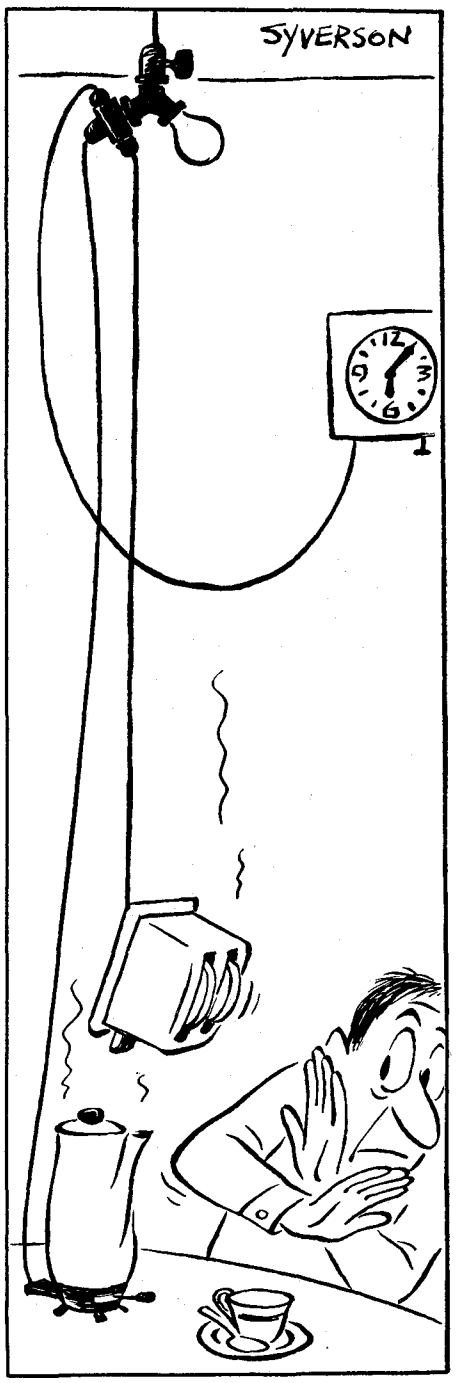
The shabby suit—the old car! David felt a humbling sense of shame engulf him. He looked at Val. Near tears were shining in her eyes, but she was smiling. How right she'd been! She'd tell him so—later. For the rest of their lives, maybe, if he was lucky!

Reaching across the table, he slowly opened his hand. On his palm lay the gold football, its jeweled *T* glowing softly in the pale light. "Here, pop," he said huskily, pressing the charm into Hoss's big hand, "take good care of this. We'll want to show it to the kids—someday!"

Hoss straightened his still-fine shoulders. Then, smiling broadly, he dropped the football—ever so carefully—into the pocket of his coat. THE END

The only time you should beat anyone to his knees is in church.

KENNETH J. SHIVELY



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The U-19's Last Kill (Continued from Page 39)

danger of our sub's being seen by anyone else was almost nonexistent.

Rosa's oilskins rustled, and I glanced down to see her tugging something from her pocket; then she brought out a vacuum bottle full of coffee, and I grinned. "You're a bright girl," I said, and she unscrewed the plastic top, then poured it half full.

"There is no cream and no sugar," she said, offering me the cup. "Do you mind?"

"No, I like it that way. Go ahead, have yours, then I'll have mine."

"We will have it together," she said, shrugging. "Unless you wish not to; you Americans worry so about germs."

"Suits me," I said, and she took a sip or two, then offered me the cup, and I had some; it was good coffee, nice and hot. Then I passed the cup back to her.

"It's not too comfortable here," I said, "and it won't get any better. Why'd you come out, Rosa? O.K. if I call you Rosa?"

She smiled, shifting her position a little. "This would be a strange place to be formal; yes, call me Rosa. I will say Hugh. I came out here because I did not wish to be there"—she nodded at the vague shape of the boat ahead.

"Was Moreno annoying you?"

She laughed contemptuously. "Not as you mean. He is careful; he wants to marry me, so he speaks and looks carefully; I made him understand that he must. But he hungers after me all the time; he cannot hide it. And I am sick of it." Then she stopped laughing. "I am a widow, Hugh, of four months; I do not want men just now. In time I will again, and when I do, I will welcome attention."

"You must have been in love with him."

"Love, love. He was my husband, and I was his wife. Whether I loved him is less important than you think."

"O.K., O.K.," I said. "You're twenty-two or -three, no older, and I'm twenty-six. But you talk as though you were fifty and I were fifteen."

She just smiled—laughing at me again—and didn't say anything, and I felt my face flush angrily, then I laughed.

All night we moved through the water at a steady eight or nine knots, and not once did we see a boat or even a set of running lights. A half hour before daylight we curved in toward the shore. I couldn't see anything different about this stretch of coast line. Several hundred yards out Moreno reduced speed so slowly and expertly that, while the towline went slack, it never touched the water until we were nearly dead stopped. He shut down the diesel then, the two boats drifting, and it was the sub, all her bulk under the water, that stopped first, of course.

We waited then for dawn. Once Moreno had to start up his engine, and tow us in a wide sweeping circle back to our starting point—the two boats had drifted too close together. At the very first hint of whitening sky to the east I hauled the rowboat up to the conning tower, then Rosa and I rowed back to the big boat, and she got out. Vic climbed down into the rowboat, a thick coil of half-inch line looped around his forearm, and we rowed—fast, now—to the sub. We hailed the boat, and they pulled in the towline; then Vic knotted an end of his line to the towing eye, and I rowed for shore, Vic paying out the line as we moved.

On shore in the first faint light I could see the vague bulk of the dock I was heading for. We reached it, and I saw that it was typical of its kind. It looked like a house or perhaps a small-sized barn, set on piles in the water at the very edge of the shore. It had a steep, gabled roof, shingled with wood—old, weathered and a little green with mold. There were several large dusty windows under each of its eaves, and the entire end of the structure facing the water was big, double, wooden doors, their bottoms a foot or so under water just now. Standing in the boat, Vic unlocked the padlock and, with me backstroking the boat, he pulled the doors open. Inside, two feet above the water—the tide was high now—two platforms, each about four feet wide, extended the length of the building, one on each side and about a dozen feet apart. Between them lay water, and at the far end of the building the two platforms were connected by a third which extended across the back of the building.

We tied up the boat and climbed out onto the dock. Then, the line over our shoulders, we began to pull—and we didn't move. The sub a dead weight in the water, we could not overcome her inertia. Our upper bodies almost parallel with the dock planking, the rope biting into our shoulders, we heaved and strained till the sweat poured into our eyes—and didn't gain a single inch. The sky was lightening fast, and now I saw a chain hoist hanging from the center beam, about where you'd need it to work on the boat's engine. We found a fourteen-foot plank lying against a side wall, shoved an end of it over to the opposite side, and, using it as a bridge, I got under the hoist, caught the chain and lowered it enough to tie on our line. And now, the chain rattling through the pulleys, we started the little sub moving easily. Once it started, we pulled it by hand, the little conning tower moving steadily through the white dawn toward us. It had dried during the night, and now I saw that under the slime that coated it, it was red with rust.

There were a couple of fending poles lying on nails in the wall, and, while Vic stood on the platform at the far end of the building hauling in the line, I guided the little sub, shoving on her side with the pole, into the slip.

In two trips with the rowboat Vic ferried in the others, and then—with Rosa's boat anchored two hundred yards beyond low-tide line—we all stood lined up on the dock in the first full, bright daylight, staring in silence at the ancient little submarine. "Well, here she is," Linc murmured then. "Next question—will she ever operate again?"

Lauffnauer nodded at the water and spoke to me. "We piled concrete blocks in the slip at low tide. Three layers of them on the bottom, more on the sides. There are only a few inches of water between her and the blocks now. When the tide goes out, she will rest on the blocks—a crude drydock. You have props ready, Ed?" He turned to Moreno.

"Right there." Moreno nodded at the end wall—his face sullen, I thought; he hadn't once looked at Rosa or me—and now I saw a couple of dozen newly cut two-by-fours piled against the wall.

We propped the conning tower right away—a couple of long two-by-fours on each side, one end of each resting against the tower, the other ends lying on the platforms about an inch from the walls, the two-by-fours angling upward slightly toward the tower. As the tide ran out, the sub lowering, the two-by-fours would move down toward the horizontal, wedging themselves tight against the walls.

About a hundred and fifty yards behind the dock was a two-room shack, with a small septic-tank bathroom. A plank walkway led from a rear door at the side of the enclosed dock, across the swampy shoreland up a gradual incline for fifty yards or so to solid dry ground. Then a path continued across the rocky, weed-clustered earth to the door of the shack. Rosa's husband had kept a few cots in here, a second-hand electric refrigerator—there was a power line into the place, which continued on to the dock—a two-burner hot plate and a few cooking utensils. He and his one- or two-man crew had slept here occasionally. Now Rosa went on up to the shack to fix us some breakfast.

The rest of us stayed, watching the sub inch downward in the slip as the tide lowered. The conning-tower props moved slowly to the horizontal, as we guided and kept them in position. Presently their ends touched the walls. The slimed deck planking began to break the surface of the water; the sub's bottom had touched the concrete-block floor.

There were two handsaws, newly sharpened, hanging from nails in the wall, and now Moreno took a small cardboard box lying on a wall studding. There were five brand-new metal tape measures in it; we each took one, and Vic and Linc each took a saw. Saw in hand, Vic knelt at the edge of the platform on one side of the sub, Linc on the other, each with several lengths of two-by-four beside him. Then, as the water line sank, exposing the sub's sides, the rest of us measured distances between the platform pilings and the sub's sides, calling them off to Vic or Linc. They sawed off the short lengths required, and we wedged them into place. Finally, a short prop between every piling and the sides of the sub, we were finished, and again we sat on the dock, staring and silent, watching in fascination as more of the ancient little ship came into view.

The water was well down now, the ballast tanks half exposed; and the upper portions of the sub's sides were drying, and as they dried the red rust revealed itself under the slime. I wondered how much of the thickness of the pressure hull was gone and what pressures it would and would not withstand now.

The same thoughts were in everyone's mind, I'm sure, for in just that moment Vic murmured absently, speaking to no one in particular, "She doesn't leak too much, we know that, but ——" He stopped, slowly shaking his head, and Frank Lauffnauer spoke, his thin face grave and the lines down his cheeks seemed deeper. "Now it is time to look inside," he said. "And I will go first. I saw almost nothing last night; it was hard to see, wearing my mask."

We scrambled to our feet then, suddenly excited. Moreno snatched a coil of heavy extension cord from the wall, a caged hundred-watt bulb at one end, and plugged it into a wall outlet. Then he handed it to Lauffnauer, who took it and jumped right over the cable railing onto the deck. And now, out of the water, the full unsupported weight of his body dropping onto the rotted and pulpy wooden-deck gratings, his feet went through them. He fell to his knees; his knees, too, plunged through the sodden wood. He got right to his feet, stumbling a little, his feet going through again, then got to the conning tower and climbed into it.

We waited—this was his right—and I saw him stoop, his head and shoulders disappearing, and knew he was pulling at the hatch cover. It creaked, then snapped open, and I waited for the sound of Frank's steps down the inner ladder.

Instead, he stood suddenly upright, hurling himself away from the newly opened hatch, his face contorting, and we stood staring, astounded. Then he thrust his upper body over the edge of the conning tower as far as he could get and began coughing deep in his chest, inhaling harshly in great retching gasps.

The odor reached us then, and we ran, ducking low, stumbling, bumping into one another, to the open doors of the dock, where we stood leaning out over the water, breathing in the fresh air. Behind us I heard Frank stumbling across the sub deck, feet breaking through the sodden planking; then he was running to join the rest of us and gulp in new air. It wasn't strong, the queer odor that drove us from the sub, but it was unbearable.

We knew what it was, but no one talked about it. "You got a pump?" I said presently to Moreno. "Any kind." He nodded, grimacing, went up to the shack, then came back down dragging a long length of discarded gasoline hosing and a hand bilge pump.

We worked half an hour then, up on a bare patch of ground back of the marshy tideland—all of us but Rosa, who went into the shack. We took the pump apart, oiled the leather valve, then put it together again and connected it to an end of the hose with friction tape. Then I held the end of the hose out to Vic. "You like adventure?" I said sourly, and he smiled a little, took (*Continued on Page 78*)

"Why didn't we think of that?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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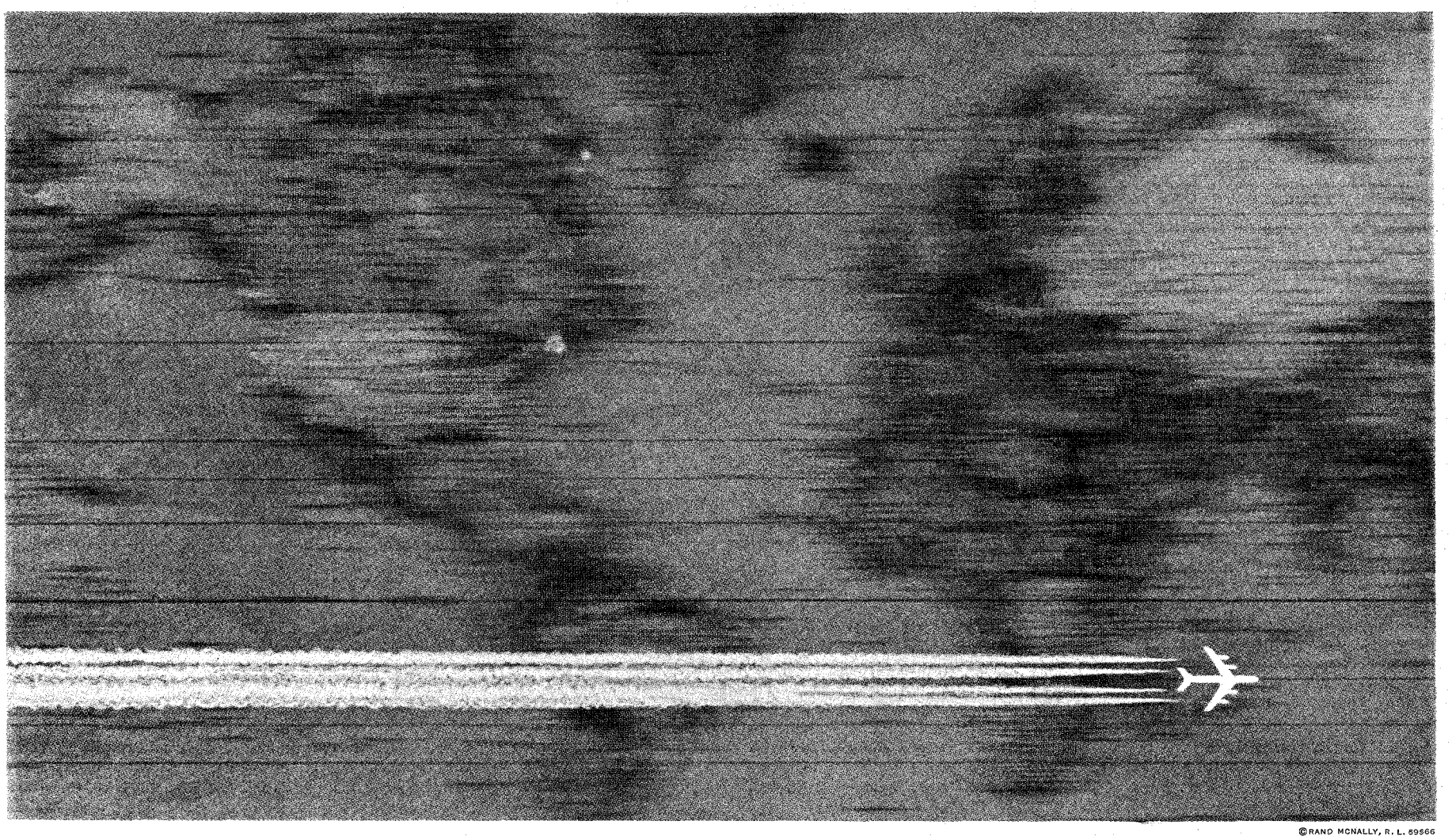

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(*Continued from Page 76*) the hose and went into the dock, a hand tight over his face. He shoved the hose end as deep into the open hatch as he could get it, then we all pumped—outside the dock in the sunlight—for a full hour and a half, spelling each other at ten-minute intervals. The pump wasn't very effective; nevertheless, each stroke forced a column of air from the mouth of the hose, and by ten o'clock the air in the dock was fresh again.

Once more Frank Lauffnauer climbed into the conning tower, leaned over the open hatch and very cautiously inhaled, the rest of us watching, Rosa too, now. He paused as though listening; then got down on his knees, and we could hear him inhale deeply. A moment later we heard the small clatter of his feet on the inside rungs and the drag of the extension cord he took with him. Then, faint and muffled, we heard his voice inside the sub. "*Gott*," we heard him mutter, his voice awed. "*Mein Gott, mein Gott.*"

Then we heard Lauffnauer's shoes on the rungs, and a moment later his face appeared over the edge of the tower, white and staring. We swarmed aboard then, and climbed down the ladder.

The hundred-watt bulb glared in my eyes as we all crowded, shoulder bumping shoulder, into the little control room. Then as my eyes accustomed themselves to the light, I stood, as we all did, looking around me, and now I muttered in English what Frank had said in German. "My God," I said softly, staring at the figure of a man sitting as he had forty years before when he'd taken his last dying look at the world he was leaving.

One look at him answered the question of how dry the submarine had remained; a hand still resting on the periscope housing, he sat before the housed scope on a padded leather seat, held erect by a shoulder pressed against the brass housing, head slumped on his chest, the face invisible. The hand was skeletal—an ivory-yellow claw enclosed in tight-fitting parchment, on the back of which, in dark blue and faded red, lay the tattooed and wrinkled image of the Imperial German eagle. "*Kapitänleutnant* Keller," Lauffnauer said gently. "He was dying, and we left him here, at his own orders. It was he who filled the ballast tanks, then sat staring through the periscope as the sub slowly sank; then he lowered the scope and sat waiting to die. And now, for him, it is only one moment later; he does not even know we lost the war."

One at a time then we stepped over the hatch coamings, forward into the next compartment, and for a moment I was astonished—it was the only forward compartment, and we were in the torpedo room, its bulkheads covered with the moisture absorbent that Frank had described. Any submarine is complex; almost every square inch of every bulkhead is crammed with valves, or dials, levers, wheels, piping, cables, or something. Nevertheless, this submarine was primitive; everything we saw was crude and rudimentary by every standard we'd known. At each side of the compartment were two spare torpedoes, lashed into their racks with chains, one above the other, and they were little by comparison with those I knew—eighteen-inchers, I imagined; I'd never seen one before. Overhead, mounted on a simple trolley, hung an ordinary chain hoist, the trolley leading to the two forward torpedo tubes—the only tubes in the ship. And this whole section, the entire forward half of the ship, was hardly larger than the messroom in a World War II ordinary S-type sub. The inside of the sub seemed dry, though there was rust to be seen, but it was surface rust only. We were all grinning, happy and excited, and Frank said it for all of us. "The test, after forty years, is finished," he said. "I hardly dared hope for it, but the boat is dry." Then he glanced up at a hammock strung over the spare torpedoes at about shoulder height, walked over to it and stood looking into it.

Then I looked too. Dressed in blues with a wide, white collar, a man lay on his back in the hammock—a boy, really; the beardless skeletal face was young, or had been. His hands lay clasped on his stomach, the eyes closed, as though he were taking a nap. Frank glanced up at us. "Rudi Koeppler," he murmured. "Still young; still seventeen."

A man lay in the other hammock, on his side, his back to us, his knees drawn up, a rumpled blanket over his legs. "Donner," Lauffnauer said quietly. "I put that blanket there, just as it lies now—when I was fifteen years old." Frank shook his head.

This was also the forward battery compartment, and now Linc walked ahead, then stooped to lift the hatch cover. Squatting on the deck, he stared down at the batteries, and Vic and Moreno edged past to join him. Moreno said, "Now, if they'll only take a charge," but I wasn't interested just then.

I touched Lauffnauer's shoulder, and I said quietly, "Tell me about this, Frank," gesturing around me at the boat. "Or maybe you'd rather not," I added quickly. "Or don't remember too well."

"No," he said gently, "it's all right, Hugh. And there is much I remember very well. But there is much also that I myself do not know." Walking forward, he beckoned, and I followed, Rosa just behind me. Edging past the others at the open battery hatch, Frank stepped up to a small steel locker and opened it. On a shelf lay three large books, bound in lead covers, and Frank glanced at the wordings on their spines. "The signal, code and log books," he said, and smiled. "We should have jettisoned them, but forgot." Then he pulled out one of the books, opened it and glanced up at me. "You wish to know all that happened here on this ship? Forty years ago? Well, let the ship's log tell you."

Frank began speaking slowly, his eyes rapidly scanning the loose-leaf page, his forefinger following the words. "June third, nineteen eighteen," he said, and raised his eyes momentarily to add, "I remember." His eyes dropped to the page again. "We sailed from Bremerhaven at six-oh-four A.M. on an ebb tide, leaving shorthanded." Scanning the text again, he continued, "There are only nine seamen on the roster, an *Unteroffizier*, a *Leutnant*—Lieutenant j.g.—who was executive officer, and the *Kapitänleutnant*, which is lieutenant commander.

"At eleven-oh-nine A.M. a destroyer is sighted in the North Sea, off the English coast; presumably it is English or American. Poor judgment," Lauffnauer murmured, "we are heading for the English Channel. We submerged to periscope depth, surfacing one hour later. Change of course. Karl Hauptmann, seaman, relieved of first watch, and confined to hammock with slight fever and headache. Ship is dry."

Frank glanced around at us. "We did not know or even suspect this, of course, but now the ship is doomed. June fourth," he read then, "nineteen eighteen. We enter the channel, traveling surfaced, but—in the American phrase—riding the vents, ready to dive. Course remains steady all day; no sightings. Ship remains dry: Recharged at midnight," he continued from the log. "Karl Hauptmann, seaman, delirious with fever, and the captain writes, '*Ich glaube das*—I believe he has grippe, and have ordered him sponged hourly until fever reduces.' And now at four P.M., Willi Strang, seaman, reports sick with headache, chills and fever. 'I expect this to spread through the crew,' writes the captain, 'and trust the first to take sick will recover before the last of them catch it.'"

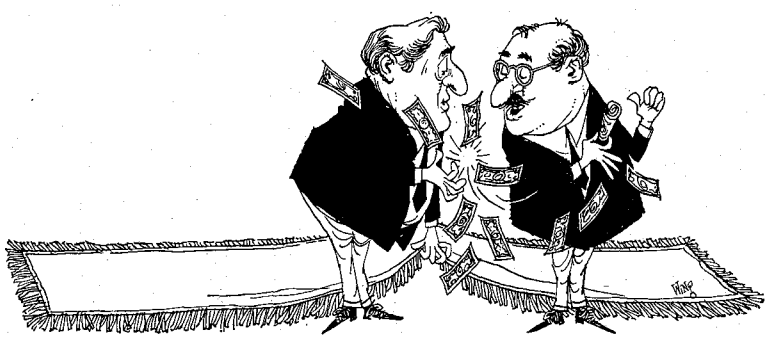
Again he turned a page, then another. "Well, we kept on," he said. "Kept a rendezvous with a *Deutsche* sub tender off Iceland, finally, and refueled and reprovisioned at night. The food was very poor," he said, glancing up at us. "Worse, even, than the provisions we took on in Germany. And now"—he returned to the log—"the seaman died, Hauptmann, and was buried at sea. Strang recovered. Very weak, *aber*—able to perform some duties. And—here it comes, now. The *Unteroffizier*, the chief, is sick. Has fever, but—continues his duties. 'Inspiration to men,' writes the captain. Two others are sick; one delirious, one not so bad. We are shorthanded at the refueling, and the captain of the sub tender urges our captain to return to Germany. But Keller says no; brave and foolish.

"Here it is," Frank said quietly. "And this is new to me, for I was by now delirious with fever. For the first time the captain refers to the sickness in his ship as influenza; we are caught, he understands now, in the influenza epidemic of 1918, which is killing millions of others throughout the world. The chief has collapsed. He is carried to his hammock unconscious. We are off Newfoundland now, some distance yet from the beginning of our operation. Seaman Strang is fully recovered. The captain himself, he says, is well, but—very tired." Lauffnauer looked up. "It is showing in his handwriting now; he is sick, too, but does not know it or will not admit it. Seamen Koeppler, Donner and Wurtz are still well. The other four are sick, and also the *Leutnant;* the chief is dying."

He flipped a page. "Off Halifax, now. Four men are dead, and buried at sea. All but Strang and Donner are sick now. The others, including the captain, get up from our hammocks when we can, to go on as long as we are able, then collapsing into hammocks again." He shook his head. "I was better soon, but very weak. We ran only on the surface, helpless against any sighting; diving was too much for us." Frank pointed to the black script in the book he held. "The handwriting has changed now—it is Strang's; the captain is dictating the log.

"He is still occasionally lucid, though, briefly able to give orders. Two more have died." He looked up. "Those we simply dumped overboard without ceremony. There was no time for anything else; we were desperate now. We were somewhere off the coast of America, but we did not know where; none of us could navigate. We were finally able to submerge to periscope depth." He nodded down at the book. "It is Strang writing the log now; the captain can no longer dictate. There are no headings, no courses, weather or anything else of the sort. The log is now only a brief, scribbled account of what is happening. At dusk, Strang writes—we had held a council, Strang, Biehler and I—we plan to move in toward shore, anchor, then row to shore in a life raft, surrender and get help for the captain.

"But we did not." Frank closed the book. "The coast seemed inhabited, but



You be the Judge

By SARAH MORRIS

Craig, an interior decorator, lifted a rug from a hotel room in redecorating the hotel. Under the rug, to his amazement, he found nearly $1000 in old-style twenty-dollar bills. The hotel owner promptly took it, promising to return it to its owner. Instead he simply kept it. When Craig learned this two years later, he sued for the money.

"Even though the hotel owner hasn't learned who lost the money," his attorney contended, "he is obligated to hold it until claimed by the guest who lost it. Craig has no claim. He was merely working there. Certainly if a chambermaid working there had found the cash, she would have had to turn it over to the owner."

"Your theory is wrong," Craig's lawyer replied. "This money was not lost. It was hidden by someone who later abandoned it. Craig was the actual finder. He was not an employee of the hotel such as a chambermaid is, either."

If you were the judge, to whom would you award the money?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Craig won. The court agreed that nobody would secrete money under a rug except to hide it. It added that fifteen years had elapsed since the United States Treasury called in all large-sized bills, so it was fairly evident that the money was abandoned. Therefore it belonged to Craig, as the finder.

Based upon a 1947 Minnesota decision.

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when we paddled ashore we found the houses unoccupied and unlighted; perhaps there was a blackout. We found no one to surrender to, returned to the submarine and found the captain lucid. He was dying, but was clearheaded again, and he gave us our orders. We must escape to Germany, he said, impossible though it might seem, so that our submarine could be recovered to fight again. We were to open the flood valve in the escape hatch, so that the submarine could later be entered and raised. We must then leave immediately; he would stay aboard and submerge. We protested, but he shook his head. He was dying, we could not help him, and those were his orders. We were not to bury the others at sea or the bodies might be found. He ordered us to dress him then, and he dictated his orders into the log and signed them. Then he stood up, we saluted, he returned it, and there we left him, watching us climb out, forty years ago. We left also Koeppler and Donner, who were already dead. From our life raft, we watched the U-19 submerge, its periscope turning." For a few moments Lauffnauer was silent, his eyes moving slowly over the old sub. "Incredible," he murmured, "that I should stand here again."

I said, "How'd you get off the island, Frank?"

"We entered one of the unoccupied houses and lived three days on canned food we found there, reconnoitering at night. We discovered that it was an island and that there was a public ferry leaving at night, though few people lived here. We entered a number of houses, searching for money and clothes, and found it—a little money in each of several houses and civilian clothes in abundance. We left on the ferry, walking off it on Long Island. We took the train to New York and separated. I got a job driving a team in Brooklyn." He smiled a little. "I had no draft card, and no one ever asked for one. I spoke very little English, and with a heavy German accent; no one ever even questioned this." He shrugged. "I intended to stow away on a ship for Europe, then to somehow make my way back to Germany—an impossibility, I am sure. In any case I never tried it. Each week I would say next week I will act, then suddenly the war was over, and on Armistice Day I cheered on the streets of New York with the Americans. It took me nearly four years to save passage for home; I had no passport, and I had to bribe the mate of a freighter to take me." Frank opened the logbook again and turned several pages.

"There is only this one last entry," he said, "and it is in the captain's handwriting again, but very shaky; we had to hold the book for him." He pointed, and we crowded around to look over his shoulders. "Strang wrote out the captain's final orders, then the captain added this." There were two scribbled words I could not read, and Lauffnauer said, "They read, 'Keller, *Kapitän.*'" Then he swung to Moreno. "You had a large, flat crate in back of the house," he said crisply, and I suddenly knew how he'd sounded commanding his own ship. "It was about six feet by five and a foot deep."

"I still got it," Moreno said, nodding. "I made it to store nets in."

"Make another; I want this one. We will bury these men at sea."

"Sure." Moreno nodded.

We looked through the whole boat then, moving through the control room into the aft battery compartment, which contained provision lockers, a switchboard and mess gear.

In the rapidly narrowing aft compartment were the main engines, two small diesels, their shafts connected in a straight line to the propellers; behind them were the generator, main motor, the air compressor, propeller clutch, and so on. Throughout the ship everything seemed in reasonable order, as far as we could tell, though we knew there was bound to be a good deal of work to be done.

The big hand wheels for operating the diving planes and the hand steering gear, for example, were absolutely immovable, and we knew all planes and the rudder were rusted tight. We inspected everything visible throughout the ship; switchboard, bilge pumps, engine clutch, electric range, torpedoes—the tubes each contained a torpedo—the vent valves, Kingstons, the periscope dry-air system, steering engine, the waste locker—which was empty—periscope telescoping gear and motor, and everything else.

It was noon when we finally left the little sub. Then all of us stood in the dock staring at her, and Lauffnauer said, "Well, what do you think? I think she looks good; as good as we could reasonably expect."

Moreno said, "Yeah, on the inside," then he nodded down at the sub. The tide was very low, and two thirds of the ship was out of water; we could see the concrete blocks on which she rested, just under the surface. And now all the dry surfaces of the ship were a dull orange with rust. "But look at the rust," Moreno continued. "Can we chip loose all movable parts? And if we do, how far can we trust them, everything half eaten away?"

Lauffnauer said, "We'll find out; that's all we can do. It's the batteries I worry about. . . . Hugh, what about them?"

After a moment I said, "Well, I'm doubtful; in fact, I don't have much hope at all. I'm darn sure you couldn't have washed the elements free of electrolyte; did you, Frank?"

"It would never have entered our heads," he said.

Vic said, "What if they'd been able to wash them?"

I shook my head. "Even then I don't think the batteries would be any good after forty years, or anything like it. Occasionally some will hold a charge or take a charge long after you'd think it was impossible. But even under expert care in a laboratory, I don't think they could be made to last that long."

"So, as it is, we're finished, then," Linc said. "Before we start. We've got to have batteries."

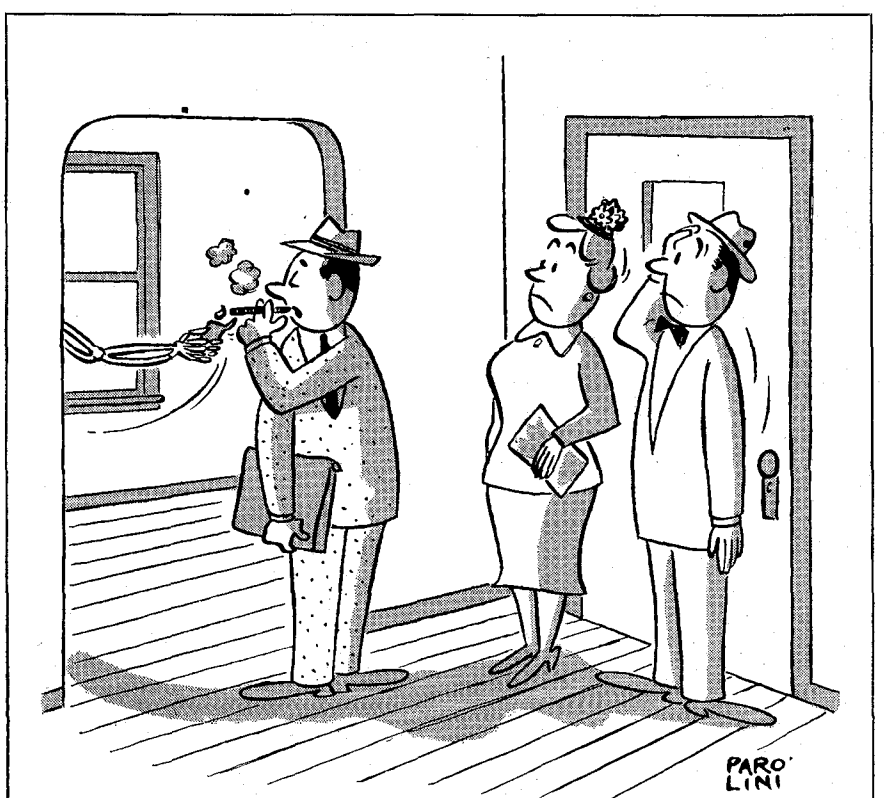
"We're not finished," Vic said shortly. "Hugh, you'll think of something. I didn't bring you into this for nothing." He smiled. "You'll figure this out one way or another."

I smiled. "Thanks, pal," I said, though I didn't know what I could do about it if those batteries were hopelessly dead, as I felt certain they were.

There is an enormous loss we all of us suffer, growing up—we stop playing. The things adults call play very seldom are. With hardly an exception they're competitions; even hunting or fishing, even golf all alone. Rarely ever again do we experience pure play—doing something for its own sake completely, utterly absorbed and lost in it, nothing else mattering.

Now I had to leave our toy; most of us did. Most of us had jobs—no one had quit his till we knew for sure that the old sub could be raised and transported. And now we all but Moreno and Rosa had to go back to New York: to break leases, check out of hotels or leave rooming houses; to quit jobs or resign positions; to sell securities, close out bank accounts, withdraw savings or raise cash at a pawnshop. Moreno had an old jeep in a little shed back of the shack, and, after a last look at the sub, we all walked up the path, climbed into the jeep and he drove us to the closest railroad station.

I was shaving in my hotel room well before two o'clock; then I dressed, wearing a lightweight blue suit and a tie, and packed everything else I owned into my old sea bag. I checked out at the desk downstairs, took a cab to my bank and, while the cab waited, withdrew all the money I had in both a savings and checking account. Then I went to the ferry terminal, checked my bag in a coin locker, and by three-forty I was at my office, stepping out of the elevator, grinning at the receptionist. I had no trouble resigning—summer was coming, slack season for our department and the whole broadcasting industry. And when I suggested giving up the two-week vacation I had coming in exchange for not giving notice,



"And now, concerning those silly little—thank you—rumors about this house being haunted."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He got the idea from a science fiction movie."

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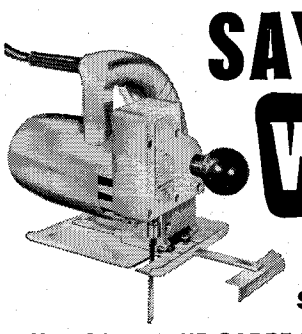

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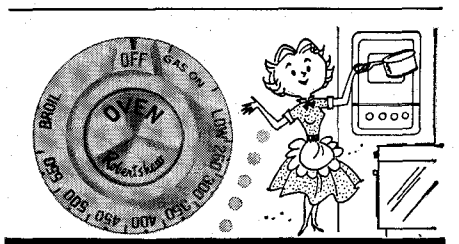

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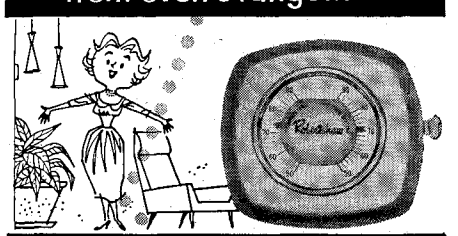

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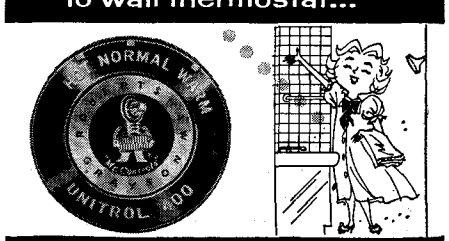

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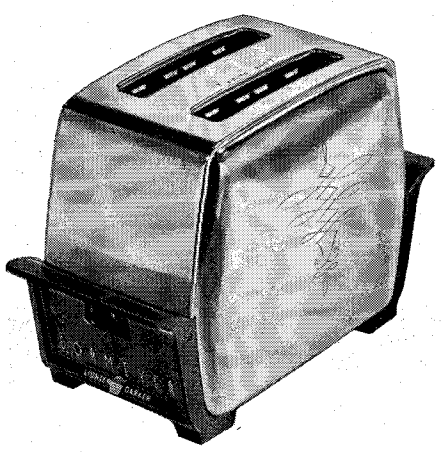

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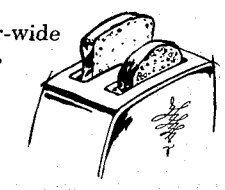

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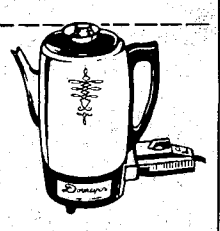

Dormeyer

Dormeyer Corporation, Chicago 10, Ill.

it was O.K. with the boss. He was sorry to lose me, he said; wanted to know what I was going to do. I told him I was going to drive out West somewhere, just for the hell of it.

In the record department Herb, the big kid in charge of putting records back on the shelves more or less in their proper places, was sitting at his little desk.

A moment or so later, dusting her hands, Alice Muir walked out, then stopped and stood looking at me; she wore a white linen sleeveless dress, a green jade brooch at the square neckline, and she looked wonderful. "Hello," she said, frowning a little.

"I just quit," I said. "Got time for a coffee?"

She looked at Herb, who said, "I'll add your duties to my other responsibilities; go ahead." Alice thanked him, and we walked out to the elevators.

We didn't speak till we were down at the little lunch counter just off the main lobby. My coffee came and Alice's soda, and Alice—unwrapping her straw, not looking at me—said, "So you quit. You didn't need to for my sake, Hugh; I was going to ask tomorrow for an early vacation."

I wondered why she hadn't asked today, but I said, "Well, you can take your time now; I won't be back."

She nodded, taking a sip of her soda. Then, still without looking at me, she said, "All right; I meant what I said Friday." She looked up at me now. "But I was hoping you didn't. That's why I didn't ask about my vacation."

She turned back to her soda, and I sat looking down at the top of her head, at her straw-yellow hair and the clean white scalp at the part. "Maybe I'm crazy," I said quietly, and I meant it. "I have the feeling now that if I'd just let go a little, just relaxed a bit, I'd have fallen crazy in love ——"

"Don't," she said. "I don't want to hear it; you don't know how sad I feel right now. I'd have married you in a minute; I still would, and I wonder if I'll ever get over you. But you're not sad; you're excited. I don't know about what, but you are. Right now, sitting here, looking at me, you're wondering for a moment whether you made a mistake. And maybe you have. But you're going to do what you want to do anyway." She drew herself up, shoulders back, and turned to me, her chin lifting, her eyes sad, but proud too. "Look at me, Hugh," she said softly, and I did, my eyes meeting hers. "This is what you could have had—me. For the asking. You can't do much better; and you may do far worse."

Suddenly she relaxed her posture, reaching out to touch my hand on the counter for a moment. "But I haven't any right to put you through this," she said. "I haven't any claim on you. You came to say good-by, and I'm glad you did."

I was on the edge of saying it: *Wait for me; just a few weeks!* But I didn't say it. I hadn't the right; I might be dead soon or in prison. I could say it to myself: *Wait for me, Alice!* But all I could say was "So am I, Alice. We had a lot of fun."

"Yes." She nodded rapidly, looking straight ahead. "Maybe you'd better go now, Hugh; I'll stay and finish my soda. Please do; please go now, Hugh."

"All right." I stood up from the stool and put coins on the counter, more than enough to pay for the coffee and soda. Then I reached out for her hand, squeezed it, and she squeezed back, hard, then dropped my hand and turned away, and I walked out to the street.

Lincoln Langley sat smoking a cigar in the jeep, parked in the shadows beside the little country station when Vic and I got off the train that night. It was funny, really—I thought about this later and was amused—we wasted no time in greeting each other. I liked Linc and felt cordial to him, but, reaching the jeep a step or two ahead of Vic, heaving my sea bag into the end, the first thing I said was "How is she?"

And Linc had no trouble understanding me. "Good," he said eagerly, yanking the cigar from his mouth. "Moreno's got cotton waste wrapped around every movable part on the outside. Tied on with wire and soaked with penetrating oil. He's already chipping rust."

I nodded, climbing in beside him. Vic got in back as Linc started the motor, then backed out into the empty little main street. "Lauffnauer back?" Vic said, and Linc nodded, shifting gears.

"Came back with me; we've been here an hour," he said, driving slowly down

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Brown Moment

By John D. Engle, Jr.

The covey of quail flowed
down the hill
In a swishing, rustling rill.
But when I made the
slightest stir,
The rill, behind a dam of
fear,
Became at once a brown-
flecked pool
Of silence, beautiful and
cool.
I dropped the stone of one
brief word
And splashed this quiet pool
of bird
Into winged droplets,
roaring high
To spray the ceiling of the
sky.

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the street. "We've started work on the Kingstons."

From the back seat Vic said quietly, "What do you think, Hugh?" and I saw Linc turn to me, his mouth opening a little, waiting intently for my answer.

But all I could do was shrug and say, "We'll know in a few minutes now." Vic was asking about the batteries; they were the all-important question. For without electrical power the sub couldn't run underwater—or run at all, for that matter; these diesels couldn't be started at sea without current from the batteries.

The shack was lighted, illuminating the path beside it, and down the hill at the shore every crack of the dock building was brightly defined, two rectangles of yellow light from the dusty windows high under the eaves lying on the black water beside the building. "See you," Linc said and, actually trotting down the path, he hurried back to the submarine.

Rosa was making up the last of five metal cots lined up along one wall of the shack. As we walked in with our sea bags she was pulling an olive-drab blanket taut. She glanced up to smile at us. "They are waiting for you," she said to me, nodding in the direction of the dock, "like children. Can you make their toy run for them, papa?"

I nodded, lifting my sack onto the cot she'd just finished. "Sure," I said, "I'll make it run; one way or another."

"Where you sleeping, Rosa?" Vic said; he was sitting on the edge of his cot, pulling blue denims and a work shirt from his sea bag.

"In my own house," she said shortly, "alone." Then she walked ahead into the little area that served as a kitchen and sat down at an enamel-topped table there, her back to us. On a wall shelf beside the table was a small radio, and she snapped it on. Without turning around she said, "Go ahead, get dressed; they are waiting for you."

I glanced at Vic, shrugging, then sat down, untied my bag and began tugging out a pair of denim pants and a shirt.

We changed clothes quickly then and all of us walked down the path to the dock. Inside it Moreno, wearing dirty tan coveralls and an old felt hat, was standing down in the water in hip boots beside the orange-red sub, chipping rust from the aft dive-plane mountings. He glanced up as we walked in, nodding shortly, and began climbing out of the water as Vic and I walked across the plank to the conning tower, then climbed down the ladder through the open hatch. Lauffnauer and Linc, working in the control room with socket wrenches, were twisting bolts from the stuffing box of one of the big Kingstons.

Moreno came down the ladder just behind us, and I squatted on the deck. Under the hatch cover, set into the deck beside me, were batteries, others in the forward compartment. Grouping themselves about me, the others stood silent and watching, waiting for what I'd have to say, and I lifted the hatch cover.

A submarine's batteries are huge—as tall as a man in a modern sub, and even these ancient batteries were four feet tall. And they weigh tons; they're actually an important part of a submarine's ballast. Now I began the routine of inspecting, then testing them, without any real hope. There was acid in the batteries, I found, as I'd expected; it doesn't evaporate to amount to anything. Now all I could do was to see if miraculously the batteries had somehow held a charge for forty years. I didn't bother taking a hydrometer reading, but simply tested each cell at the voltmeter panel of the switchboard here in the aft compartment. And now I threw the old knife-blade switch and tested the first cell.

The needle barely flickered, indicating just a trivial difference in potential. I tried each of the other cells then, everyone watching my face. Then I thought about trying to charge these old batteries. We could run power in to the diesels, rig them to run and try a charge. But I knew it would be so much waste motion, and after a few moments I glanced at the others and shook my head.

Moreno began to curse, quietly and viciously; then Rosa gave him a little push, and he shut up. The others swung away from the hatch, Lauffnauer jamming his hands into his white coverall pockets, slowly shaking his head; Vic muttered something angrily, and the life seemed to have gone out of Linc's face. For a moment Rosa stood watching me, then she said, "All right, papa; how are you going to fix it for us?" and the others turned back to stare down at me again.

I looked at them. "There's only one thing I know of to try," I said, "and I don't like it. But there's not another single thing we can do."

"All right, all right," Moreno said irritably, "let's have it; what can we do?" He was staring down at me, his eyes sharp with a hope he didn't really have.

"Use automobile batteries."

It was actually a little comical; they were frowning, their mouths opening in astonishment. Vic said, "*Car* batteries? Ordinary car batteries?"

"Sure." I had to smile, looking at their faces. "The sub doesn't care where the

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power comes from. A few big batteries or a lot of little ones, the sub doesn't care; get the juice to the motor and it'll turn."

"Hugh, are you *sure?*" Lauffnauer said. Then he laughed, the beginning of relief in his voice. "It just does not seem possible, that's all."

I tapped the big sub battery with my foot. "This is only a two-hundred-and-forty-cell battery," I said. "That's nothing nowadays, but it's what this boat had. Well, a hundred and sixty ordinary six-volt automobile batteries will give us a four-hundred-and-eighty-cell bank of batteries. And I can hook them up so that we'll have, in effect, two batteries of two hundred and forty cells paralleled for operation."

"And it'll be the equivalent of the sub's batteries?" Linc said eagerly.

"No, certainly not." I shook my head. "It'll give us maybe ten to fifteen per cent of the normal operating potential of the big one, at best."

"And what the devil does all that mean?" Moreno said angrily.

I grinned at him. "It means that if you need power you can get it from any battery regardless of its nature. Including car batteries. But not for long. We'll get all the power of the big batteries from the hundred and sixty little ones, but not for anywhere near the same length of time. They won't begin to store the power of the big ones; it's like a bucket compared to a great big tank. We can go under for"—I hesitated, then shrugged—"twenty minutes, say. Maybe a little longer, though I'd hate having to try getting more than a half hour out of them. And get this straight"—I glanced around at all of them. "We can go under *one time only.* Then our batteries will be as dead as this"—I patted one of the big cells. "And there'll be no recharging them; not at sea, anyway."

"Why not?" Vic said.

"With what?" I said. "The ship's generator would pour in more juice than any little car battery could take; it'd be like trying to fill a washbasin with a high-pressure fire hose. They're still little six-volt batteries no matter how we hook them up, and you use anything much more than an ordinary car-battery charger, you could burn them out. We put a full charge in them here, then we go out; and we can dive once. And for about twenty minutes, and fifteen would be safer. And that, my little ones"—I grinned at Rosa—"is the very best that papa can do."

After a moment or so, Lauffnauer said, "And those batteries will cost what?"

"Well, besides batteries, Frank, we'll need chargers—fast chargers and overnight chargers with a capacity of several batteries at a time. Plus connectors, and so on. No way in the world to do it, short of stealing the batteries, for any less than three thousand dollars."

Linc whistled slowly, then we all looked at Moreno. "Well," he said, shrugging, "everyone who can is to turn in a thousand bucks, as you all know. I can, just barely. And Rosa can; you got insurance money left, haven't you?" He looked at her, and she nodded shortly. "Vic?" he said then.

"Yeah." He nodded. "I've got it with me."

"So have I," I said, "in my sea bag."

"And I can't," said Linc.

Moreno nodded. "And Linc can't. He told us that from the beginning; he just hasn't got it, not a dime, and that's that. Frank turned over eight hundred dollars to me an hour ago. It's every cent he's got, and after all"—Moreno smiled—"he's contributing the sub. So we have forty-eight hundred dollars to get this boat operating, and to live on. I could scrape up a little more, maybe. And maybe Rosa could too. How about you, Vic?"

"Yeah; maybe another five hundred. But that'd be the end of the line."

"Hugh?"

"About the same; maybe a little less."

"O.K." Moreno shoved his hat back off his forehead. "We got forty-eight hundred bucks now. And say sixty-five hundred tops if we need it. So we'll spend three thousand dollars for power, because we've got to have it and there's not another darn thing we can do about it. We'll get by on what's left if we have to quit eating." He grinned tightly. "Linc, what about the radio?"

"We don't need this type of wireless. We need only a small, portable outfit of very limited range. Our best bet is to buy it and forget this one. I'd say perhaps a hundred pounds—three hundred dollars. Maybe less; I haven't priced them in America lately." He smiled.

"All right." Moreno nodded. "We've got plenty of fuel; I checked it today. So now we start buying batteries—at every gas station, garage and auto-supply place for fifteen miles. And in New York; every time someone has to go in. And from the mail-order houses. We'll buy no more than two at any one purchase; and we'll take turns buying." He said to me. "You take care of the chargers?"

"Yeah, I'll run into New York with the jeep for them."

"O.K. Bring back as many batteries as you have room for, too; maybe Linc can run in with you and bring back his radio and a couple rafts. Now, let's get organized." He held up one hand and began ticking off on his fingers the next things to be done. "We'll start work on the diesels right away. Then overhaul the Kingstons, the air compressor and all vents. Get the engines and air compressor working, refill the air flasks, and we can test the tanks a few dozen times."

"What about the rudder and dive planes?" I said.

"I'm freeing them now. We'll have to use a blowtorch some places, but they'll work. We're going to be repairing, improvising, patching up, making do, doing without and maybe even reinventing. But so what?" He moved one of his heavy shoulders under the rust-streaked coveralls. "We're not going on a world cruise in her, either. Or standing inspection. This tub's like an old jalopy; if it gets us there and back, that's all we need."

"If," Linc murmured, and I saw Rosa's lips move, and she very quickly, surreptitiously, made the sign of the cross on her forehead with a thumbnail.

But Lauffnauer was smiling faintly. "She is a good ship," he murmured, glancing slowly around the ancient little sub. "I trusted her once, and I will trust her again." He said it with such simple, absolute faith that sudden conviction surged through us all. And when Moreno, smiling, too, now, said, "O.K., gang, let's get to work," I actually tossed him a mock salute, delighted to obey.

He and I and Vic climbed out then, and Moreno got down in the water beside the sub to resume chipping rust from the aft hydroplanes, his hat shoved back on his head, and whistling softly. Vic and I each picked out an open-end wrench from the tools, such as he had, which Moreno had laid out on the dock. And when we climbed back to start work on the diesels in the engine room, Lauffnauer and Linc were hard at work on the Kingstons again, discussing the difference between these and the ones Linc had seen on a British sub.

At this moment I loved these people—all of them. And I began then, unscrewing a bolt from a diesel water jacket, the best moments and days of my entire life—the happiest I will ever have, in many ways, I'm certain. And I think the others felt the same way.

TO BE CONTINUED

Black Monte's Last Raid (Continued from Page 23)

dinner, Mike reviewed the situation. There was no doubt that this was all too clearly a shakedown. Unfortunately, the legal position of Waggshall, Thisby & Finch was legally untenable.

Accepting a glass of superior brandy from his stewardess, Mike found himself forming an almost sympathetic picture of M. Fitzgerald. Alone and old, exiled for long years of bleak hopelessness from his native land, he was probably trying to eke out his last few remaining days in some miserable attic. Then, perhaps one evening as he stopped by his favorite cheap pub, he'd seen *Frontier Gun,* which the British had taken to heart as avidly as their American cousins. To the shabby old man it would have seemed like manna from Heaven. He would have taken his story to a lawyer, possibly an unscrupulous lawyer, and together they would plan ways and means of milking the big, rich American corporations. That Anstruther, Anstruther & Nephew employed expensive stationery was no guaranty that the firm was honest.

Still, if the old man's demands weren't too unreasonable, why not? A few little comforts for the last years wouldn't bankrupt Waggshall, Thisby & Finch Associates. And besides, from what the researchers had been able to learn, Black Monte had confined himself to banditry, pure and simple, and even his worst detractors had never accused him of cold-blooded murder. Why, it was even possible that the old boy might be persuaded to sign on as a technical adviser! There'd be some terrific publicity to be gained with the real Monte riding herd on the script department.

This could be a massive victory, snatched from well-nigh certain defeat. Smiling gently, Mike slept as the great plane swept across the night sky toward England and the dawn.

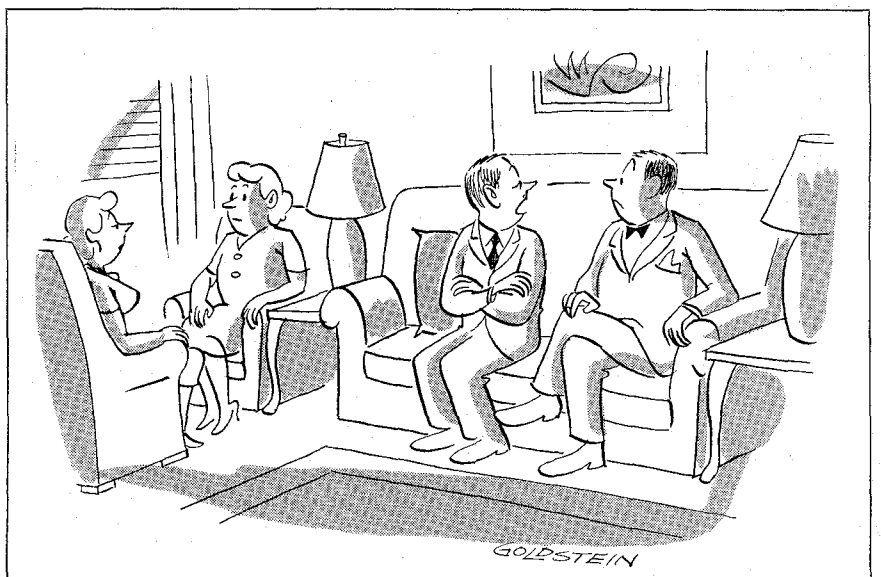
The offices of Anstruther, Anstruther & Nephew, Number 21 Pomander Street, London, W. 1, appeared to have been furnished in excellent taste during the reign of George III, dusted late in the spring of 1902 and left untouched ever since. A clerk showed Mike into the walnut-paneled private chambers of the senior Anstruther, who looked, Mike thought, as if he had been created by one of Madame Tussaud's craftsmen for the tableau depicting Gladstone's cabinet.

"Ah, yes. Yes, yes, yes," Mr. Anstruther sibilated. "Mr. Davenant, to be sure. I never cease to be astonished, my dear sir, at the energy and decision of you Americans. With your people, to think is to act, as it were." The lawyer paused to extract from his waistcoat pocket an enormous gold watch. "I perceive it to be eleven o'clock, sir. It is my custom at this hour to refresh myself with a cup of chocolate or tea and a wafer. I trust you will do me the honor of joining me."

"I'd be delighted to," Mike replied, as the clerk, appearing on inviolable schedule, entered bearing an immense tray upon which were set out a silver chocolate pot, a silver salver of wafers and two cups and saucers. Like a priest of some vanished religion, the clerk conducted the ceremony of pouring the chocolate, and Mike began to enjoy a faint, uneasy sense of unreality. These were the last surroundings, this the last atmosphere in which he would have expected to discuss the wild and nefarious career of the most successful highwayman in the turbulent history of Nevada.

"Since the war," Mr. Anstruther observed, sampling his cup, "I have felt that chocolate has lost something of its body and fragrance. But then"—he sighed wistfully—"a really decent cup of China tea is equally difficult to obtain nowadays."

"Er—I imagine so," Mike said a trifle lamely. When, he wondered, did Anstruther, Anstruther & Nephew get down to brass tacks? He sipped his chocolate, and Mr. Anstruther discussed several aspects of rose gardening, an avocation in which he declared himself to take much pleasure. Finally, regretfully, the lawyer turned to the business at hand.



"I'm on a very restricted diet. I eat only what Harriet can cook."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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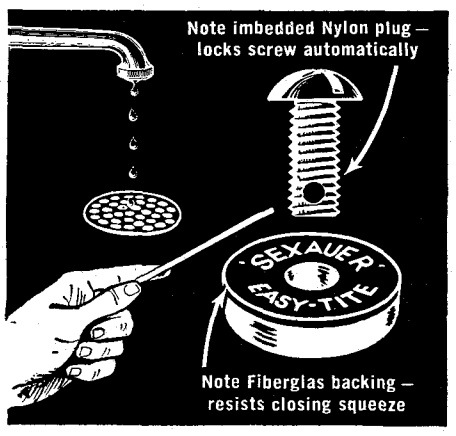
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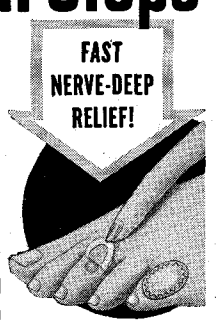

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"A most delicate matter, Mr. Davenant, most delicate indeed. Not the sort of case we normally prefer to accept, but in this instance. . . ."

So it was going to be a shakedown after all, Mike decided. Despite all the eighteenth-century formality, Anstruther, Anstruther & Nephew—and who was Nephew, anyhow? Charles J. Nephew or Uncle Cedric's eldest boy—were not above a quiet little twentieth-century con game. Well, it was what he'd expected.

"I feel certain we'll be able to reach some amicable agreement in this matter," Mike said easily. "Naturally, we deeply regret any unintentional violations of privacy which may have occurred, and we're prepared to make a suitable settlement. Provided, of course, this Mr. Fitzgerald can substantiate his claim to be Black Monte."

"Ah—I'm afraid, Mr. Davenant, that the matter is not quite so simply arranged." Mr. Anstruther carefully placed the tips of his long, white fingers together just beneath his angular chin.

"Oh?" And here it comes, the old outside curve.

"My client's views as to what constitutes a suitable settlement may seem somewhat unorthodox. I should add, however, that there would seem to be no legal hindrance to such views. But that, my dear sir, is something he wishes to discuss with you personally."

"In which case perhaps you'll be able to tell me where I can find him."

"I have taken the liberty of arranging a meeting. If you will arrange to be at your hotel after dinner this evening, my client's grandniece, Miss Patricia Fitzgerald, will meet you there and take you to her granduncle."

"Frankly, sir, I'd prefer to do business here and in a businesslike fashion. Why can't the old boy talk here?"

"That, Mr. Davenant," said Mr. Anstruther, a faint smile brushing his thin lips, "is not for me to say. And now, sir, I will give myself the pleasure of wishing you a very good day. I doubt whether we shall be seeing one another again."

This was absurd. "Surely we'll have to get together on the legal details," Mike protested. "We're not going to get pushed around on this deal, you know." Things seemed to be getting rapidly out of hand. And the girl—for some reason Mike had never thought of Black Monte as a family man, complete with relatives.

"My client is a man of firm ideas," Mr. Anstruther said, and again the faint ghost of a smile curved the corners of his mouth. "I trust you will enjoy the remainder of your stay here in London, Mr. Davenant. It is a city full of surprises."

Back in his hotel room Mike suddenly wondered if some means could not be found to avoid meeting Miss Patricia Fitzgerald in the Barchester's lobby. He could picture the desk clerk's cold stare, the insolent leers of the bellboys, the questioning glance of the assistant manager as Miss Fitzgerald, overrouged, overlipsticked and probably wearing an electric-blue silk dress with a feather boa, flounced in and demanded his whereabouts—in a loud, Cockney voice.

Not that it mattered, of course. After all, he didn't know anybody in London. And what's more, nobody could call Mike Davenant a coward—or a snob. A red-blooded American boy who could and would, by George, call no man inferior. Plus which, many an English duchess began her life as a dairymaid, if he remembered his history aright.

He decided to have dinner in his room, just in case the Fitzgerald female arrived early. In a way he was really looking forward to meeting poor old M. Fitzgerald. "I realize, Fitzgerald," he heard himself telling the pathetic ruin of a once-bold bandit, "that you are being used as the tool of your unscrupulous and greedy relatives who seek to exploit you for their nefarious ends. But it shall not be. I have arranged matters so that they will go penniless while you spend the winter of your life in sunny retirement, sipping your friendly pint of mild and bitter at eventide by the roaring fire of some wayside inn."

All in all it was a rather moving picture. And Black Monte, eyes aflow with salt tears, would give him a wordless handshake followed by a muttered, "Thanks, boy. Tell them back in Nevada that Black Monte was game to the end. Tell 'em that, boy."

Somewhere in the distance cavalry bugles were sounding high and faint when the telephone on the bedside table snapped Mike rudely from his reveries. Miss Patricia Fitzgerald, the desk clerk's suave voice advised, awaited below.

Squaring his shoulders inside his banker's-gray suit, Mike took a deep breath and prepared to descend. "*This is it, men,*" he heard young Colonel Davenant rasp as he faced his tattered, gallant command. "*They're depending on us back at Fort Apache. Bugler, sound Boots and Saddles!*"

Stepping from the elevator, Mike searched swiftly for the electric-blue silk dress of his imagination. It was not visible. Shuddering inwardly, he looked again to see if the Fitzgerald woman had taken leave of her senses and elected something natty in scarlet satin.

"Mr. Davenant? Mr. Michael Davenant?" The voice was quiet and mildly amused, and the accent incapable of producing a really effective "gorblimy."

Mike whirled to behold the most beautiful girl he had ever seen in all thirty-one of his years. She was not too tall, but tall enough, with the slender figure of a young goddess only slightly blurred by the impeccably tailored suit of heather tweed she wore.

"I'm Patricia Fitzgerald. Please forgive my appearance," she said, giving him a smile of staggering loveliness, "but I've just run in from the country to pick you up. You're staying with us, of course."

"Gurk," said Mike. It was absolutely the best he could do.

"Didn't old Anstruther tell you? Oh, dear. He's really too maddeningly vague about these things. Granduncle will be most displeased. No matter, though. You can have the hotel pack your things, and I'll arrange to have them fetched tomorrow. We should be able to scrounge something up to fit you meantime. I say, do you sleep in a nightshirt?"

"Eeek?" Mike asked, feeling sanity softly stealing away.

"Sorry, but that's the only sleeping gear granduncle will tolerate. You'll have to borrow one of his. I should imagine," the incredible Miss Fitzgerald went on with shattering frankness, "you'd look positively old Roman in a nightshirt. Shall we go?"

As one in a dream, Mike permitted himself to be led from the quiet splendors of the Barchester and placed inside a sports car old enough to vote—and therefore spectacular. Great leather straps contained the hood, and its motor said, "Hutton-hutton-hutton." Headlights fit for navigational aids snuggled beside the great, gaunt radiator, between soaring, slim fenders.

"Granduncle cannot abide a saloon," Miss Fitzgerald observed apologetically. "Best fasten your seat belt, Mr. Davenant."

Mike recalled little of that drive through the English night. After they'd left London he'd tried to concentrate on the softly glowing gauges adorning the dashboard. Giant winds roared past his ears; Saxon villages raced past the corner of his left eye. Miss Fitzgerald drove like a British agent escaping from Them—*You must get the code through to Whitehall, Davenant. There'll be a Victoria Cross for you if you do.*

Then they were slowing, and the long, lean car was sweeping up a grandly curving graveled drive to come to a halt before an imposing structure obviously designed with a view to repelling the obnoxious Normans.

"Welcome to Montague Manor," cried Miss Fitzgerald gaily, switching off the ignition. Mike stared at her numbly, deafened by the sudden silence. There was no longer any point, he decided, in attempting to make sense of what was happening. Slowly he managed to extricate himself from the depths of the bucket seat and climb from the car, which was emitting grateful little creaks and groans. A massive oaken door opened silently to disclose a tall figure and spread an apron of light over the drive.

"Good evening, Miss Patricia," said the figure in the doorway, employing the deep, bell-like tones of Boris Karloff.

"Good evening, Manchester," replied Miss Fitzgerald. "Mr. Davenant has no baggage, so ——" She was interrupted by the sound of a small but impressive explosion from somewhere within the stone walls of Montague Manor. "Oh, no!" she cried in dismay. "Not another one. That's the third this month."

"I'm afraid so, miss," the figure named Manchester said sadly. "Although I endeavored to dissuade him, he insisted upon viewing the program entitled *Wagons to the Sunset*, this week's episode of which deals with an incident known to history as the showdown at the O.K. Corral."

"It's nothing, really," Miss Fitzgerald explained to Mike, who had been listening with no little fascination to the butler's recital. "Except that when granduncle gets upset by what he calls 'those idiot programs,' he throws something, usually hard, at the television set. Personally I admire his thinking, but it does get expensive after a while."

"If I may venture the suggestion, Miss Patricia," Manchester murmured tactfully, "it might be as well were Mr. Davenant to postpone his interview with his lordship until tomorrow."

"His what?" cried Mike.

"I beg pardon, sir?"

"It's all right, Manchester. Mr. Davenant has had a long, difficult day. Now be a lamb and run along and mix us something beneficial."

"Look, Miss Fitzgerald," Mike began unhappily. "I ——"

"If we were a little less formal, we could make it Pat and Mike, and people would invent jokes about us. Come on in, Mike, and set a spell," this disconcerting young woman interrupted.

Some time and a soothing potion later Mike's world began to come into focus again. Not that it helped much. Now everything had the same crisp clarity of a surrealist landscape by Dali, and it seemed eminently natural that he, Michael Frazier Davenant, of Waggshall, Thisby & Finch Associates, should be sunk in an

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You are getting old if you can remember when the hero of a book didn't kiss the heroine until the last page.

DAN BENNETT

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ancient sofa before an immense hearth, sharing the small, cheerful blaze that flickered in its depths with the red-haired, green-eyed grandniece of Black Monte Fitzgerald, fifteenth Baron Montague of Montague and scourge of old Nevada.

"But what's he trying to prove?" he asked for what may have been the dozenth time. "Why would he want to risk raking up a scandalous past, Pat?"

"Heaven only knows. But he's in deadly earnest, of that I'm positive. In any event, you'll find out in the morning. Now do try to relax, Mike."

The remembrance of his earlier fears of meeting Patricia Fitzgerald in the Barchester's lobby brought an embarrassed grin to Mike's face. He started to tell the object of his previous fears the sad tale of his miserable premonitions, and they were laughing quietly together when, by the purest optic chance, their eyes met and somewhere a violin string twanged its life away, a temple gong shattered the stilly night, a celestial bass fiddle thrummed.

"This," Mike murmured, his face buried in auburn spun sugar, or spun gold, he couldn't be sure, "is all most improbable."

"All nice things are improbable," said a small girl's voice somewhat muffled by his chest. The voice grew up abruptly, "Good heavens! I don't even know whether you're married or not, Michael Davenant."

Sometime later the grown-up voice said gently, "I should be terribly sorry for you, Mike. But, really, I'm glad. Glad for my sake, that is. You're a success, your career's zooming, and you're so lonely I could weep."

"Not any more," Mike told her softly. "Not any more, ever."

It took him no little time to disentangle his thoughts the following morning. First, of course, there was the problem of disentangling himself from one of the fifteenth Baron Montague's nightshirts. Then there were a number of moral issues to be faced. Did a representative of Waggshall, Thisby & Finch have the right to fall head over heels in love with the grandniece of a man who was prepared to sue Waggshall, Thisby & Finch blind? By the same token, did Waggshall, Thisby & Finch have the right to inhibit his emotional life? Was he a creature of their admittedly efficient organization, or a man? Was he ——

"Your tea, sir," said Manchester gravely, ignoring Mike's deerlike leap. "His lordship asks that you join him for breakfast when you've dressed." The butler turned to leave.

"Manchester," Mike said, a trifle more loudly than he'd intended. He'd planned to ask whether there was any message for him from Miss Patricia Fitzgerald, but the expression on the butler's flamboyant Gothic face gave him pause. Instead he said, "Wish me luck, would you."

"On the contrary, sir. I think I speak for the rest of the staff when I say that we wish you the very worst of luck. Nothing personal, you understand, sir."

"Oh, quite," Mike replied. "And thanks a whole lot."

"Don't mention it, sir."

It was only as he was descending the ancient and magnificent carved wooden staircase leading into the Great Hall of Montague Manor that Mike realized that he had no idea whatsoever of what sort of personage he was about to meet. Black Monte had flourished during the last half decade of the nineteenth century, so he might conceivably be under eighty. But a septuagenarian who threw things at his television receiver? An octogenarian blackmailer? His musings were interrupted by a crisp, authoritative voice.

"My dear Davenant, I trust you slept well."

At the foot of the stairs stood Montague D'Arcy Plantagenet Fitzgerald, fifteenth Baron Montague of Montague, scourge of old Nevada and the only known survivor of Sheriff Sam Bayard's deadly accuracy with a Colt revolver. He looked, Mike decided, like an elderly and very intelligent bird, a falcon mellowed by the years, possibly. Bright, interested eyes peered from beneath bristling steel-gray eyebrows, and the mouth beneath the clipped, steel-gray mustache was curved in wry amusement.

"Good morning, sir," Mike said. "I've been looking forward to meeting you."

"So I imagine. Breakfast awaits us, my dear boy. Later perhaps you'd enjoy a look at my jade; one or two pieces are rather good, I think."

To Mike's disappointment Pat did not appear for breakfast in the cheerfully bright dining room. The breakfast was superlative, although he could have wished for coffee instead of tea. By his plate rested an enormous, leather-bound scrapbook.

"Thought you might want to put the question of proof of identity at ease straight off," the fifteenth baron said amiably. "Although I must say that the photographs in the early WANTED FOR HIGHWAY ROBBERY posters hardly do me justice."

It was the most improbable scrapbook Mike had ever seen. Yellowed clippings from the Split Skull (Nevada) *Cattleman's Advocate*, the Carson City weekly *Intelligencer & Drover's Friend*, and various other publications attested to the devilish cunning of Black Monte, the highwayman. The face of a much younger but no less genially wicked Montague of Montague peered from a dozen small posters, some offering as much as $5000 reward for his apprehension, dead or alive, the same to be paid by the Nevada Mining Association. Toward the back of the book was a page from one of the London illustrated news magazines, dated 1915. "Maj. Montague Fitzgerald, Irish Fusiliers, leaves Buckingham Palace after receiving a third bar to the D.S.O.," read the caption. A smaller clipping from The Times recorded the death of Alastair Edmund St. C. Fitzgerald, fourteenth Baron Montague, and the succession to the title of his brother, Montague.

"As a younger son of a none-too-prosperous family," Black Monte, for this was how Mike thought of him, observed, helping himself to a second cup of tea, "my prospects were, as you may imagine, dim. I determined, therefore, to enrich myself as speedily as possible. The American West seemed to offer the greatest promise for an energetic young man. I tried my inexperienced hand at gold mining, and on two occasions struck it rich, as the expression then currently popular phrased it. Each time, however, my claims were set aside by the legal manipulations of the Nevada Mining Association, an organization of the most powerful and unscrupulous gold and silver barons in the region. I therefore determined to make war upon this band of evil men."

"So you took up highway robbery?" Mike murmured.

"Precisely, my dear chap. Mind you, there was nothing of Robin Hood about my operations. They were designed specifically for my benefit and, if I may say so, I became rather adept, in spite of the handicaps I imposed upon myself."

"Handicaps?" Mike asked.

"I never permitted myself to shoot anybody, although the temptation was often great. And I robbed only those stages, trains and wagons carrying property of the members of the Nevada Mining Association."

"But your reputation with a gun—how do you account for that, sir?"

"I developed an exceedingly fast draw and became an expert marksman. Since I could outdraw any possible opponent, it was never necessary to follow up with a shot. I would then demonstrate what I would, in theory, have done to the poor devil by shooting down a silver dollar tossed into the air at my bidding. Word of mouth did the rest, as I had planned. When I had amassed exactly one million dollars—the amount I would undoubtedly have made had I been permitted to exploit my strikes—I retired."

"To collect jade," Mike said. "Sheriff Sam Bayard told the newspapers he'd shot you down in the hills back of Split Skull."

"Dear old Sam," said Black Monte unexpectedly. "Really one of the most charming chaps I've ever known. An amiable buffoon, actually, but with a heart of gold. In return for immunity—for it was always possible that he might, by sheer accident, interrupt my work—I made his reputation. Sam always knew my schedule; thus he could always manage to arrive seconds after I had departed the scene. On several occasions, for the sake of appearances, we engaged in some harmless gunplay, safely out of each other's range, of course. Naturally, too, Sam was remunerated handsomely—in point of fact, our last meeting in the hills behind Split Skull was for the purpose of concluding our mutually profitable partnership. You'll recall that Sam himself retired shortly thereafter. We maintained a most friendly correspondence until his untimely demise in 1941."

"Good heavens," Mike breathed, stunned. Waggshall, Thisby & Finch was over more than a barrel. If word of Sam Bayard's duplicity were to reach the public, Frontier Gun would be deader than vaudeville. Nevertheless, he must not cave in without a struggle. "I don't understand you, sir. Why are you threatening a suit when ——" He motioned vaguely at the elegant furnishings of the splendidly paneled dining room. Black Monte sighed sadly.

"The war, old boy. Taxes. Chinese jade's gone right out of sight, and Montague Manor's roof is in dreadful shape. And then I've got to think about Pat. Her parents, dear, gentle, impractical people, left her without a cent, and I've an obligation to look to her future." Baron Montague extracted a thin silver cigarette case from the pocket of his exquisitely cut tweed hacking jacket, removed a cigarette and lighted it thoughtfully. "Mind you, I've no wish to rake up my somewhat unorthodox past, Davenant, but there are times when a chap's got to stomach his pride, so to speak. Bite the bullet, as it were."

"Sir, you are a rogue and a scoundrel," Mike said sternly.

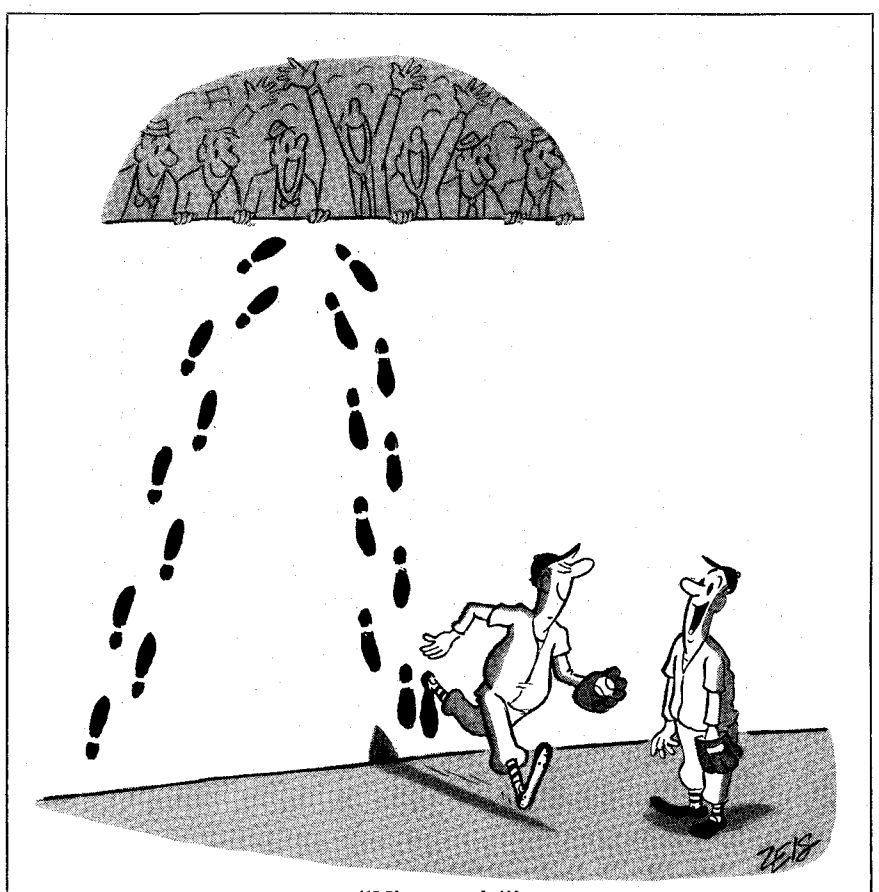
Black Monte Fitzgerald cocked a bushy eyebrow and grinned. "Frankly," he said, "I'm rather pleased with myself. You see, Davenant, I regard it as poetic justice."

"Poetic justice!" Mike exploded. "Poetic justice my foot."

And then he saw the terrible, simple beauty of it all.

Today the Davenants are very comfortably situated in the brownstone on East Sixty-first Street that Mike bought and renovated to his bride's taste shortly after his elevation to a full partnership in what is now Waggshall, Thisby, Finch & Davenant Associates. Pat has adapted herself to New York living in commendable fashion. Montague Manor has a brand-new roof. And in the list of credits which follows every episode of *Frontier Gun*, M. Fitzgerald is listed with simple dignity as TECHNICAL CONSULTANT. The job pays something over $10,000 a year, which isn't bad, translated to pounds sterling.

Frontier Gun continues among the top ten, ratingwise, as J. Van Riper Waggshall puts it. The sponsor continues to be The Occidental Silver Company—"Give Her an Occidental Silver Service for Her Wedding"—51 per cent of whose stock is held by the Nevada Mining Association. THE END



"Nice catch!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Fallout: The Silent Killer (Continued from Page 25)

"We figure that most of the earth's atmosphere passed through this region every month or two," Doctor Shelton explains, "and by sampling this area—we've taken some thirteen hundred samples to date—we get a fairly accurate idea of the fallout content at the different altitude levels."

The sampling apparatus, mounted inside the nose of the plane, is a cone-shaped chamber with a four-inch opening at the front and a hoop supporting a ten-inch disk of filter paper at the back. The paper is impregnated with a sticky, oily plastic that catches and retains fine particles as the air rushes through it. Actually five disks are mounted on a revolving frame, so that a fresh one may be flipped into position for each of five samples.

When the pilot reaches the desired spot in the sky he merely pushes a button to open the front vent cover, keeps it open long enough for a measured 10,000 cubic feet of air to flow into the chamber and through the filter paper. In each sampling "pass" he may travel 300 miles. On landing he slips the five disks into plastic bags and sends them to Isotopes, Incorporated, at Westwood, New Jersey, for radiochemical analysis.

Essential details of the atmospheric-fallout picture have also been supplied by the Weather Bureau, the Naval Research Laboratory, the Air Force Cambridge Research Center at Bedford, Massachusetts, the hundreds of rainfall and soil-sampling stations and big helium-filled plastic balloons, which carry the elaborate "ash-can" collecting devices as high as 90,000 feet. The balloons are operated by the Atomic Energy Commission out of Minneapolis, Minnesota, San Angelo, Texas, the Canal Zone and São Paulo, Brazil.

It was these high-altitude sampling efforts that proved the significance of the great "cracks" in the sky and provided a much more complicated picture of fallout circulation than had previously been held. The earlier assumption was that nearly all of the atomic debris entering the stratosphere became thoroughly mixed there and dripped back to earth in a rather uniform pattern. The heavier count in the United States had been attributed almost entirely to low-flying fallout from our Nevada tests. Now it is known that the greater concentration here and in other countries of similar latitude is due partly to the location of one of the two overhead cracks, which were discovered about fifteen years ago. They apparently girdle the earth over the North and South Temperate Zones—which happen to be the most populous. One is located at thirty to forty degrees north latitude—it is farther north in summer—and the other is at a similar distance south of the equator.

To understand the nature of the cracks, whose role in fallout was postulated mainly by Dr. Lester Machta and R. J. List, of the United States Weather Bureau, it is necessary to recall that the earth's atmosphere is divided into two main layers, the troposphere and the stratosphere. The troposphere, extending from the ground up to 35,000 or 55,000 feet—the height changes with latitude and season—is the region of clouds and high winds and weather. Within the troposphere the temperature decreases with altitude. But as one enters the cloudless and relatively quiet stratosphere, the temperature gradient reverses and the air gets hotter as you go higher. The boundary between these two layers is called the tropopause. It is in the tropopause, or the floor of the stratosphere, that the two remarkable cracks have been found.

Actually the cracks result from the fact that the stratospheric floor—or the ceiling of the troposphere—is several thousand feet higher over the warm equatorial and temperate area of the earth than it is above the polar regions. Like a house with the central section of roof cut out and lifted above the surrounding parts, the arrangement leaves two drafty gaps. Along these gaps, some 200 miles wide, the powerful jet streams blow. Moving generally in a west-to-east direction, they help suck the atomic debris out of the calm stratosphere and into the turbulent lower levels of the atmosphere, where rainfall washes it down to the ground. There is almost no fallout, incidentally, in regions of little rainfall.

Because most of the atomic testing has been north of the equator—Bikini and Eniwetok are about 10 degrees north, and the Russian test site is above the Arctic Circle—the heaviest fallout is through the northern crack. Consequently the fallout over the North Temperate Zone is two and a half times the world average. Moreover, because the floor of the stratosphere is lower over the arctic region, the Russian debris gets into the stratosphere quicker than the United States and British material does. It also reaches the stratospheric exit sooner and is fresher and "hotter" when it falls out. This circumstance partly accounted for the high world-wide fallout count after last autumn's Soviet series. Doctor Machta also asserts that faster Russian fallout, with stratospheric residence time of less than a year, means an additional health hazard from those fission products with radioactive half-lives of a few weeks to a few years.

Public uneasiness about fallout has increased sharply with the accelerated rate of weapons testing. The AEC disclosed during last May's hearings that more bombs had been fired in 1957 and 1958—the last two years of testing—than in all the previous years combined. The total count from July, 1945, to the conclusion of the Russian series last fall was 206 bombs, of which forty-four were detonated in 1957 and sixty-eight in 1958. The United States contribution for the entire period was 132, including twenty-four in 1957 and thirty-eight in 1958. Russia has set off fifty-three and England twenty-one.

The total explosive yield of all the weapons, as expressed in the usual equivalent of tons of TNT, adds up to 173.76 megatons. Except for the first three United States bombs—the test shot at Alamogordo and the two dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki—all this has been pure testing. Yet it exceeds by many times the total explosive power of the bombs released over Germany in World War II.

The public has heard much talk about "clean" bombs. But the AEC's May announcement revealed that the hydrogen bombs were only "half clean." About 50 per cent of their energy came from "dirty" fission. Thus the fission yield, from the fission part of the H-bombs and from the old-fashioned all-fission A-bombs, added up to 91.4 megatons, of which the United States and England were responsible for 65.9 megatons and Russia for 25.56. Important from the standpoint of fallout is the fact that forty megatons, or almost half of the total fission yield, were exploded in the last two years of testing.

As a consequence of the stepped-up rate, the stratospheric burden of fission products has almost doubled since May, 1957, and so has the fallout to the ground, according to Dr. Wright Langham, of the AEC laboratory at Los Alamos, New Mexico. Even if we assume no more weapons testing, the levels of strontium 90 and cesium 137 will continue to increase, as these elements drip out of the stratosphere, and will reach a maximum in about 1967.

Doctor Langham is even more concerned about future contamination should the tests resume. He was one of a group of scientists who in the 1957 hearings proposed a test limit of ten megatons of fission energy per year. "But the figures just released show that forty megatons were fired in the two years, nineteen fifty-seven and nineteen fifty-eight," he observed at this year's hearing, "a rate of twenty megatons in one year, or twice the proposed limit. If in the next five years we repeat the test pattern of the last five we will double the contamination, less the radioactive decay of about two and five-tenths per cent. If we repeat this for the next forty years the population will have eighty per cent of the maximum permissible concentration of strontium ninety in its bones; and because of individual variations many individuals will have more than the maximum permissible limit."

"Guess we'll have to get our own breakfast in the morning."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

While the jet planes and balloons keep tab on the stratospheric inventory, other sampling programs measure the radioactivity of almost everything on the earth's surface. Included are water, milk and soil from all over the world, plus a global grocery of vegetables and miscellany—cucumbers and string beans from Thailand, hazelnuts from Sicily, cinnamon and "yellow hens' eggs" from China, tea from India, wheat from Syria, the Congo and Minnesota, cheeses from Denmark, Jordan, and Tanganyika, rhubarb and Brussels sprouts from Schleswig-Holstein, red perch from the North Sea, buffalo bones from Ceylon, human bones from many places, baby teeth from St. Louis, and reindeer bones from Little Delta, Alaska.

The reindeer bones, by the way, had an unusually high strontium-90 content. Yet the actual fallout is very light in that part of Alaska. This illustrates one of the curious facts about fallout behavior. It is explained by Dr. Lyle T. Alexander, a Department of Agriculture soil scientist who organized the soil-sampling program several years ago and who has personally collected soil and bones and sundry other items from all over the earth.

"In many places the rain or snow which washes the strontium ninety down out of the sky also soaks into the ground and carries much of the strontium down into the soil," Doctor Alexander said. "But the moss in Alaska holds much of the moisture right up at the surface, and when the caribou eat the moss they get a fair amount of strontium into their system."

Sheep at St. John's, Newfoundland, also had a high bone count of strontium for a similar reason. The grass has shallow roots and the ground is usually frozen. The British have found the type of precipitation likewise makes a difference. A driving rain will produce a more rapid run-off and carry the strontium away, whereas a light rain or "Scotch mist" will leave the material for a longer time on the grass, where the cattle and sheep pick it up.

Among the bottles on Doctor Alexander's laboratory benches was one labeled, "Snowy Owl pellets from Canada."

"That's an interesting story," the soil scientist said. "These owls devour the lemmings that eat the sedge and the tiny dwarf willow trees, only an inch and a half high, on the tundra. The pellets contain only the indigestible hair and the bones. So we get an indirect measurement of the fallout on the vegetation and the pickup in the lemming bones by analyzing the owl pellets."

Although air, water, milk and food are sampled once a month or oftener, the soil samples are collected but once a year, and from about 100 stations. These range from the frost mounds of Point Barrow, Alaska, to a lawn in Paris, the botanic gardens in Hamilton, Bermuda, the campus of the University of Miami, a vacant lot in Calcutta where cattle keep the grass cropped, the Kahuku golf course in Oahu, and the remnant of a vegetable plot on Wake Island. Samples come also from the edge of a cemetery in Manila, from a palm grove in Aden, Arabia, and from a back yard in Léopoldville, Belgian Congo, which, the record notes, "is well grassed and level, but is subject to some traffic in connection with clothes-drying operations."

The sample itself is a core six inches deep and three and a half inches in diameter, taken out with a sharp stainless-steel "cookie cutter" and a posthole auger of the same caliber. Doctor Alexander carries a knock-down version of the posthole digger in his suitcase. Twenty of the

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borings are removed from one site to make the equivalent of at least a square foot of ground area. The soil and sod, weighing around seventy-five pounds, are put into a strong four-ply plastic-lined paper bag, which is placed in a wooden box for shipment to Doctor Alexander's laboratory at Beltsville, Maryland.

Upon its arrival at Beltsville the sack of earth is spread out on clean paper in a drying room, after which it is rebagged, taken to a "jaw mill" and crushed to fine dust. The dust is then homogenized in a mixer, and a two-pound sample of it sent to the Health and Safety Laboratory in New York where strontium and other isotopes are chemically separated and the radioactivity count is made.

The dig-bag-and-mail routine doesn't always go off in one-two-three order. An ordinary box of dirt, or a handful of lamb bones can sometimes be as difficult to send out of a country as a prized ancient relic, though for different reasons. Certain foreign governments just don't want their people's attention called to fallout problems, lest they become alarmed and make trouble, national or international. From such ingredients the Russians can cook up a lot of propaganda. As a matter of fact, Doctor Alexander recalls one occasion where insistence on removing a sample of animal bones might have embarrassed a government at a time when the Soviets were waiting for an appropriate "incident." He left without the bones, and the government remained intact—for a time at least.

Local diplomatic problems also occasionally arise in the United States. An Illinois farmer was disturbed by newspaper publicity given to the collection of radioactive samples from his pasture, although it was no higher than average.

In contrast was the attitude of a creamery operator in North Dakota whose dried buttermilk, sold for animal feed, had for a while a high strontium-90 count. This was probably due, the AEC believes, to heavy "rain-out" of atomic dust blown over this part of the Midwest from the Nevada tests. Minnesota wheat showed a similarly high count. Whatever the cause, the news stories about the North Dakota buttermilk hurt the business a bit. But the creamery owner said he felt it was his duty to continue cooperating with the Government by supplying samples. And he has done so.

All of the samples—soil, bone, food and milk—are converted to ashes in electric furnaces, and the strontium is extracted with fuming nitric acid and other chemicals. Fresh milk must be evaporated before ashing.

The net product of all this sampling and counting appears as columns upon columns of figures and reams of charts—so many millicuries of strontium 90 per square mile in the case of soil and rain-out samples, so many micromicrocuries of strontium 90 per gram of food or liter of milk. A millicurie is a thousandth of a curie and is equivalent to the radioactivity of a thousandth of a gram of radium. A micromicrocurie is a millionth of a millionth of a curie. Another widely used radiation term, the "strontium unit"—originally the "sunshine unit"—has a value of one micromicrocurie of strontium 90 per gram of calcium. Strontium, being chemically similar to calcium, is taken up by plants, animals and man along with calcium. Therefore the fallout in the calcium food-chain is usually expressed in strontium units.

One of the most important results of the sampling program has been to prove that fallout is not uniform. This applies both to the world-wide dripout from the stratosphere, as we have seen, and to fallout from lower-level atomic clouds. The "hot spots" in North Dakota and Minnesota could be accounted for by the fact that radioactive clouds from fourteen of the twenty-four Nevada shots in 1957 were blown over that section by the prevailing west winds.

Disproportionately high body levels of strontium 90 can even occur where the fallout is not very great, but where food habits are unusual. Consider, for example, a finding by Dr. J. Laurence Kulp, Dr. Arthur R. Schulert and Miss Elizabeth J. Hodges at the Lamont Geological Observatory of Columbia University, at Palisades, New York. The leading contributors of data on radioactivity levels in human bone, they have long been searching for the "maximum man," the individual with the heaviest body burden of strontium 90. Likeliest candidates now seem to be some isolated Indian tribes in the upper Amazon jungles of Brazil. The fallout there is less than in the United States, but tropical rains leach much of the calcium out of the soil, so that fresh strontium from fallout forms a higher proportion of the calcium-strontium take-up by the plants. The Indians have a very restricted diet, eat only what they can grow within a mile or so of their villages. Most of their calcium comes from yucca, and analysis shows it has four or five times as much strontium 90 per gram of calcium as do the components of the average world diet.

> Any man can outsmart a girl if she so wills it.
>
> ANTHONY J. PETTITO

Populations on a high rice diet, such as the Burmese and the Thai, also get more strontium 90 in their bones than we get. There are two reasons for this: (1) the Orientals have so little calcium in their diet that their bodies avidly absorb all they can get, and, as in the case of the Amazon Indians, they take up a lot of strontium 90 along with it; (2) obtaining most of their calcium from rice rather than from milk, which is our own main source, the Orientals do not have the benefit of the cow's metabolic "discrimination" against strontium—a selective mechanism whereby the cow absorbs less than the proportionate share of strontium present in its feed. The human system also discriminates against strontium, but the extra "filtration" provided by the cow is important.

Unfortunately the radioactivity of bone can't be counted until the individual dies. And no practical method has been devised—though several have been suggested—for keeping track of the cumulative exposure of people throughout life. This is the reason for keeping such close tab on the environment. And all the data are in the final analysis weighed against the "maximum permissible dose," or limit.

The idea of "permissible dose" originated, long before the atomic age, as a guide to the use of radium and X rays in medicine. Its chief author is a distinguished Italian-born physicist and radiologist, Dr. Gioacchino Failla, professor of radiology at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. He has long been a member of both the National Committee on Radiation Protection and Measurement and the International Commission on Radiological Protection, and is chairman of the latter's subcommittee on permissible doses for external radiation.

In his testimony before the May fallout hearings, Doctor Failla recalled that the cancer deaths of many early radiologists and technicians spurred their colleagues in the 1920's to take more effective steps toward protection. The first generally adopted "tolerance dose" was derived mainly from the experience of two nurses in Doctor Failla's own department, then at the Memorial Hospital in New York. Each nurse wore a film badge made from pieces of unexposed X-ray film wrapped in black paper, and each had monthly blood counts. When at the end of five years neither nurse showed any perceptible changes in blood count, Doctor Failla used the cumulative measurements from the film badges, he explained, "as the basis for a 'radium protection chart' in which I related the amount of radium, the thickness of the lead shield and the distance that would provide 'adequate' protection."

The experience of two individuals occupationally exposed for a few years "could hardly be considered satisfactory evidence," Doctor Failla remarked, "but it was better than anything else available at that time." This was the background for the adoption in 1936 of a tolerance dose of 0.1 roentgen per day by the organization which later became the National Committee on Radiation Protection and Measurement. At about the same time the International Commission adopted a higher value, 0.2 roentgens per day, or 60 r per year.

However, the permissible level, as applied to continuous whole-body occupational exposure reaching the reproductive cells, has been lowered three times since that date. What started out as 60 r per year is now 5 r, the figure the International Commission announced last April. But this is for radiation workers only, who are aware of the hazard and who are constantly monitored by counting instruments. For individuals in the general population the recommended maximum permissible whole-body exposure is only a fraction of the occupational level. It is expressed as a cumulative dose of 5 r for the entire period from conception to age thirty, the assumption being that for most people the reproductive cycle is over by that age. This 5-r total does not include the medical or dental X rays that may reach the reproductive organs, an amount averaged as 5 r for the general population.

Concerning the reduction of recommended levels, Doctor Failla remarked, "In every case the change has been made first by the N.C.R.P. or I.C.R.P. at my suggestion, although the desirability of the change was generally recognized by the membership of these organizations.

"I should like to point out that, each time, the reduction was made not because of definite knowledge of harm produced by exposure at the higher permissible limit but because it was judged prudent to do so on the basis of radiological experience, animal experimentation and theoretical considerations."

It is one thing to set up a numerical value and call it a permissible level. It is quite another thing to state in words what you mean by permissible level. As we have said earlier, a permissible dose is not an absolutely safe limit. An appreciation of this fact led the International Commission to abolish its original term, "tolerance dose," because that implied an amount that could be "tolerated" without harm. But the word "permissible" is hardly less ambiguous, as witness the public misunderstanding of it and the trouble the experts have had in defining it.

The International Commission presents a 162-word definition in its most recent publication, but the commission is in the

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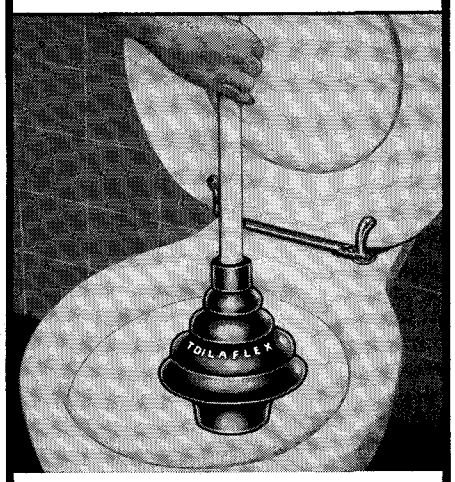

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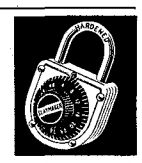

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anomalous position of speaking without reference to fallout. Doctor Failla explained that the commission "has never considered the problems of fallout as coming within its province . . . if you bring it up in an international commission you immediately run into the difficulty of political angles, and so on."

Nevertheless, the international body has been aware that its recommendations are given serious weight in discussions of fallout. And its definition of "permissible dose" is meaningful with or without fallout. It leads off with this premise: "Any departure from the environmental conditions in which man has evolved may entail a risk of deleterious effects. It is therefore assumed that long continued exposure to ionizing radiation additional to that due to natural radiation involves some risk." The commission then states that man cannot entirely dispense with ionizing radiation, having in mind here the medical and industrial uses, and says that the problem, therefore, "is to limit the radiation dose to that which involves a risk that is not unacceptable to the individual and to the population at large.

"The permissible dose for an individual," the definition continues, is that which "in the light of present knowledge, carries a negligible probability of severe somatic or genetic injuries."

By somatic effects is meant the damage occurring to the exposed individual's own body. By genetic effects is meant mutations in the hereditary units, the genes, which become manifest only in the exposed person's offspring or in future generations. Many authorities believe there is a radiation threshold, a lower limit, below which no somatic damage will occur. This has been widely debated and is still not settled. But most geneticists agree that for the genetic effects there is no dose that is completely "safe."

Says Dr. James F. Crow, professor of genetics at the University of Wisconsin, a member of a special committee of the National Academy of Sciences: "No dose, however small, is free of all risk of mutation." In the light of this statement who can say when a "permissible" dose is "acceptable"? Is it morally right for anyone to "accept" the risk of damage to future generations?

One source of uncertainty regarding the degree of fallout hazard is that all forms of ionizing radiation—whether from background, X-ray machines, atomic reactors or nuclear bombs—produce essentially the same types of biological effects. This makes it difficult to assign the blame. To add to the confusion, many of these radiation effects do not differ from those diseases and birth defects which, for lack of more specific evidence, we have attributed to "natural causes." Among the conditions are cancer, leukemia and congenital deformities.

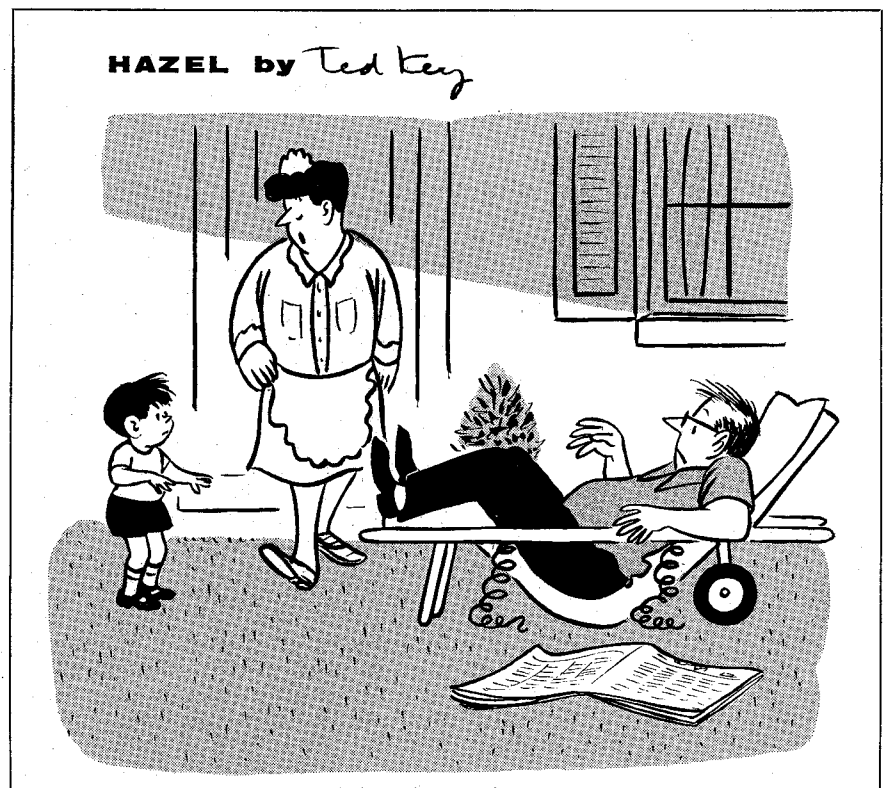
The affected individuals make up the anonymous, hidden toll from radiation, and in the case of fallout, the unidentified casualties of atomic testing. As the authors of a British volume, *Fall Out* (MacGibbon & Kee), observe, "there is no label on the victims, saying, 'This was caused by a nuclear explosion.' All there is, is an increase in the chances of death."

"Some of the genetic defects," Doctor Crow remarks, "will be major catastrophes to the individual experiencing them—such things as body malformation, feeble-mindedness, and serious hereditary disease, both physical and mental. A much larger number of mutants are likely to lead to slightly decreased life expectancy and enhanced susceptibility to diseases and environmental effects."

It is impossible, in Doctor Crow's view, to say exactly how many "genetic casualties" can be chalked up against the atomic testing program. He thinks that with present levels of fallout, the amount of genetic damage from this source "is such as to cause a minute fraction of the total of human death, disease and misery, an effect almost certain not to be detectable by any foreseeable measurement.

"Yet the number of persons exposed to fallout is as large as the world population," he emphasizes, "and, therefore, it is likely that tens or hundreds of thousands among the billions to be born in the future will be diseased, or deformed, or die prematurely, or be otherwise impaired if the present rates of atomic testing continue. In my opinion any number of unnecessary genetic defects is too many, and an increase in radiation should not occur unless there is some compensating benefit to be expected.

"We don't know with any precision what the genetic and somatic risks are,"



"Get the toolbox."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Doctor Crow concludes, "nor can we express the benefits quantitatively. In the absence of this information several of us who have considered the problem believe that the wisest course of action is to try to keep the population-dose level of man-made radiation, exclusive of medical radiation, somewhat near the background level of natural radiation." The background radiation varies greatly depending on altitude and geology—the higher you are the more cosmic rays hit you, and the more granite rock beneath you the more radiation from that source. But it averages about one-tenth r per year. The largest exposure, on the average, now comes from medical X ray, and the International Commission suggests this "be kept as low as is consistent with the necessary requirements of modern medical practice."

The main concern in preventing genetic effects is to limit the radiation that strikes the reproductive organs. Most medical X rays, when properly aimed and screened, can be given without harming the gonads. Even a dental X ray, however, if carelessly done, will scatter some radiation in that direction. Fallout is usually considered whole-body radiation, affecting the sex organs, although the absorbed strontium 90 localizes mainly in the bones, emits only very short rays and is not regarded as a serious genetic threat. Cesium 137, on the other hand, is absorbed by soft tissue, gives off penetrating rays, and is a genetic hazard.

It has been impossible, within the framework of two articles, to explore all of the twisting, branching pathways of the fallout problem. Indeed, even the scientists are occasionally taken by surprise as they turn a corner and bump into a new and unexpected fact. And herein lies a danger—the danger that we think we already know all the dangers.

In the general preoccupation with strontium 90, for example, too little attention has been paid to some of the 200-odd other radioactive products generated by an atomic explosion. Doctor Schulert, of the Lamont Geological Laboratory, whose work with bones we have already mentioned, has recently cited strontium 89 and plutonium 239 as overlooked hazards. Although strontium 89 has a radioactive half-life of only fifty-four days—as compared with strontium 90's twenty-eight years—on an activity basis its production in bomb fission is about 160 times greater than that of strontium 90. Also there may be twenty times more strontium 89 than strontium 90 in milk during weapons-test periods.

"Since the growing skeleton of the unborn child reflects the mother's diet rather than the mother's skeleton," Doctor Schulert explained in a report to the American Chemical Society, "the fetus may get considerably more radiation from strontium eighty-nine than from strontium ninety." The hazard, as yet unproved but strongly suspected, is the development of bone cancer.

As for plutonium 239, no one has been very concerned about it because plants don't pick it up and it doesn't enter the food chain. But it does enter the body through inhalation, Doctor Schulert notes. And since it is retained by the system for a long time and has a radioactive half-life of 24,300 years, "its relative importance for the present population will be seen to increase in time, and from generation to generation its addition to the environment will be of increasing significance."

Another serious fallout hazard whose importance had not been fully appreciated until recently is iodine 131. Dr. Edward B. Lewis, professor of biology at California Institute of Technology, has sounded a warning about this fission product, both in testimony submitted at the congressional fallout hearing in May and in the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences.

Concentrating in cow's milk, radioactive iodine poses a particular threat to the thyroid glands of young children, Doctor Lewis says. The youngsters' glands are vulnerable for three reasons: (1) they collect eighteen times as much iodine as adult thyroids do from the same amount taken in; (2) they absorb almost all of the beta rays emitted by the radioiodine; (3) they are especially sensitive to radiation as a cancer producer.

United States Public Health Service sampling programs for a year ending June, 1958, showed the over-all average radioiodine concentrations for five major milksheds was 150 micromicrocuries per liter, and for one milkshed the figure was 219 micromicrocuries. From this and other data Doctor Lewis calculates that the average infant and young child in the United States has received one to two times the natural background radiation. "There is some reason to believe," he adds, "that such doses have been delivered annually over the last four or five years of weapons testing." During this time he estimates that about 40,000,000 children under ten in the United States have experienced an average total accumulated dose from radioiodine in fallout of about 0.2 to 0.4 rad.

Whether this level of radiation will produce thyroid cancer, Doctor Lewis cannot say with certainty. But it is known that among children who have received higher radiation doses to the neck there has been an increased incidence of thyroid cancer. Doctor Lewis postulates that "some eighty to sixteen-hundred cases of thyroid cancer might be expected to develop over the lifetimes of these forty million individuals.

"The number of cases predicted in this way is seen to be a small percentage of the total number of individuals involved," the biologist remarks. "However, neither the total number of cases nor the percentage they represent of the total population are adequate measures of the extent of human suffering which would be involved."

It must be recognized that the statements of Doctor Lewis and other experts can only reflect their careful evaluation of evidence which isn't yet as good as they would like it to be. The vast global-sampling networks and the busy clicking of radiation counters have not yet given the final answers to all the questions bothering an uneasy world. Radioactive fallout is a silent killer which hides its poison among the more familiar causes of human illness and death and thus postpones positive identification. Its damage to our hereditary endowment, often called man's most priceless possession, may take generations to make itself felt. Therefore we may have to wait a half century or more before we can add up the total cost of our atomic arming. But there will be a cost, a heavy cost in disease, deformity and early death for many yet unborn.

That is the reason the fallout controversy is important. It poses an issue the world's people and their governments cannot ignore if they have any regard for the future of man. They must weigh the facts and arguments carefully as they face the great decisions on atomic testing and arming versus a more sincere and wholehearted support of peace negotiations. For the result of a wrong decision made today probably can never be corrected.

This is the second of two articles by Mr. Spencer on the dangers of fallout.
—THE EDITORS

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Sally Cunningham, Junior, Birmingham High School, Birmingham, Mich.: "By carrying *Skrip* cartridges in your pocket or purse, you can fill your *Skripsert* pen right during a class or exam! And quickly!"

Jeff Fort, Sophomore, University of Illinois, Champaign, Illinois: "Sheaffer's *Skripsert* fountain pen loads like a rifle with cartridges of famous *Skrip* writing fluid. Take it from me—it's the cleanest!"

John Tomlinson, Freshman, Stanford University, Palo Alto, California: "To fill your *Skripsert* pen, just drop a *Skrip* cartridge into the barrel! No mess this semester for me!"

Ricky Morey, Senior, St. Clair High School, Upper St. Clair Township, Pa.: "The only kind of cartridges you can insert by either end are those bearing the name of *Skrip!* You could fill the pen with your eyes closed!"

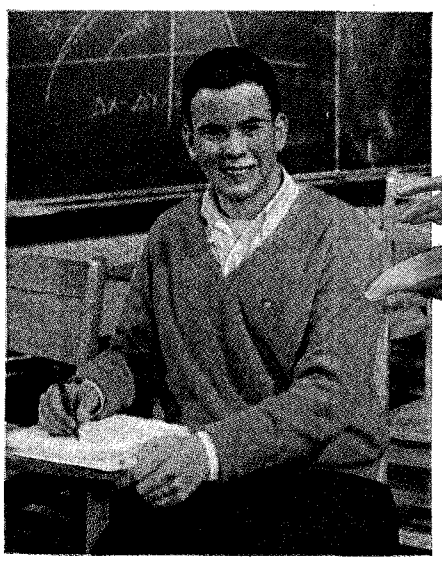
Adeline Chase Kamke, Sophomore, Sweet Briar College, Sweet Briar, Virginia: "This is the fountain pen that does away with the ink bottle. And what a wonderful idea for a gift!"

Student leaders tell why they're taking

Sheaffer's new cartridge pens

back to school!

Mike Hegan, Senior, St. Ignatius High School, Cleveland, Ohio: "Here, so help me, is a fountain pen whose new compact length fits a shirt pocket. And the chrome of the cap makes it a rich-looking pen for my money!"



Mike Redman, Freshman, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut: "In addition to my *Skripsert* cartridge pen, I'm taking a matching pencil back to school! After all, whoever heard of going through a year of solid trigonometry without an eraser?"

Ann Margret Olson, Freshman, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois: "The modern point of this *Skripsert* cartridge fountain pen brings out the character in handwriting—as only a real fountain pen can!"

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Gail Thurman, Freshman, Hollins College, Roanoke, Virginia: "My pen is the prettiest one ever, with a medium point to suit my writing style—personalized from five colors and seven point gradations!"

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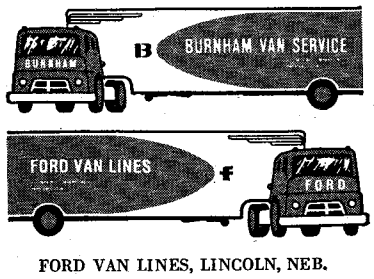

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Keeping Posted

Triumph Over Adversity

Major General Melvin Maas, USMCR (Ret). strode briskly into the KEEPING POSTED office one day, dropped a telescoping cane into his pocket, made a cheery wisecrack about his being blind and, without fumbling, lit a cigar. Effervescent good humor is an impressive characteristic of this unusual man. He was in Philadelphia for one of the many speeches he gives as chairman of The President's Committee on Employment of the Physically Handicapped. Regarding the stirring article on page 30 about his energetic and lighthearted adjustment to blindness, he said, "While educational courses for the blind are essential and are very fine, what I really aim at in the story is the need to educate sighted people about how to act toward the blind." With the general was 1st Lt. Tom Greening, United States Army (Ret.); a former liaison pilot, he lost a hand in France in World War II, but this hasn't prevented his building an eighteen-foot fishing cruiser.

Captain Maas with her father, General Maas, during a Marine Corps ceremony.

Mel Maas, a flier in both World Wars, was a colonel while serving against the Japanese at Guadalcanal and elsewhere. He was also a congressman from Minnesota; first elected in 1926, when he was twenty-eight, he served for sixteen years, though not consecutively. In 1942 he made headline news by charging in a Stateside radio speech that Navy leadership was bungling the Solomon Islands campaign. General Maas has a son, Joe, nineteen, who is in the Marine Corps Reserve, and three daughters, one of whom is Capt. Patricia Maas, commander of the Women Marines in the Washington area. Captain Pat's success is appropriate, for her dad pioneered legislation in Congress that resulted in giving military status to women.

Dive Bomber in a Balloon

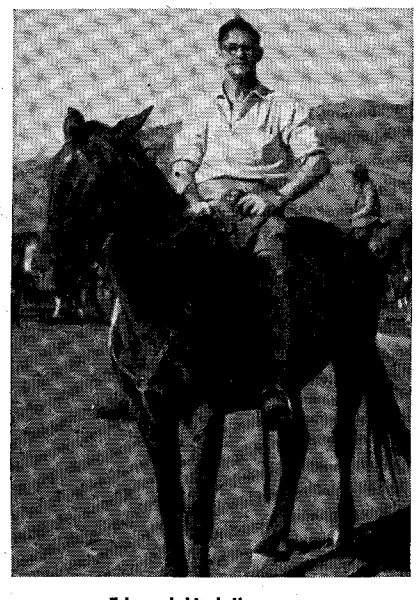
Sherwood Harris, who takes you up in a balloon on page 26, considers himself a Southerner, having lived in Beaufort, South Carolina, since he was a little tot—but for the record he was born in New York City. His father, Sterling Harris, an important figure in the Carolina crabbing industry, was featured in a *Post* article in 1950 by the late Samuel Hopkins Adams. Sherwood (Princeton '54) is a former Navy dive-bomber pilot who wound up his service as a lieutenant aboard the carrier *Franklin D. Roosevelt* with the 6th Fleet in the Mediterranean. A product of the Curtis Company's trainee system, now, at twenty-six, he is an editorial assistant recently assigned to our Washington office. So he is moving back southward, to Alexandria, Virginia, along with Mrs. H., Michael, four; Suzanne, three; and Catherine, three weeks old right now. Papa Sherwood is pictured with his article.

Back in 1859 aeronaut John Wise carried United States mail in an ascent from Lafayette, Indiana, in the balloon *Jupiter*, and a new air-mail stamp has just been issued commemorating this century-old event. The stamp was designed by *Post* illustrator Austin Briggs, who is Mrs. Harris' father. Quite a neat coincidence, don't you think?

Tales of the Authors

"Five dollars, please," says Mrs. Browne's son.

When **Earlyne Browne,** of Abilene, Texas, made her first sale to *The Post* in 1955, it was reported here that her young son Jeff, seeing how happy she was, hit her up for a dollar out of the *Post* check. Mrs. Browne recalls, "You said in K.P., 'Too bad he didn't make it five.' Well, Jeff read that and when the next check arrived [for her page 31 story], he did so." Let's drop this subject. In that picture the financier did not forget to wear a belt. "In our locale," says his mother, "a subteen boy wearing a belt with his Levis is but dead, brother!"



Edward Lindall on an Australian cattle ranch.

Edward Lindall, an Australian whose page 24 story contains some kangaroo shooting, says he presumes that most Americans think of kangaroos as "lovely, odd little creatures that nibble grass in zoos." To Australian cattlemen and sheep raisers, however, they are a deadly menace; three "roos" eat as much grass as one cow and they travel in herds of thousands, denuding the land of feed. "Professional shooters, using spotlights, kill several hundred a night without making a dent in their teeming numbers." So that's what Australian country folk think about kangaroos.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"PIGSKIN PREVIEW"

Sport expert Fred Russell forecasts the top football teams and players.

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